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THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS.

By Francisque Sarcey.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. JEANNIOT.

I. THE BOULEVARD—THE BOULEVARDIERS.

IN every great capital there is some corner, some spot—a something—a promenade, perhaps, where it gathers and concentrates itself, as it were; which is the centre of its moral activity, and, as we say nowadays, its characteristic. With us, that corner, that spot is the boulevard. I do not exactly mean that the boulevard is Paris; but surely, without the boulevard we should not understand Paris.

I shall always remember one of the keenest emotions of my youth. I had been obliged, owing to my duties at the time, to banish myself to the provinces, where I had remained almost two years, confined within a small town. The hour came at last for me to return to Paris and once more to enter into its possession. Hardly had I deposited my trunk at the hotel, when I ran to the Madeleine and clambered on top of one of the omnibuses that ply along the line of the boulevards to the Bastille. I had no business at the Bastille, but I was almost crazy with joy at breathing, during the drive, that perfume of Parisian life which arises so strongly from the asphalt of the boulevard and the macadam of its roadway.

It was evening, the gas-jets (for electricity was yet unknown) spangled the darkness with yellow lights; the shops, all opened, shone brilliantly; the crowd was strolling up and down the wide sidewalks. It was not one of those eager, breathless crowds that seem carried away in a vortex of business, such as one sees in London; it was composed of loungers who seemed to be walking about for their pleasure, who were cheering to the sight, and diffused, as it were, a feeling of happiness in the air. From time to time the omnibus passed before a theatre, where long lines of people were already waiting for the opening of the box-office; everybody was enjoying himself and laughing. As we descended toward the Bastille, the passers-by became less numerous, the groups less compact, but there still remained the same air of happy animation. I do not know, but it seemed to me that the very atmosphere was lighter, more luminous; it sparkled with youth and life; I felt subtile fumes of gayety mounting to my brain, and I remember that I could not refrain from clapping my hands, to the great scandal of my neighbors, who thought that I was a little mad. "Ah! how beautiful it is—the boulevard!" I exclaimed, and I breathed deep draughts of that air charged with joyous and spiritual electricity.

I do not believe that strangers arriving in Paris are subject to such strong impressions. I have been able, however, to question some of them, and they have confessed to me that the sight of a population who felt it a happiness to live in their gayety, and who preserved an undefinable aspect of amiable elegance, had strongly affected them. This characteristic aspect of the Parisian boulevard had charmed them from the very

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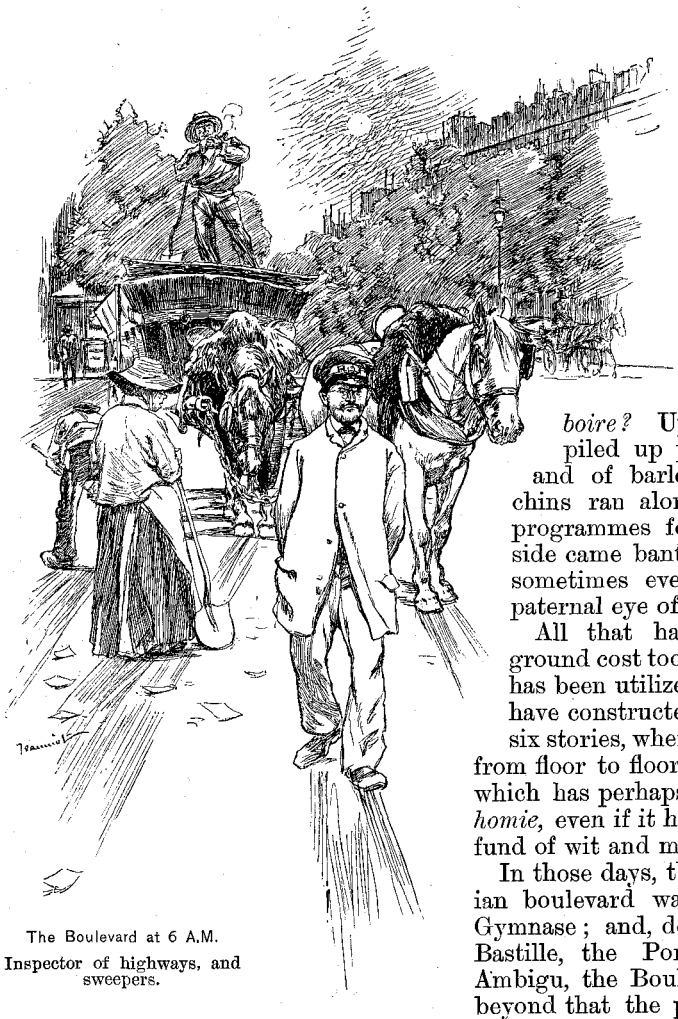
first ; it was there that they had felt the heart of the great city beat.

The boulevard ! You understand me ? I mean the boulevard that descends from the Madeleine to the Bastille. Under the Empire large streets were opened in Paris, to which, by analogy, the name of boulevards was given. But with us those boulevards do not count. There is but one boulevard, the one that our fathers and grandfathers have known, frequented, and loved.

It used to be much more entertaining in their time than in ours. Alas ! yes,



The Boulevard at 6 A.M.
Inspector of highways, and sweepers.

I am old enough to have witnessed the transformation. Fifty or sixty years ago, Paris, then confined within the limits of its former walls, was, to tell the truth, only a very big small town. It had more character and more physiognomy. The boulevard was less imposing, less solemn ; it did not flow uniformly between two rows of five-storied houses ; it met with accidents in its route. Ah ! who will give us again what was formerly known as the *Boulevard du Crime ?* where in the neighborhood of the Ambigu-Comique, a collection of theatres formed a vast semicircle about a broad open place.

What animation ! what gayety ! what jollity at six o'clock in the evening (that was then the hour of the play), when all the *petits bourgeois* used to pour in crowds from the transverse streets and form around the ten or twelve theatres crowded into a rather restricted space, interminable and shifting *queues*. The venders of liquorice water filled the air with their cries — *à la fraîche ! qui veut boire ?* Upon handcarts were piled up pyramids of oranges and of barley-sugar. Street urchins ran along the lines, offering programmes for sale. From every side came banter and laughter, and sometimes even pushes, under the paternal eye of the policeman.

All that has disappeared — the ground cost too much ; every lot of it has been utilized by contractors who have constructed enormous houses of six stories, where from top to bottom, from floor to floor, bustles a population which has perhaps lost its former *bonhomie*, even if it has preserved the same fund of wit and merriment.

In those days, the heart of the Parisian boulevard was the theatre of the Gymnase ; and, descending toward the Bastille, the Porte Saint-Martin, the Ambigu, the Boulevard du Crime, and beyond that the part which is now all built over, but which, in those days, offered picturesque promenades to the explorer of unknown and desert regions. But it is a constant law, observed in the

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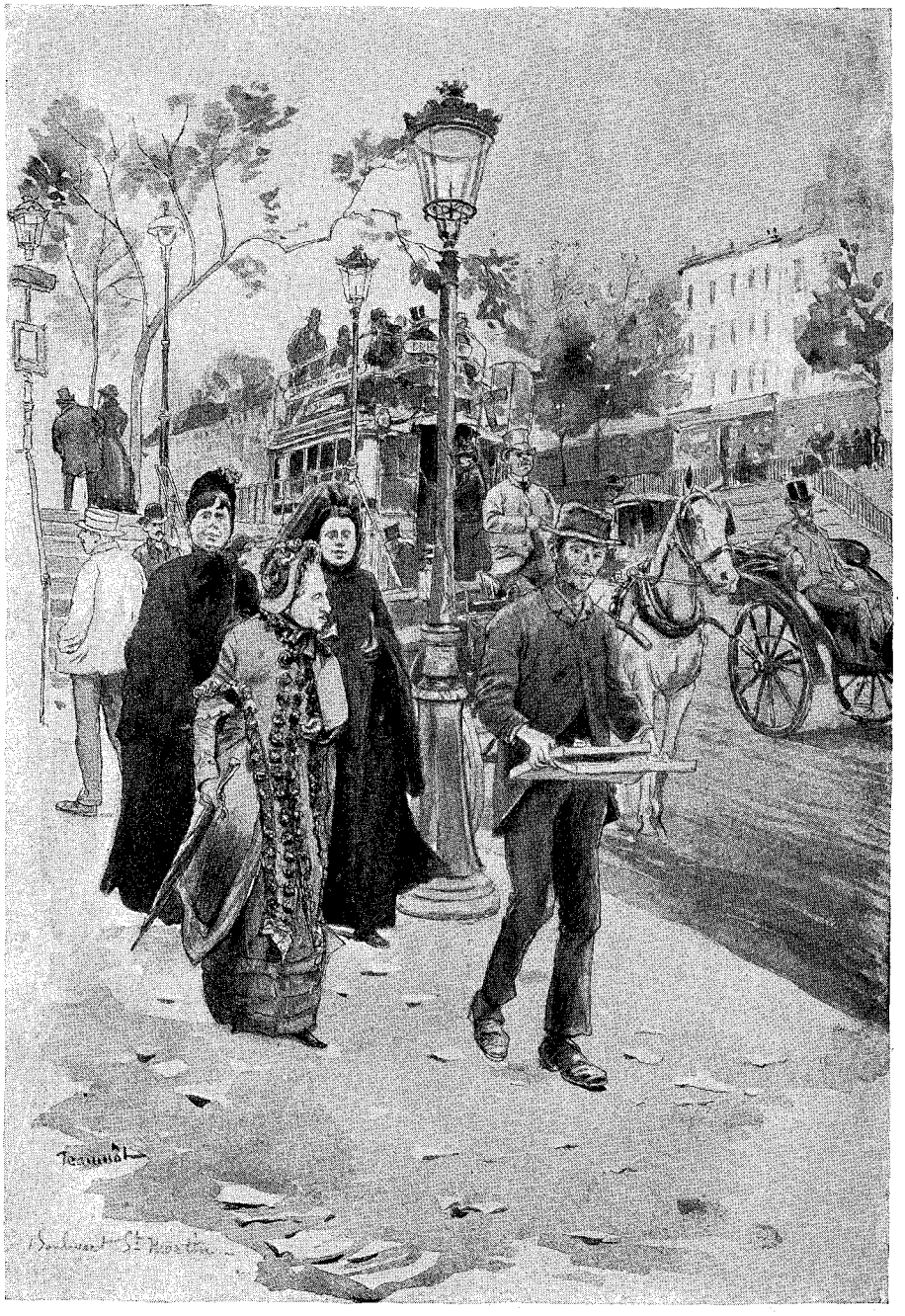

Boulevard St. Martin.

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increase of capitals, that they move with a slow and continuous movement toward the west.

The heart of the boulevard has changed its place little by little; from the Anglais, and the Théâtre des Variétés, that contains for the boulevardier all his native soil. Beyond is the unknown, the barbaric, "the provinces."

The boulevard is the domain of the

The Boulevard at the Bastille.
(A relay of horses—news-vender.)

Gymnase to the Boulevard Montmartre, then to the Boulevard des Italiens and the Boulevard des Capucines. There it is to-day. For the Parisian, the boulevard in general comprises, if you like, the space from the Madeleine to the Bastille; but that is merely, so to speak, a geographical expression. The *real* boulevard, what is known in our slang as *the* boulevard, the boulevard *par excellence*, is the one that stretches from the Opera to the rue Montmartre. And even then, the true, the real boulevardier finds great difficulty in getting further in the direction of the Madeleine than the rue du Helder. It is this little space, says M. Victor Fournel, of not more than half a square kilometre, where are arrayed Tortoni's, the Café

boulevardier, it is his salon; he would like to drive away from it the intruders —those who do not belong to his set. When the boulevardier travels (he sometimes travels), he takes with him the dust of the boulevards on the soles of his shoes. He wanders about like a lost soul till he meets somebody, man or woman, who reminds him of his dear boulevard. Then he dilates and breathes more freely.

At bottom this fluttering creature that bears the name of boulevardier—a species, I must say, which is becoming rarer every day—is, notwithstanding his air of emancipation and scepticism, the veriest slave of routine. His life is ruled like music paper. He saunters twice a day through his domain; the first time be-

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fore dinner, from four to six o'clock; the second time from ten o'clock to midnight, or one o'clock in the morning, after the play. For nothing in the world would he fail in these habits. Besides, he has other obligations; it is not permissible for him to miss a first night at the Variétés, the Vaudeville, the Gymnase, or the Ambigu. Finally, the true boulevardier could not dispense, whatever might be the state of his stomach, with a supper at impossible hours at the Café Riche or at the Maison d'Or. Example: my excellent colleague and friend, Aurélien Scholl.

He—he is the king of the boulevardiers; he will probably be the last. After him, the species will doubtless disappear, a species of which he will have been the most brilliant specimen. Between ourselves, with the exception of him and a few others, the boulevardier is a rather mediocre type of the *esprit parisien*. His great fault is that he is imbued with a sense of his intellectual and moral superiority over the rest of humanity. He has a word which is constantly recurring to his lips in conversation, and of which he makes immoderate use when he wishes to judge a man or an object, a book or a play. He says: "So-and-so is Parisian," or "Such and such a play is Parisian;" or else, "It is very Parisian, what you are telling me; Not a bit Parisian, so-and-so's novel!" And according to the degree of Parisianism of the play, the novel, or the author, they rise or fall in the consideration of the boulevardier. Nothing equals the esteem of the boulevardier for whatever is Parisian; nothing equals his disdain for what is not.

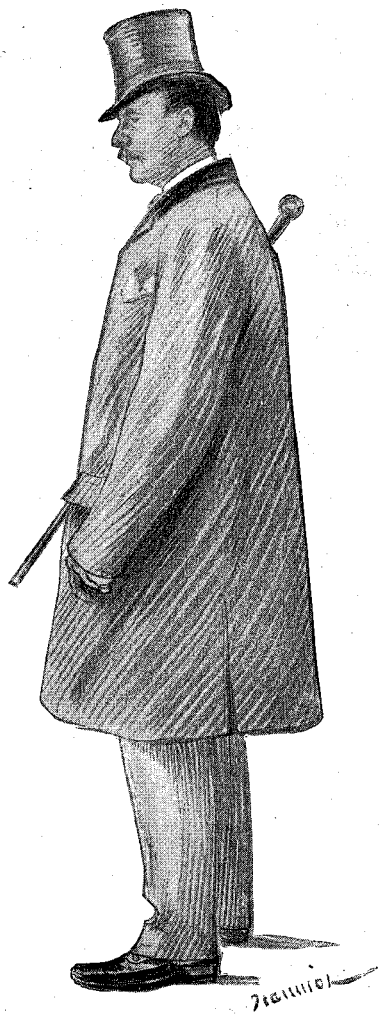
I write in the *Annales Politiques et Littéraires*, a review which is modelled somewhat on the plan of your American magazines, and which has obtained a great circulation in France. It has sixty thousand subscribers, an enormous number for our country; but these subscribers almost all live in the provinces; the review is not read on the boulevards. Accordingly, when I chance to speak of it to certain friends of mine among the boulevardiers, you should see their disdainful faces.

"*Les Annales?* . . Never heard of it!"

"But, you know, it has a circulation of sixty thousand."

"Possibly, but it's not a Parisian journal."

And they always hark back to that. To be Parisian or not to be, that is the question! To their mind there are no good or bad books, absurd pleasantries, or witty sallies. There are *Parisian*



A Boulevardier—English type.

plays, *Parisian* novels, a *Parisian* wit, a *Parisian* elegance.

What may be the precise significance of that sempiternal adjective, irritating and alluring, which is always flying about our boulevards? What is meant by *Parisian?* It is a word that can be

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understood, but hardly analyzed. Parisian wit is like those theatrical reviews of the year's events, which amuse the boulevard, and which would cause nobody to laugh outside of our city limits. In order to define Parisian wit, one of my colleagues made use, one day, of an ingenious comparison.

He told how there was once made, at the gates of Blois, an exquisite cream which, tasted while it was fresh, left on the palate the sensation of a delicious

Two Types.

sorbet. King Louis XV., who was given to good cheer, established postal relays from Blois to Versailles, that the cream might be brought quite fresh to his table. But exquisite as was the cream, it had the great fault of being unable to bear transportation. At the end of two hours it lost its aroma—that undefinable something which gave it its value.

Now, Parisian charm, Parisian seductiveness, on the stage, in the newspaper, in books, or in conversation, are somewhat like the cream of King Louis XV. Sipped on the spot, it is exquisite; transported elsewhere, it gets sour. Modern science, like Louis XV., may invent new means of transportation, the spirit of Paris, the "cream" of Paris, cannot stand the voyage. And that is what lends to Paris itself its particular attraction. People go there to taste its froth, its cream, and its dainties. The trouble is that they bring with them, from all over the world, all sorts of exotic messes, spiced and violent, burning the palate, caviar or kari, red pepper and pimento, which corrupt and alter our national cuisine. And thus it is that Parisian taste is beginning to go, and that the cream of Paris acquires little by little a vague odor of pale ale, of kümmel, and of whiskey.

With his overweening pretensions to wit, and especially to Parisian wit, the boulevardier is often but a fool rubbed with the wit of the *Figaro* (which has not much left itself). Besides, he is almost invariably quite useless. Allow me to give you a broad sketch of the life of the boulevard; you may infer from it exactly what may be the life of the boulevardier, and of how little value is that individual.

Eight o'clock in the morning.—The boulevard is deserted; a regiment of sweepers is making its toilet, cleaning its sidewalks, and putting everything in order for the afternoon.

Nine o'clock.—The cafés open their doors; the waiters, half asleep (for they went to bed at four o'clock in the morning), pile up pyramids of chairs before the doors, and wipe off with arm-strokes the marble tables. The passers-by are rare. A few gentlemen of leisure, in soft felt hats, saunter slowly along while reading their newspaper.

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DRAWN BY JEANNIOT. ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

Boulevard Beaumarchais—an actress.

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Half-past ten.—The boulevard begins to be animated. It is the hour of the *apéritif;* the cafés are filled with drinkers sipping pale absinthe and black bitters. The restaurants are preparing the *plat du jour;* hot whiffs of cooking arise from the basement gratings and provoke the appetite.

Midday.—Breakfast time; the taverns, the breweries, the *bouillons* are crammed with people. The influential stock-brokers eat at the Café Anglais, or at Tortoni's. While they swallow their dozen oysters and their *Châteaubriand aux pommes soufflées*, their clerks, full of business, come and inform them of the latest quotations and jot down their orders. The men of letters and fashionable *chroniqueurs* eat at the Maison d'Or or at the Café Riche, and talk the latest gossip. Strangers prefer to go to the Café de la Paix or to Paillard's; finally the small fry of employees, bourgeois of modest means, and retired officers, crowd into the Bouillon Parisien, into Zimmer's or Pousset's breweries.

One o'clock.—You sip your coffee, you smoke your cigar.

Two o'clock.—Nobody now, that is to say, no loungers. Everyone is attending to his business. The carriages, in an enormous but constantly interrupted torrent, have great difficulty in moving on the crowded roadway.

Four o'clock.—This is the hour of the newspaper, the most curious, the most characteristic hour of the boulevard. There is then, as it were, a burst of fever, a renewal of activity. On days of important events, one is obliged to force one's way with elbows and even fists in order to obtain a sheet of paper at the kiosks, that are almost taken by storm. Even in the banality of everyday life, the boulevard assumes at the newspaper hour a peculiar aspect. The parcels of newspapers smelling of fresh ink are piled up before the kiosks; the venders fold and unfold the sheets, the carriers run along the sidewalks, and the purchasers throw themselves with avidity upon the latest news. Ah! those newspaper readers! What a fine chapter might be devoted to them. They can be divided into several categories, all equally interesting. There are the hurried ones who glance at the despatches, the Bourse quotations, fold their sheet, and never open it again; the *gourmets*, who slip the paper into their pocket without opening it, but with the intention of relishing it quietly, after dinner, with feet in slippers, before the fireplace; the passionate ones, who always buy the same paper, the one that reflects their opinions; the sceptics who buy papers diametrically opposed to one another, and give themselves the malign pleasure of comparing them, and noting their contradictions.

A Type of Journalist.

Six o'clock.—Time for a vermouth; some play dominoes. This used to be the hour when in certain cafés men of

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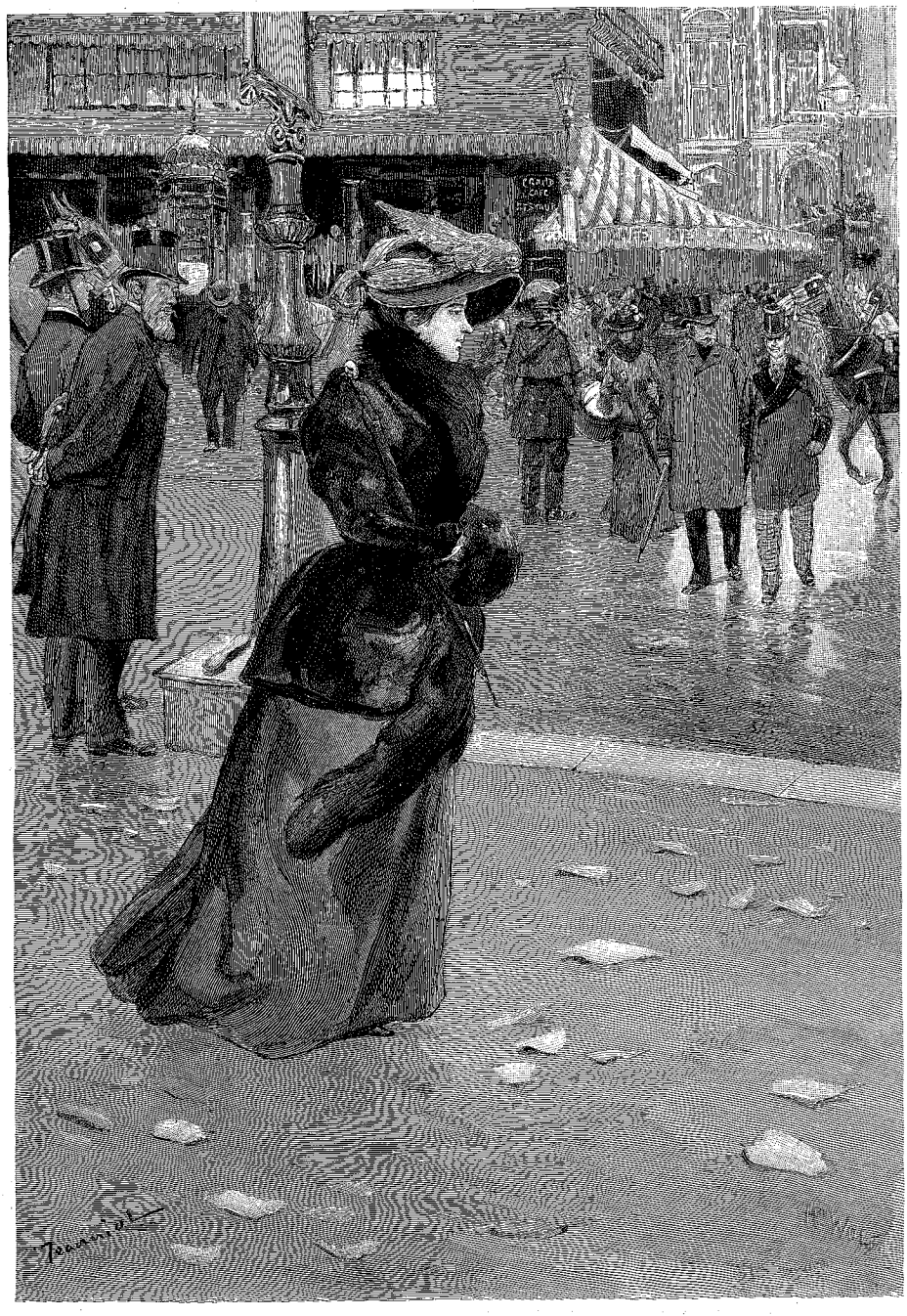

Boulevard des Italiens—a thorough Parisienne.

letters and artists were wont to meet and gossip about the topics of the day. Thus were organized small associations, half closed to outsiders, some of which have become famous. Those customs have disappeared. Life nowadays is too busy to allow one to spend all one's time in trifling and conversing. There are no more *divans*, reunions where one used to meet, in the back room of some

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bier-house or fashionable café, men of wit talking for their own pleasure, or for the amusement of the gallery. The boulevardier is reduced now to drinking his absinthe or his vermouth alone, watching for amusement the ceaseless current of loungers and of original and exotic figures that stroll up and down the boulevard.

At *seven o'clock* or *half past seven*, dinner. Paris is, of all cities, the second city where one can, according to whim, eat the dearest or the cheapest. But on the boulevards there is little choice; the rents are so enormous that they oblige the managers of the restaurants to maintain very high prices. Foreigners, beware! You are exploited in Paris just as we are probably pounced upon in New York. Capitals have nothing to learn from one another in that respect.

Newsboys on the Boulevard des Capucines.

Nine o'clock.—You go to the theatre, smoking your cigar, while speculators on the Bourse crowd into the vast hall of the Crédit Foncier and cry out with much noise the morrow's operations. It is what is called the *petite Bourse du soir*.

Midnight.—The theatres close. This is the time when the aspect of the boulevards is most varied. All classes of society mingle, elbowing and pushing one another. Ladies from the Faubourg Saint-Germain alight from their coupés, and stop for a cup of chocolate at Tortoni's; on the sidewalk they run against "night beauties," women with painted faces who ogle at belated provincials; clubmen with collars turned up and a cigar between their lips, turn their steps toward the clubs, where they intend to indulge in a game of baccarat. The dramatic critics rush to their newspapers in order to improvise their accounts of the play. And conspicuous above the incongruous throng, a legion of ragged hawkers, whom we call *camelots*, echo one another's voices on the boulevards, howling obscene titles, proffering to the public ignoble papers full of nastiness and slanders. This is one of the worst offences of Paris, this deluge of filthy publications which are cried out with impunity in our streets without the police daring to interfere. All reputations are assaulted in them; the most honorable men are dragged in the mire.

—Ask for the scandal about M. Rouvier!

—See the truth about the jobbery of M. Jules Ferry!

—Read the private life of Leo the XIIIth!

All this you hear cried out at the street crossings. These repugnant pamphlets are thrust under your eyes and bawled into your ears. Professional "barkers" of defiled sheets soil with their commentaries the ministers of yesterday and those of to-morrow. And the mob hears, listens to, is influenced by such infamous delations. And any foreigner who were to take literally, from the rue du Helder to the

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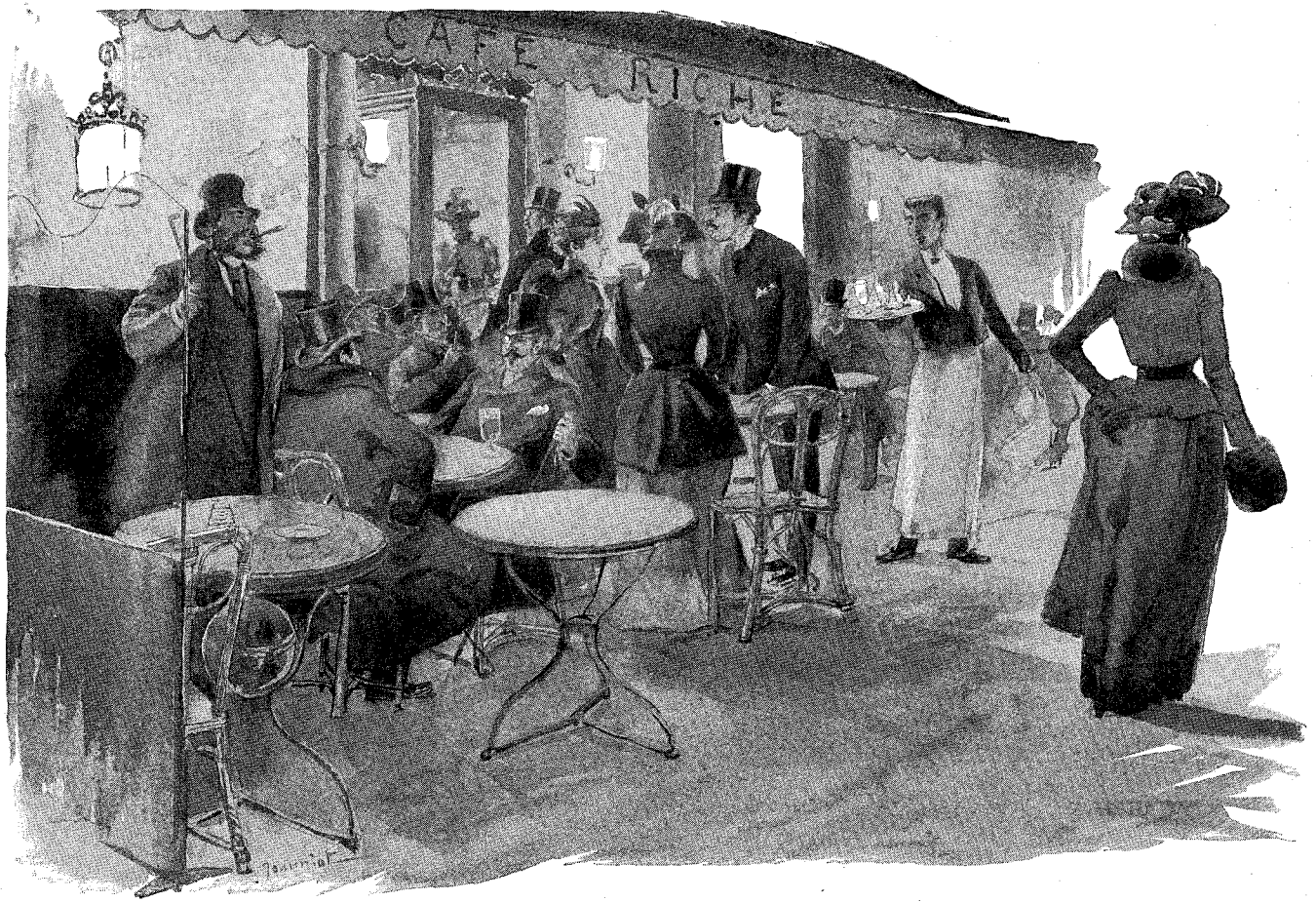

Before the Café Riche.

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rue Montmartre, all that is howled there of disgusting nonsense, would wonder where France had come to, and what sort of a nation it was that allowed evildoers to distribute placards in which the most respectable of its public men and functionaries were thus freely scoffed at.

One o'clock.—People sup, or rather used to sup. For the late supper is tending to disappear from our customs. Under the Empire, our gilded youth were wont to assemble in certain "high life" restaurants, toward one o'clock in the morning, with women who were not all of the first order. They would get tipsy on champagne, and it was the thing to break a great deal of crockery. Certain supper parties in the "big sixteen" of the Café Anglais are legendary. One could sup, however, with less expense and less rumpus in other establishments, where could always be found numerous and gallant company. These establishments seem, since the siege, to have lost their clients, both men and women, either because these have less money to spend, or because they have become more reasonable. Fashionable young men now pass their nights at the club, while others go virtuously to bed! There are still noctambulists in Paris, but they are becoming rarer and rarer.

At three o'clock the boulevard is at rest. It is almost deserted; no more carriages; here and there a belated wayfarer regaining his home, whose steps resound on the asphalt; or some drunkard who is dozing hidden behind a tree, while the policemen silently stride along the sidewalk. At that hour life begins to awaken at the Halles.

We have had a bird's-eye view of the boulevard. Let us now pass to details. Let us take a walk, glancing, as we pass by, at the shops, the monuments, the restaurants, and the cafés.

The restaurant is one of the glories of our Paris.

Le Carrefour des Écrâses.
(Boulevard Montmartre.)

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Sunday, on the Boulevard du Temple.
("Where shall we dine?")

II. The Cafés and the Restaurants.

We are very proud, we French, of our cooking; we consider it the best in the world, and this opinion must be founded on fact, since the sovereigns of Europe, as well as the millionaires of America, borrow our cooks and follow our receipts.

Therefore let us set forth, starting from the church of the Madeleine, and advance at a leisurely pace, without hurrying, like good bourgeois to whom the doctor has recommended exercise.

Here is the Grand Café. It is an immense establishment, luxurious, gilded on all sides, ornamented with paintings, and furnished with softly cushioned seats. In the hall that runs along the boulevard stay the peaceful folk who write their correspondence or read the papers while sipping their absinthe. In the rear opens an immense gallery specially appropriated to billiard players; there every day famous professors come for practice, the illustrious Vignaux, the no less celebrated Slosson, his emulator and his rival; the one phleg-

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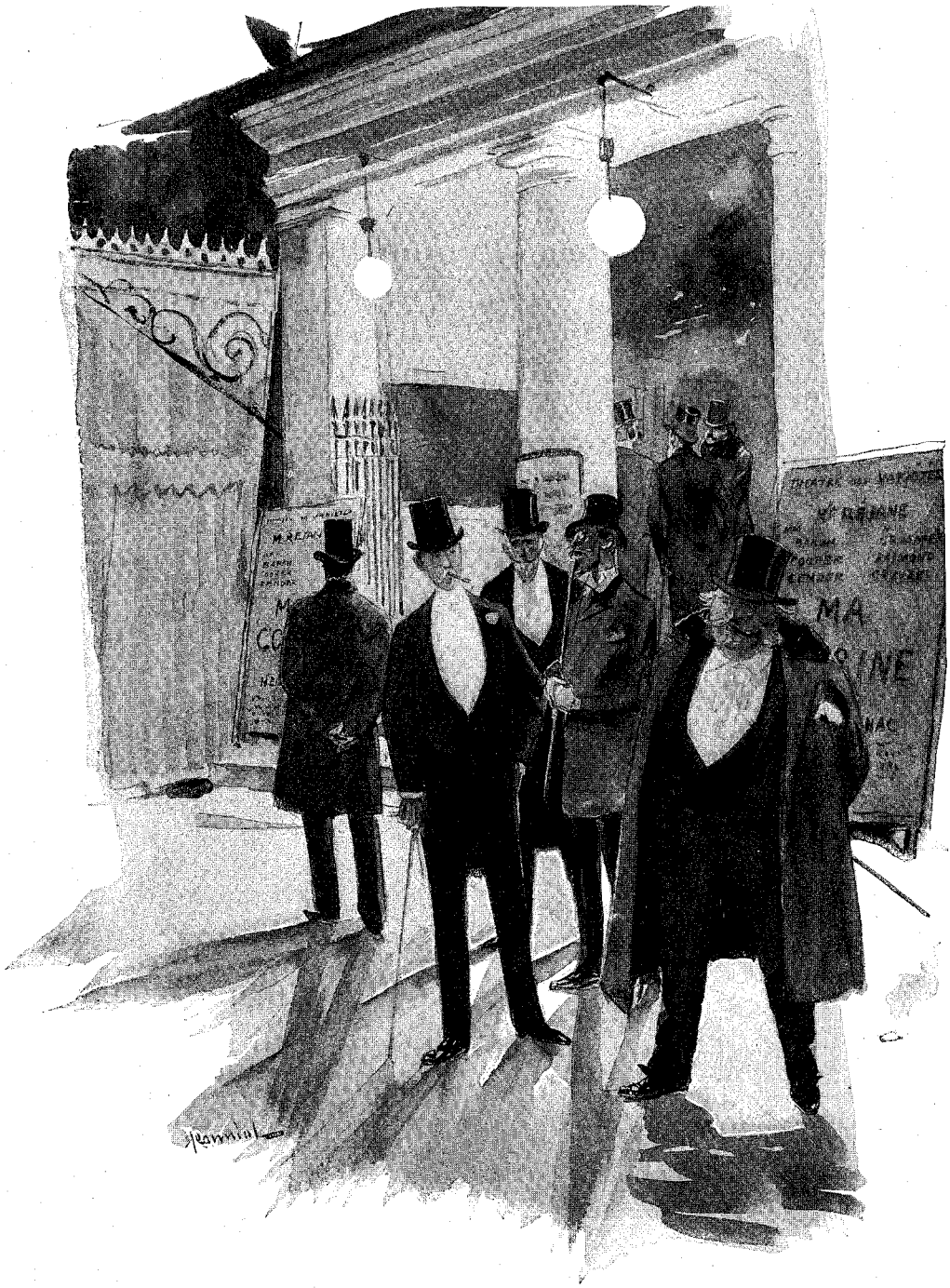

In Front of the Théâtre des Variétés—between the acts.

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matic, slow, and methodical; the other nervous and quick as gunpowder.

The interest in billiards with us is beginning to abate; but a few years ago it used to be a rage, a furor. Whenever a match was going on between two great champions, an enormous crowd would station itself in front of the café and greet the victor's name with exclamations or vociferations, according as he belonged to our country or to another. Bets were exchanged, and sometimes discussions degenerated into fights.

One evening, I remember, toward 1886, I was returning from the theatre. I was preparing to cross the boulevard, when I saw from afar a great gathering, heard loud shouts, and saw hats thrown in the air. "What is it? Is the Opera house on fire? Has the President of the Republic been assassinated?"

An individual who was passing by gazed at me with an air of pity.

"Don't you know the great news?" he said, "Vignaux is a good first!"

And from the glance which he threw me, as he noticed my moderate enthusiasm, I felt that this patriot held me in low esteem.

While the Grand Café is frequented by the billiard-players, the Café de la Paix has as customers the elegant and wealthy young men of Paris, those whom we call in our slang *gommeux*, *pschutteux* or *bécarre* (for every year we coin some new word). Toward five o'clock they arrive, irreproachably gloved, with wide shirt fronts, spick and span, wearing dazzling silk hats, and toying with silver-handled sticks. When the temperature is not too cool, they sit out in the open, on the terrace, order a vermouth or a sherry cobbler, and stare motionless, without saying a word, at the Parisiennes hurrying by.

The Café de la Paix is one of the most prosperous in Paris; all those who have managed it have made fortunes and have retired, at the end of a few years, with pretty savings. One day, when I was dining there with a friend (you dine well but your purse suffers), I noticed a very solemn gentleman who was moving about between the tables, scrutinizing everything with the eye of a master, and reprimanding the waiters.

"You see that personage?" said my friend.

"Yes; undoubtedly he's the *patron*."

"Perfectly. Do you know what the amount of his fortune is?"

"I confess that I don't."

"He enjoys an annual income of five hundred thousand francs."

"That's a very pretty sum! And doesn't he consider himself rich enough yet? Does he continue to work?"

"His story is curious, and I'll tell it to you. Five years ago, he wished to retire. He had begun as a scullion in a low eating-house; when he found himself master of several millions he resolved to amuse himself and have a good time. He sold the Café de la Paix, bought a superb hôtel in Paris, a fine château in the provinces, surrounded himself with servants, and for a few weeks imagined that he was the happiest man in the world. Before long he changed his mind."

"Really?"

"You will see. The good man had pluckily toiled all his life, he had never had time to occupy himself with anything but his kitchen; he was entirely illiterate, and his wife was hardly better educated than he. They had no taste either for reading, the theatre, or the museums; they had nothing to do; the days began to seem to them cruelly long—in short, they were soon bored to death. They tried to make friends, but they were ashamed to seek for them in their former class, in the class of cooks and scullery boys. On the other hand, the real bourgeois found no pleasure in associating with vulgar and unpolished upstarts. Our friend and his wife gave exquisite dinners to which nobody came. They proffered courtesies which nobody returned. At the end of a few months of this mode of life, the *restaurateur* and his wife could stand it no longer: 'I have enough of it,' he said to his better half. 'I feel that I am pining away—I am losing my appetite—I can no longer sleep—I cannot exist without work. I am going to buy back the Café de la Paix.' He bought it back, and immediately, with work, he recovered his health and spirits. You see him from here. What activity! What animation! He is now making his eleventh million."

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"And what will he do with his money?"

"Have no care; he has a son of fifteen who will soon undertake to squander it with actresses and ladies of easy morals."

And while I am speaking of these ladies, I will show you in passing the café where they most do gather—the Café Peters, next to the Vaudeville—every night at midnight, after the theatre, they ascend to the first floor, where they wait for Fortune to appear to them in the shape of a wealthy foreigner.

But enough of that. Let us throw a thankful glance at the Café Napolitain, where you get the best water-ices in Paris, at the restaurant Paillard, whose *maître d'hôtel*, Joseph, had the honor of serving for a year your *richissime* Mr. Vanderbilt, and let us come at once to one of our oldest and most celebrated cafés—the Café Tortoni.

Tortoni! The name does not suggest much to you, but to us Parisians it is full of reminiscences. I have said that this establishment is one of the oldest in Paris. It was founded in 1798 by two Italians, Valloni and Tortoni. It soon became fashionable; gentlemen of the long robe and functionaries frequented it. Among the habitués was a lawyer named Spolor, whose skill at billiards was surprising. Prince Talleyrand had such pleasure in seeing Spolor play, he felt such confidence in his game, that he invited him one day to his house and presented him to one of his friends, the general receiver for the department of the Vosges, also a great billiard-player, and very proud of his talent. A bet was made, a solemn match was engaged between Spolor and the receiver, who lost in a few hours forty thousand francs . . . You see that it is sometimes useful to know how to play billiards.

One of the most curious types of the Café Tortoni was Prévost, one of the waiters, whose spine was as supple as his conscience, and who never approached you unless bowed to the ground, and asking in his softest tones:

"Pardon me! A thousand pardons! Is monsieur good enough to desire anything?"

It was exquisite. What was no less so—to him—was that in giving change he kept the best part of it for himself; if detected by chance he had but to repeat:

"Pardon me! pardon me! a thousand pardons!"

Nowadays the Café Tortoni is no longer haunted by diplomats like Talleyrand, but by journalists and men of letters. Toward six o'clock are found now and then gathered around its tables a few men of wit: Albert Wolff, Émile Blavet, Henry Fouquier, and finally Aurélien Scholl, the most brilliant talker of Paris.

Scholl is the living incarnation of what we call French wit—a wit made of lightness, of fantasy, and also of sarcasm. Scholl's bite is cruel; it is imprudent to irritate him, for sooner or later he wreaks his revenge, and as he handles the sword with rare skill, he is as dangerous on the field as in the newspaper.

If *à propos* of the boulevard I speak to you of Aurélien Scholl, it is because both are intimately related. The boulevard would not exist without Aurélien Scholl; Scholl could not live without the boulevard. He passes his whole existence on the boulevard; he lounges, he smokes his cigar, he converses, he breakfasts, he sups (and sups well, too) on the boulevard. For this Parisian is gifted with a formidable appetite, and wields the best fork I know.

Recently I had occasion to make a little trip with him. We had gone, with a few brethren of the press, to hear at Nice Glinka's "Life for the Tzar," on the invitation of the impresario Gunsbourg. We tarried there eight days, and I can say, without exaggeration, that those eight days were spent in eating. The table was constantly set, and what a table! Twelve dishes at every meal, generous wines, and fine liqueurs.

When we departed we were all ill, our stomachs were on fire, and when we got into the cars, after a last breakfast more copious even than the others, we heaved a sigh of relief. At last we were to be allowed to fast for a few hours! Scholl was with us, as I said, and was lugging an enormous valise. Hardly had the train set forth, than Scholl opened his valise and pulled forth, with the most

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perfect equanimity, a pile of sandwiches and a bottle of pale ale. We stared at him with stupefaction.

"What are you going to do with these provisions?" I asked of him.

"Why, absorb them, with your permission."

"We have just risen from breakfast."

"Nothing makes me feel so hollow as a railroad journey."

It must be that the boulevard makes Aurélien Scholl feel quite as hollow, for he treats himself every night, so I am told, to a wonderful supper at the Café Riche or at the Café Anglais. The waiters in these establishments quake before him (Scholl is very difficult to please and falls into a violent rage if his roast beef *à la Châteaubriand* is not cooked to the right point), and relieve him of his cane and hat with all the demonstrations of humility and respect.

I mentioned a moment ago the Café Anglais. This world-renowned establishment is situated on the Boulevard des Italiens, next to the former Opéra-Comique. It is nowadays somewhat neglected by young and elegant society, and is especially frequented by great financiers, by a set of money-changers and bankers. But in old times, thirty or forty years ago, with what splendor shone the Café Anglais! and how many memories cling to it! The dining-room of the first floor, the "big sixteen" of which I was telling you a moment ago, has seen all the gentlemen, all the high livers, all the celebrated artists of France and foreign countries pass through it.

But let us go on. Here is the Maison d'Or, where our great novelist, Alexandre Dumas the elder, elected for more than a year his residence. Here is Brébant's, which, during the siege of Paris in 1871, found means, notwithstanding the scarcity of provisions, to furnish its clients with varied dishes, and even with white bread. Here is Désiré Beaurain's, where you can eat excellent bouillabaisse; here is the Café Marguery, the Café Prévost, and finally, at the other extremity, toward the Bastille, the famous Café Turc, where, for my part, I have never seen a Turk, but only a crescent that is figured above the entrance, and thus justified the name of the café.

III. The Shops of the Boulevard.

You may well imagine that my intention is not to describe in detail all the shops that line the boulevard. A volume would not suffice; besides I know them very imperfectly, as I enter them as little as possible and prefer to stay at home. But I wish to speak of a few great merchants whose celebrity is European and who participate in the beautifying of our favorite promenade.

In the first rank, I should mention the confectioner Boissier. During eleven months of the year his richly painted shop is fairly quiet and almost deserted; but from the first of December an immense crowd invades it, and it is impossible to move and secure attention. Two confectioners thus divide fashionable custom: Marquis for chocolates, Boissier for bonbons. Is it that sweets from them are any better than from the corner grocer's? I would not dare affirm it; it is the name that is sought for. A gentleman could not decently offer a woman of the world a bag of comfits that came from any other place than Boissier's. Fashion and vanity preclude it. You make a present of a box signed Boissier, it proves that you have paid very dear for it, that you have not looked at expense; your reputation for gallantry is saved.

You are not ignorant of the influence that a pretty woman's eyes can exert over a purchaser. How resist the charm of a gracious smile? How put aside the object proffered by a white and dimpled hand? The manager of the Maison Boissier, who kens the weaknesses of the human heart, is careful to engage, during the holiday season, a whole regiment of pleasing damsels who bewitch the public. These poor girls deserve some credit for preserving their spirits and gayety, for during two weeks they enjoy but a few hours of rest. All day long they wait on customers; in the evening they make up parcels and place inside the boxes the visiting cards which they have received.

This work is of the most delicate kind. A moment of distraction, of thoughtlessness, may occasion catastrophes. Last year one of my friends, married to a very jealous woman, had gone into

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Boissier's to purchase his Christmas presents. He chose two bonbonnières, one for his wife, the other for Mlle. Z., a charming actress of the Théâtre Français; he left in care of the saleswoman two cards, each with a dedicatory inscription. The poor girl was clumsy enough to make so bad a mistake that the next morning the actress received the present intended for the wife, and the wife received the gift intended for the actress. I need not dwell on the scene that ensued. My friend implored for pardon on both knees, he tore out his hair with despair. The outraged spouse was inflexible and sued for divorce. The most comical part of the adventure was that the unfortunate, rebuffed by the rigor of his wife, fled to the actress for consolation, and that the latter closed her door on him, accusing him of having deceived her. What disasters may a box of bonbons cause!

But let us leave Boissier's and pursue our way. Hardly have we taken a few steps before a succulent odor of truffles, an agreeable smell of cooking rises to our nostrils. We stand before the establishment of Potel & Chabot. The shop presents nothing extraordinary, it is modest and almost mean; it contains a few appetizing fowls and some fine fruit. Yet an equipage stops at the door. A busy-looking man alights; he enters the shop and addresses the *patron*, an imposing personage in white vest and cook's cap.

"Monsieur," he says, "I have had an accident; I am to have thirty people to dinner at once, and my chef has just fallen ill. Can you prepare immediately a dinner of thirty covers? You have three-quarters of an hour to do it in."

"All right, your dinner will be ready."

The house of Potel & Chabot is a vast factory; it gives employment to hundreds of cooks who toil night and day. Last year, when the President of the Republic gave a banquet to the twenty-four thousand mayors of France, he turned to Potel & Chabot, and that gigantic dinner for twenty-four thousand guests was served without the slightest mishap.

Let us go on, passing before the superb palace of the Crédit Lyonnais, and stop at the "Librairie Nouvelle." This is a most interesting little corner, especially in summer, when all our boulevardiers are dispersed to the four winds of heaven. When they return to Paris, between two trips, be it but for three hours, they stop at the Librairie Nouvelle, and within five minutes they are up with all that is said, with all that is written in the great city. In the broad daylight of that shop is published an oral chronicle that savors all the gossip of the reporters. The woman of the world, before starting on her travels, alights from her coupé, inspects the new volumes, chooses one and takes it off to Dieppe or to Trouville. The apprentice-actress, fresh from the Conservatoire, comes in a straw hat to buy the last monologue which she intends to recite before the sea-side bathers.

A few years ago the manager of the Librairie Nouvelle was Achille, a charming fellow, gifted with an astonishing memory, very well up in contemporary literature, and the Providence of men of letters and journalists. Had you any information to ask, Achille was always ready—he allowed himself to be consulted as you would run over the leaves of a dictionary. And if, by chance, he hesitated, you would see rise from one of the corners of the shop a little old man full of amiability, who came to your rescue with a smile on his lips. This old man was named, and is still named, Gustave Claudin. He is the man in France who knows the most Parisians and Parisiennes—I mean Parisians and Parisiennes of note. His reminiscences are a mine where all the chroniclers have delved. It was from him that Jules Claretie had the following anecdote about Blanche d'Antigny.

One day this merry singer, whose talent was contestable but whose beauty was marvellous, comes into the Librairie Nouvelle and asks for the "Récits mérovingiens," the erudite work of Augustin Thierry.

"And why, *grands dieux?*" asks Claudin.

"Why? Because the composer, Hervé, has given me the chief rôle in his opera bouffe 'Chilpéric,' and I want to enter *dans la peau du personnage.*"

Blanche d'Antigny reading the "Récits

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mérovingiens" to create a rôle in an operetta! It is one of those purely Parisian ironies which we can note in passing, but could not invent.

But I must limit myself; I cannot tarry so long before all the celebrated shops which, in this region of the boulevard, might claim my attention. I must content myself with noticing briefly Barbedienne, the dealer in bronzes, whose shop contains the most perfect masterpieces of contemporary sculpture (M. Barbedienne, who carries his eighty years lightly, and possesses a respectable number of millions, began life as a paper-hanger); the Menagère, a great bazaar known all over the world, where may be found assembled all the objects necessary in everyday life. Here are other shops of less importance, but more picturesque—like the baker of *brioches* of the rue de la Lune, whose golden cakes are the delight of students and saleswomen.

I come at last to the ultimate regions of the boulevard, on the other side of the Château d'Eau; to the Boulevards du Temple and des Filles du Calvaire. This quarter used to be exceedingly curious, filled with dealers in antiquities and bric-à-brac. Whenever I happened to pass there in the days of my youth, I used to stop before those tempting shops where, hidden beneath the dust, were to be found inestimable treasures which the meagreness of my purse would not let me purchase.

The most astonishing of these shops was that of Mother Vidalenq. Ah! Mother Vidalenq! what memories that name suggests! She was a little old woman, coquettishly clad in a dress of pure silk with shoulder-of-mutton sleeves, and crowned with a cap which seemed at first sight very simple, but was lined with lace of a fabulous price. She would receive you with an affable smile, with somewhat mincing graces, and allow you to glance over her treasures. And what treasures! Flemish tapestries with figures, pieces of ancient brocade; beds of all epochs and all styles, *à la duchesse, à la polonaise;* adorably carved armchairs, armchairs *à poche, à cartouche, en cabriolet, à confessionnal.*

Mother Vidalenq is dead now, and in her newly painted shop is established the industry of a *fin de siècle* cobbler, who soles shoes in thirty minutes for the modest sum of one franc.

This sketch would be incomplete, were I not to say a word of what we call here the New Year's "barracks (*'baraques' du jour de l'an*)."

Every year, about the 16th of December, Paris is metamorphosed into a vast toy-fair which lasts a full month. From the Bastille to the Madeleine, all along the boulevards, stretches a double row of booths made of planking, a mere space wide or high, where are retailed all those things that can excite the cupidity of children. One-half of Paris descends into the street to sell to the other half mountains of jumping jacks, pyramids of Punches, and myriads of dolls. For thirty consecutive days you hear floating over the great city an infernal concert, where rattle and pipe play their part, and the penny trumpet mingles its shrill cry with the beating of drums.

How few people realize, as Victor Fournel has ingeniously said, at how many points of contact the world of dolls is related to the world of the living! The doll-fair is like an immense emptying place into which flow, like rivers into the sea, all the characters and events with which the chroniclers have busied themselves in the course of the year. All the cast-off costumes of contemporary comedy are hung up in the dressing-room. It is with bits of politics, with national traits, and with fragments of history that the puppets that amuse the children are made up. I should be much astonished if General Boulanger did not play his little rôle this year in the thirteen-sou shops.

The toy-fair occupies, as I have said, the whole of the boulevard from the Madeleine to the Bastille, and it reflects by turns the political opinions of the quarters which it traverses. Here we find the reactionary toys, there the republican, democratic, and socialist toys. On the Boulevard des Capucines (the wealthy quarter) are exhibited, in fine satin-lined boxes, luxurious dinner-sets, and dolls that smile disdainfully. On the Boulevard du Temple, you are offered pasteboard images of the Re-

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public, wearing the Phrygian cap and clad in scarlet. "Tell me whom you frequent, and I'll tell you who you are," affirms the old proverb; tell me what toys you buy for your son, and I'll tell you what your political opinion is.

All this agitation lasts three weeks. On the morning of the 10th of January the little booths are emptied, unhinged, carried off I know not where; and the same evening the boulevard, after a gigantic sweeping, resumes its accustomed aspect.

IV. The Theatres.

I could not end this monograph of the boulevards without speaking of the theatres. The theatre is intimately related to Parisian life. It is as impossible to imagine Paris without theatres as a man without a head. There are twelve of them on the boulevards only: the Opéra, the Nouveautés, the Vaudeville, the Variétés, the Gymnase, the Renaissance, the Porte Saint-Martin, the Ambigu, the Folies Dramatiques, Déjazet, the Cirque d'Hiver, and Beaumarchais.

Honor to whom honor is due. Let us begin with the Opéra. I need not describe the admirable monument erected by Charles Garnier. Most of those who will read these lines know it, either from having seen it in nature, or through the photograph. It is certainly the most beautiful theatre in the world. None can be compared to it for the harmony of its proportions, the richness of its details, and the perfect taste of its decorations. The auditorium is a marvel of luxury and comfort, the stage is of colossal dimensions.

It is not an easy task, that of director of the Opéra. It requires a versatility, a skill, a sentiment for art, a knowledge of business which are in most men incompatible. MM. Ritt and Gaillard have enriched themselves, it is said. They are accused of having been false to the interests of art. Their predecessor, M. Vaucorbeil, had ruined himself—he was accused of a lack of practical sense.

Poor Vaucorbeil was, unfortunately for himself, a timid man. You smile at this. A timid director of the Opera is improbable. Yet it is true. Vaucorbeil was modest and timorous; he submitted to the will of his artists instead of imposing his own. It was to him that there happened the comical adventure which a Parisian *chroniqueur* has noted in one of his books.

One day the members of the chorus, who had long been asking higher salaries, declared to Vaucorbeil that they were quite willing to sing, but that they did not intend to make the gestures of their rôles.

"What is it?" exclaimed Vaucorbeil, "I do not quite understand."

(The fact is that their claims—inadmissible, of course—*were* difficult to understand.)

"Yet it is very simple," answered a delegate of the chorus. "We are lyric artists. We are engaged to sing—we will sing—make us sing. But for the gestures, engage supernumeraries who will perform that pantomime. To each his rank."

This question of gesture, which became for Vaucorbeil a serious subject of worry, puts me in mind of a charming witticism of Labiche, our celebrated dramatic author. He was presiding one day over a literary committee. His two colleagues—Henri de Bornier and Pailleron—had almost simultaneously asked for the floor to treat the question in order.

As Pailleron was beginning to speak first, Bornier, all of a sudden, with his Southern petulance, cried out:

"But, *Monsieur le président*—but it is precisely my proposition that M. Pailleron is developing!"

Then Labiche, with most admirable coolness, answered, smiling:

"Well, then, my friend, do you make the gestures."

Here is the Vaudeville, where just now there is being played "Le Député Loiseau," an ironical and satirical comedy by Jules Lemaître, one of our brilliant colleagues in dramatic criticism. Here is the Nouveautés—a theatre of more recent foundation, which is struggling with difficulty against the indifference of the public. Here is the Variétés.

Here I must stop a moment. This stage, one of the smallest in Paris, con-

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structed in 1806, has contributed a brilliant lustre to the history of contemporary dramatic art. The theatre of the Variétés has played most of the master-pieces of Offenbach and of Meilhac and Halévy. Its troupe is excellent, it comprises such artists as Dupuis, Baron, Raimond, Germain. During three years Mme. Judic shone in the first rank; she is to-day replaced by Mlle. Réjane, who is one of our superior actresses.

Madame Judic, whose name is so well known in the United States, has never passed here as a comédienne of the first order; but she is an exquisite genre songstress; she excels in chansonettes and light couplets. It was not at the first attempt and without effort that she attained to fame. Her début was very humble. She was vegetating unknown in the troupe of a suburban theatre; nobody had faith in her future, but she ventured in a concert to sing a ballad entitled "La première feuille." Her voice was as timorous as her looks —as her gestures. There was in all the person of the young girl a modest grace which was exquisitely seductive.

Espoir, amour,
Je suis la première feuille,
Bonjour!

Charming was this *bonjour*, said in a caressing voice with a little beseeching smile. Anna Judic was engaged at the Eldorado. And thus began the career of the popular actress, who, twenty years later, was to gain so many dollars in America.

From the Variétés let us pass to the Gymnase. How many reminiscences I might evoke about this theatre, were not my space limited! From the point of view of literary influence, it is the second theatre in Paris, coming immediately after the Comédie Française. It is here that a great part of Scribe's plays and all the first works of Alexandre Dumas *fils* have been presented. It has given a start to a legion of great comedians: Geoffroy, Lesueur, Dupuis, Berton the elder, Mlle. Desclée, Mme. Chéri Montigny, Mme. Pasca. It continues, under the direction of M. Koning, to keep its honorable rank.

I will pass rapidly over the Renaissance, a theatre of modern construction, whose history does not present much interest, and I will come to the Porte Saint-Martin, where now Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt is enthroned.

I suppose that the newspapers have often told you of that artiste, whose agitated life is a matter of legend. For three-quarters of the year she travels about the world; for three months she returns to Paris, not in order to rest, but to play some new piece which she afterward exhibits beyond seas.

In this vagabond life she has spent somewhat of her admirable talent. If she had remained at the Comédie Française, if she had reserved her strength for the interpretation of our master-pieces, she would have been, with Rachel, the greatest tragédienne of this century. She has succumbed to the temptation of making money; she has overworked herself, wearied herself. However, this woman, so frail in appearance, supports fatigue with superhuman courage. And sometimes, would you believe it? in the midst of her wandering existence she is bored. So at least affirms one of her biographers, Jules Claretie, and he tells the following anecdote, which I reproduce with pleasure.

One day she was rehearsing "Frou-Frou." She was sitting, waiting for her cue, behind a side scene, surrounded by a group that adored her, was subjected by her charm, and deplored her vagaries. All of a sudden, *à propos* of nothing, she arose and said to somebody—author or comedian, I forget:

"Ah! what a life! what a life! It is astonishing how bored I am."

"*Diable!* you are difficult to please," was answered. "There is no existence in our times that can be compared to yours. One must go back to a tzarina like Catherine II., to find a woman who has been obeyed, admired, acclaimed, and adored like you. Of what could you well complain?"

Sarah remained pensive, but she smiled and said: "It is true, I am very exacting!" Then suddenly, becoming serious:

"Yes, it is all very fine! But the end? Ah! the end! The thing is to

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end well! The climax should be dramatic and stirring! Suppose that Rochefort—whose death I do not wish, understand me—had been killed by a bullet at the moment of his escape! What an admirable death! There is a climax! A fine fifth act! I should like to end that way! Gambetta ended well—drama, mystery. Come, tell me, how do you think I shall end?"

Nobody answered.

There were many *pensées de derrière la tête*, to use Sainte-Beuve's expression, in the glances that were exchanged behind Sarah, close to the side scene. Then a very young comedian, almost a supernumerary, who played in "Frou Frou" an insignificant rôle, that of a domestic, shrugged his shoulders and answered his directress—his directress!—with the thick and mocking accent of the Paris street-boys.

"You? How you will end, you? It isn't hard to guess! You will end as a box-opener!"

And do you think that Sarah got angry with her pupil? Well, I should say so! She burst into laughter. She found the answer amusing. Box opener! . . . *Gavroche, va!* She must have told the story herself.

She was always ready to laugh at everything. In her dressing-room, the money which she received daily evaporated like gold dissolved by *aqua regia*. There went on, between the acts, on the nail, as it were, a daily distribution of her salary by fractions, by hundreds and twenties of francs. Her fifteen hundred francs would be brought to her. Quick the pillage, the division, the quarry! Poor woman: . . . "This for you, Madame G——! A bouquet to be paid for. Good! . . . Here! take this, you! Carry it to the hair-dresser! Ah! an instalment to X——! . . . So much to Z——! . . . Good! . . . What else? . . . T—— has written this morning. I send him this, he'll have to be patient." . . . And still laughing: "What is left me now? Fifteen francs! Bah! with fifteen francs one need not starve! But get change for this five-franc piece, I need it for the carriage!"

And a similar scene was enacted almost nightly in Sarah's dressing-room.

Close to the Porte Saint-Martin arises the Ambigu theatre, where are successfully played blood-and-thunder dramas in which vice is always punished and virtue rewarded. A little further we find the Folies Dramatiques, resounding every day with merry tunes. Finally, the Théâtre Déjazet and the Théâtre Beaumarchais end the list; they are both very far from the centre, and elegant Parisians hesitate to venture into these desert wastes.

I have finished my walk. I have attempted in these few pages to give you an idea of the boulevards. Have I succeeded? I hardly flatter myself that I have. To become well acquainted with the boulevards there is but one way, and that is to come and see them. Come, then, and if you need another authority than mine to be tempted, remember Heinrich Heine's profound reflection:

"*Lorsque Dieu s'ennuie dans le ciel,*" he said, "*il met la tête à la fenetre et regarde ce qui se passe sur le boulevard.*"

This judgment requires no commentary; it is all the more flattering to our vanity, that it was formulated by a stranger, by a Parisian who was not of Paris.

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PARSON JOYE'S JUSTICE.

By Maria Blunt.

I.

FROM its position near the intersection of three important roads Stonebraker's mill was the most convenient meeting-place in the district.

The gray mill climbed out of a mossy and mint-scented ravine, like a boy upon a wall, to rest head and elbows—that is to say, upper story and long sloping roof—upon a rocky ledge beside the pond. Across this ledge passed the road, shaded by two huge sycamores that guarded the mill door. Wooded hills kept off the keenest winter winds, and the miller was a genial and hospitable person. Therefore the wooden benches under his sycamores were seldom empty.

When there was nothing else of interest the gossips discussed the parson's sermons.

The Reverend Melancthon Joye was their spiritual purveyor, and he always contrived to give them something to talk about.

Every Sunday morning he skirted the mill-pond on his way to preach in the old stone church at the Court House. The benches would then be empty, at least until he was out of sight.

In the afternoon he passed again and rode ten miles along the mountain to meet, in a weather-beaten school-house, a handful of backwoodsmen and their wives—mostly their wives. Some of the men, perhaps, would be lounging at the mill.

Sunday evening found him at the Cross Roads, among the farmers of the river bottom.

By this time he might be hoarse, but his eloquence, having night for background, was more lurid than ever. It thundered and lightened over the heads of six or eight complacent couples who came to church in order to go home together afterward. The recreations of the district being few, young love was driven to seek opportunity even in the unlikely ministrations of Parson Joye.

Strangers, if by chance any were present, relieved themselves by wondering where the preacher of such granite doctrine ever got so soft a name.

His mother while she lived had called him Lanky, finding the name fit well enough — much better than his clothes, with which her utmost efforts could hardly cover his big bones.

Melancthon despised clothes, which was fortunate, because if he got a new suit once in two years it was as much as he expected. His old ones were bestowed (at long intervals) on the negro who (occasionally) curried his sorrel horse. That worthy animal, if as gaunt and raw-boned, was also as tough and wiry as his master, and in color very like the parson's hair.

Together they took the brunt of many a winter storm. Melancthon cased in stout gray linsey, woven upon hand-looms in the mountain cabins, and unsurpassed for turning the sharp tooth of weather. A huge gray shawl, pinned Indian fashion across his narrow shoulders was shielded further by a split umbrella. The sorrel pushed through the snow-drifts sturdily, not shielded at all save by his own endurance.

In summer they went the self-same rounds in heat and dust; the sorrel with a branch of something leafy stuck into his head-gear in a vain attempt to cheat the flies; Melancthon in a costume of his own devising.

His stern and sallow face was shaded by a broad, black hat. His venerable linen trousers, creased and travel-

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stained, were thrust into cow-hide boots. A light alpaca coat, wrinkled and very short behind, flapped gently as he jogged along. From some freak of propriety, he wore the high, black vest, above which the frayed edges of his collar were intermittently visible—sometimes too visible, displaying an irritating tendency to rasp the parson's ear. This behavior of his collar had given him an awkward habit of thrusting out his chin and writhing his neck and lips—a habit very disconcerting until you became used to it.

In this manner the parson and his horse brought to remote clearings the rod and staff of strenuous exhortation and reproof. Nor were these all they brought, for to the weakness of the flesh Melancthon's practice made concessions that his preaching denied. Does anyone nowadays ever see the old-fashioned saddle-bags? The parson bestrode a pair that he kept filled with a varied stock, among which were medicines, chiefly of the old heroic sort—calomel, salts, and a fearful compound known as No. 6. These he administered upon a system of his own, which would have made the children fly from him in terror if he had not been provided besides with a timely apple, a cookie, or a chicken leg, wrapped in newspaper and saved, most likely, from his dinner.

For Parson Joye had little chance to give of that which cost him nothing. The united efforts of his parishes paid him something like three hundred dollars a year. In addition they gave him a house, set among a few ragged acres, which he rented to a hard-working man and wife in exchange for board and lodging. The sorrel pastured in the door-yard, or fed upon uncertain donations of corn and oats. He, like his master, took what came and throve by force of character.

Mr. Joye's tobacco was also a donation, and he took it in its simplest form, the quid. He had his doubts about it as undue indulgence, but it enabled him to say to some black sheep: "See here, if you'll quit drinking, I'll stop tobacco." The proselyte would sign the pledge, Melancthon would forego his one luxury, sternly encouraging his weaker brother, until that brother was met—as sooner or later he always was—helplessly tipsy in the streets. Then, the bargain being up, Melancthon would go home and solace himself with a melancholy chew.

Fifty cents a week the parson paid to his washerwoman. This shrewd and plausible old sinner was so sparing of soap and economical of labor that it was difficult to tell whether the Reverend Mr. Joye had on a clean shirt or not. The same was not true of his surplice. "You can have dinner early to-day, Mandy," an observant housekeeper would say to her cook. "We won't have a long sermon. I saw old Aunt Lyddy taking home Mr. Joye's surplice yesterday."

Even so. Mightier than armies, stronger than the sword, were flour and water in the hands of a wrinkled old colored woman. They made the parson falter in his testimony. Perhaps Aunt Lyddy had some reverence for the priestly vesture, perhaps some remnant of honesty pricked her to earn the extra bonus, or pride may have moved her to show what she could do. After each periodical cleansing the parson stood before his congregation in a robe of office that crackled and cried with every motion of his long, lean, vigorous arms. Cleanliness may be akin to godliness, but it is known that near relations quarrel. Could Melancthon have had his way that surplice would never have been washed at all. The starch quelled his spirit, it hampered his words, it tripped his gestures and scattered his thoughts; not until the gown grew limp could his discourse regain its nerve and sinew.

One summer Sunday the time for washing the surplice was presumably near. At all events, every bit of starch was out of it and Melancthon, untrammelled, preached a trenchant sermon. It was on a favorite theme, the subjection of women, more especially of wives—Adam first, then Eve, with much use of St. Paul's commentaries upon the same.

The men were delighted and pointed their domestic morals. Next day, away from home, in the security of Hiram Stonebraker's benches, they sat under the sycamores and poked fun at each others' pretensions.

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"Parson kin talk," said sheepishly at last the butt of many jests. "He don't have nobody to jaw back. Just let him take a wife oncet and see how then."

"A little bird was tellin' me that wouldn't be so long neither."

This announcement, very solemnly made, raised a shout of laughter from the benches.

"Well, it's so; you see. You can't never pass by the Ridge Road that that there sorrel of his'n ain't hitched down Byers's Lane. He stands under them apple-trees the enjurin' time."

"Jim, what'll you do?" asked Stonebraker, as soon as he could speak for laughing. "If Mr. Joye brings him home a wife, you know there ain't no house built big enough for two women."

"If parson thinks," said Melancthon's tenant with acerbity, not liking the prospect of ejection—"if parson thinks he can plough this here land and ride round visitin' sick folks like he do now, he'll find out mighty quick. An' if parson thinks ary stalk of wheat, or corn 's goin' ter grow like them hollyhocks and laylock bushes, without ploughing, he'll find out quicker."

Apparently the parson meant to find out. He was at that moment hitching the faithful sorrel to a board fence whitewashed into a shining neatness.

Old Mr. Byers dwelt in a low stone house with a superabundance of outer doors opening under a long front porch. There were more aristocratic names in the county than his, but none so good on a note, and handsomer places, but not one so trim and tidy. If his wife and daughter did most of the housework, they wielded their brooms with fine effect. The box-bordered path Melancthon trod through the old-fashioned, formal garden had been so scrupulously swept that not a leaf, not a pebble, not a loose bit of earth, was to be seen. Bits of cumbrous rock-work here and there, tubs of oleanders, and the trunk of every tree had been swept too, but with a lime brush, until in the evening dusk the place seemed full of beckoning ghosts, white and fantastic beneath the shadowy vines.

Melancthon had few thoughts to spare for ghosts. The sound of brisk feet and click of crockery were vastly more suggestive to his mind. They told him that the early supper being over and its traces cleared away, the active lady of his admiration would have leisure to speak to him. He could see her now moving back and forth across the open windows, and could hear her singing in a high, young voice. "I declare, Matt," he also heard her mother say, with hospitable pleasure in her tone, "if there ain't Parson Joye."

Whereupon the singing ceased abruptly and the Reverend Mr. Joye, who a moment before had been moved to censure the frivolous nature of the song, now found himself wondering ruefully what he had ever done to make Miss Mattie Byers afraid of him.

She did not look when she came out to greet him as though it was her habit to be much afraid. She was a handsome girl with bright black eyes and a complexion almost as dazzling as her father's fences. Her dress was the neatest of starched calicoes with coquettish embellishments, wisps of velvet round her pretty throat, smart ribbons, jingling ornaments to ring appropriate music to an acknowledged belle. All the young men in the country were glad to tie their horses under Mr. Byers's apple-trees and to spend an evening on the stone steps of his porch, finding them soft or hard according to Miss Mattie's whims. The parson sat there, too, with the perseverance that amused the parish.

Mr. Joye, thundering denunciations from the pulpit, was a name of awe; Mr. Joye, dangling after Mattie Byers among a throng of smarter suitors, was a sight of ridicule.

Melancthon ignored the ridicule. Like the crackling of thorns under the pot was to him the laughter of fools. He set his grim face toward his purpose and let them laugh.

Nevertheless his purpose was just now a little difficult of execution. He watched Mattie's hands toying with the vines; her uninterested silence daunted him. He wished his tongue were the pen of a ready writer. He coughed; he dealt with his collar; he glanced for help around the spectral garden.

"You make everything nice you touch,

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Miss Mattie: This garden's always as white and clean——"

"But I don't whitewash the fences, Mr. Joye. It's pa."

"And your flower-beds never have any weeds in 'em——"

"Indeed they do, then — lots — but that's ma, she's all the time grubbing at 'em."

"Do you want to make out you never do anything, Miss Mattie? I know better. Though you seem to be falling into a snare of pleasure——"

"Now, Mr. Joye! for pity's sake, how do I seem? I'm sure you needn't to grudge me all the pleasure I can get in this dull place. What do you want me to do?"

"What do I want you to do, Miss Mattie?" The parson passed a lean hand across his face and clenched it, frowning, on his chin. "I—I'll tell you," he cleared his throat—"I want you to quit going to dancing parties——"

"You know," indignantly, "I never dance round dances."

"I want you to leave the worldly company you're so taken up with. I want you to come out and be separate. I—I want you to marry me, Miss Mattie, and the sooner the better."

"Oh, my! *Mr.* Joye!"

"Well, why not?" the proposition once made he could regard it rationally. "Don't you like me?"

"Oh, of course, Mr. Joye, I like you, but——"

"I've been coming here a good while."

"Oh, but, Mr. Joye, of course you came to see pa?"

"Was it your pa I talked to then?" Melancthon had certain ill-flavored recollections of times when he had not been permitted to talk to her. "I hope you'll take me, Miss Mattie; the Bible says it is not good for man to be alone —nor woman either."

But in vain was the net spread in the sight of this fair bird. Presently the parson's manner changed.

"I see how it is, Miss Mattie. I've been afraid all along, now I am sure. You're on the edge of a precipice. I call you to come back."

"Why, Mr. Joye! I don't know what you mean."

"Yes you do, Miss Mattie. You know very well. You let Washburn Mason keep on coming here you'll rue the day you were born."

"Mr. Mason never comes here, Mr. Joye," cried the girl, excitedly. "You know pa forbid him. You know you got him to do it. And a mean thing, too. I don't know what makes you all so down on that poor man."

She had risen to leave him in her anger.

"Sit down, Miss Mattie." The parson towered above her in the twilight porch. "Sit right down and listen to every word I say." She hesitated. He repeated, "Sit down," until she finally obeyed, but tossed her head and tapped her foot in wrathful independence.

"Now see here," Melancthon punctuated his discourse with the finger of his right hand upon the palm of his left. "Wash Mason is a bad egg. There hasn't been a bit of deviltry in this county since he was twelve years old but he was head and front of it. By rights many a time he'd have been in jail. He'll get there yet."

The etiquette of courtship forbids depreciation of a rival. The parson trampled upon etiquette.

"You've heard it said a young fellow must be wild and he'll get over it. Wash Mason ain't that kind. He's bad all through."

"That's your Christian charity, to speak good of all men," she cried, with provocation.

Her mentor went on, facing the flashing black eyes.

"When his mother was alive he never lifted a hand to help her. When she was sick and I scoured the country to get her a bit of butter, Wash plastered it on his own bread. One week after she died he was flying round to picnics. His father left him a good property——"

"I should think so. The old Mason place is the very finest in the county."

"Yes, Miss Mattie, the old Mason place is the finest in the county—and there ain't a yard of whole fence on it. When those old pictures look down at Wash lying dead drunk on the parlor floor they can't get out of their frames to keep the old place from ruin. It don't help a man what his grandfather was——"

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"I should think you might help a man instead of hounding him, Mr. Joye. He's got good feelings. He never had any proper influence——"

"And you think you could influence Washburn Mason! You're not the first girl's been beguiled to think she could turn a man by a look or a smile. Plenty of conceit dwells in woman. After he's once got you what do you suppose he will care for your influence?"

"Mr. Joye——"

"Miss Mattie, be not deceived. What a man don't do for his mother, he surely won't do for his wife. You take Wash Mason, you take a seat with him for life. You can't get out like you did the day of the picnic to Laurel Grove——"

"Mr. Joye, I never thought you'd be so mean!"

"He was drunk when you started," Melancthon persisted, never stopping, and never raising his voice. "Before dinner-time he couldn't be allowed where decent people were, and I had to pack him into his own new buggy—O, yes, those fine yellow wheels, he's never paid for it—and get Joe Welsh to take him home, and bring you back myself between me and Lizzie Peters——"

"You shan't talk so. I won't listen. Lizzie Peters, indeed! Why don't you ask Lizzie Peters to marry you, Mr. Joye? What do you want with a sinner like me?"

She was scarlet with mortification, ready to cry with rage.

"I don't wish to marry Lizzie Peters," Melancthon answered, composedly, "and we are all sinners, though you didn't mean it when you said so. You can think about what I've said. Wash isn't only a drunkard. He's worse: he's an infidel."

"I don't care what he is. I——"

"Hush!" The parson raised his hand with authority. "Tempt not the Almighty. You are on the edge of a pit. I bid you take care."

He went down the steps immediately, leaving her choking with passion.

The shambling sorrel carried him away. The moon arose, making the hills look flat and the broad fields broader and more solitary. No one but himself seemed abroad in the wide, silent night until, at the entrance to a piece of woodland, he met, coming out of black shadow, a horseman, lonely like himself. It was Wash Mason, who sat his horse easily, one hand on his hip the other carelessly holding the reins.

"That you, parson? Evening! Out late to-night."

The tone was mocking. He did not take the trouble to nod. The moonlight falling full on his face showed how handsome it was, how self-satisfied, jaunty, and impudent.

"I know where you've been," he seemed to say. "No use, you see. It's my turn now."

The old Adam, at that moment rampant in the parson's veins, clenched his hand upon the bridle. A spasm of anger, righteous perhaps, but very real, shook him. He fixed his eyes sternly upon Mason's face and rode by, leaving the salutation unreturned.

Mr. Joye expressed no surprise when he was told, a few weeks later, that Mattie Byers and Wash Mason had gone off to be married. "Old man Byers," the gossips added, "was that mad he was crazy, and he vowed Miss Mattie shouldn't never step her foot inside his door again."

II.

"Land above! Parson, is that you? You mean to say there ain't nary nigger in the county to tote that there bag? I'd a sent for it myself if I'd a known she was that hard up."

The benches under Stonebraker's sycamores were full as usual. Everybody had grist for that mill. Even the sorrel was glad to stand in the shade this warm September day, and listen to the cooling drip of water over the mill-wheel. But the loungers showed some surprise as Stonebraker seized a bag of corn from Melancthon's saddle-bow and flung it within the door. One of them remarked:

"I don't reckon this is exactly the kind of harvest you're called to gather in, Mr. Joye."

His companions laughed. Mr. Joye ignored the remark as he did the dust left by the bag on his coat. Yet in his silence lay such audible reproof that the miller unconsciously adopted an accent of apology.

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"Well, I did tell her I was laying off to put the mill onto wheat. But I could 'a let her have some meal. That's what I've got to do now. That there corn ain't fitten to grind right outen the silk."

"I reckon it don't ever go amiss, Hiram," the parson said, judicially, "to help her all you can."

For Mr. Byers had been a man of his word. At the end of five years he still maintained that as Mattie had made her bed, so she must lie. The bed was hard. She had become a fagged and faded woman, living, no one could tell how, with three children in a log cabin that in old Colonel Mason's time had been used by his negroes.

And she had this on sufferance.

There were some who said that in spite of her infatuation for Washburn's handsome face she never would have married him had it not been her ambition to rule over the finest place in the county. But this place had been seized for Washburn's debts in the first year of her marriage. It was bought by two sanguine young men, known as "them spry Vermonters," who believed that farming in Virginia could be made to pay. Wash was rarely sober and never did a hand's turn of work. The spry Vermonters detested him, but they were sorry for his wife and refrained from demanding rent for the cabin. This generosity brought them no thanks. The district looked on them as interlopers. It grudged their prosperity. When you set out to teach your betters, your success is an added insult.

Even Melancthon Joye, in spite of foresight justified, could not pass the old place without a flavor of bitterness in his soul.

He had stopped to look at it that September morning while the sorrel, with accustomed readiness, seized the opportunity to nibble the dusty grass by the roadside. Five years had made little difference in the parson, or his horse. A few white hairs in the sorrel's mane, a few more wrinkles in the parson's coat—otherwise they were as unchanged as the meagre and slovenly farms they visited.

But Washburn's squandered patrimony looked rich and fair; the fences straight and even. A loaded wagon, drawn by four fine horses, approached the new barn and the group of old buildings crowning a distant hill-slope shone with fresh paint. As Melancthon watched, one of the young proprietors came by, walking quickly as was his habit. He threw the parson a curt, "How are you?" and passed on. The parson started on, too, angry at being caught. He meditated a sermon upon the deceitfulness of riches, with reference to the wicked flourishing as a green bay tree. But as no stretch of metaphor could include Wash Mason among the righteous Melancthon gave up his idea.

Just then, around a turn in the road, he came in sight of the cabin with its few spindling rows of corn that Mattie had somehow coaxed into being. He could see her limp sun-bonnet among the weedy stalks and inside the cabin door, which was open, the baby lay in a wooden cradle and howled. The week's wash — pitifully scanty — was spread on bushes and on the broken fence. Beside the fence stood a bucket of whitewash with a brush sticking in it. Melancthon remembered the refulgent rockwork of her girlhood's home. The whitewash proved her still her father's daughter, yet it seemed to emphasize her degradation.

At sound of the sorrel's hoofs she turned and Melancthon saw her worn, tired face. Her eyes had in them a dumb beseeching which was habitual and unconscious, for she only nodded and went on tearing off the ears of corn and dropping them into a bag. She was in haste to quiet the baby.

All the parson's predictions were fulfilled. He saw in this dragged, discouraged woman the blooming and defiant girl who had trampled on his warning.

She had had the warning. And Providence is just.

Nevertheless, when Melancthon rode off he carried the bag of corn with him and he turned back on his way and went to Stonebraker's mill. Nobody there had a good word for Wash Mason.

"We'd have helped her many a time, Mr. Joye, if it wa'n't for him—a lazy, ornery, trifling no-account, more ready

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to pick a quarrel than a pig is to eat. Why don't he tote his own corn to mill?"

Mr. Joye was troubled; something lay upon his mind.

"Hiram," said he, suddenly, "does he ill-treat her?"

"Land, Mr. Joye! Ain't it ill-treatment to starve?"

"I mean does he abuse her?"

He turned, frowning, to the benches, where the men stirred uneasily and looked across the pond. The parson seemed to be accusing them.

"Well, we ain't never seen, Mr. Joye," one answered, reluctantly, "else of course we wouldn't allow it. But you kin judge for yourself. If a man gets so roaring crazy away, he ain't likely to be a lamb at home. You know what they say."

Mr. Joye did know. He had heard the stories told under these very sycamores of Mattie running through the woods with her children at dead of night, and arriving breathless with terror at the nearest neighbor's a mile away.

"She claimed it was ghostses frightened her," said Stonebraker. "Mattie Byers wa'n't no girl to be scared by ghostses. But she's close-mouthed. Mis' Peters couldn't get nothing out of her 'cept that."

"You say yourself, parson," ventured an auditor. "You can't come between man and wife."

"No," said the parson.

But his eyes seemed to retreat into caves beneath a beetling crag of forehead; his Roman nose stood out, a headland on some rocky coast. His sinewy hand was clenched upon his chin, as he scowled at the pond, into which Stonebraker, leaning against a tree, was dropping bits of bark. The circles slowly widened, rocking farther from the shore. The miller, restive under that portentous gaze, looked up.

"You know, parson, I've said she ought to leave him."

"Then you've said wrong, Hiram, you've said wrong. Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. You've heard me preach about that."

They had indeed. They were not anxious at the moment to have the sermons repeated. Stonebraker muttered:

"Don't appear to me God joins every couple. Looks like the devil had a hand in some. Anyway, Mr. Joye, you're always preaching justice. Now where's the justice in putting all Wash Mason's sins onto Mattie's pore little shoulders?"

A spasm passed across the parson's face. His collar, loose and rasping, had attacked his ear. He paused to discipline this unruly member, then answered:

"She ain't punished for his sins, she's punished for her own."

"Mr. Joye, she was always a good girl."

"Hiram, the eye that mocketh its father, the young eagles shall eat it. Do you think when Mattie Byers, child of godly parents, married an infidel she didn't sin? If she'd read her Bible more instead of flying round to picnics, she'd have remembered not to be unequally yoked together with unbelievers. But the Lord will be good to Mattie Byers. He'll let her take her punishment in this world——"

He gathered up the reins. His audience sat up straighter in token of respect—and relief.

"Anyway, pore thing, she's got a hard row to hoe. You ain't going, parson?" cried the miller, good-naturedly, wishing to part pleasantly. "Well, good-morning to you. Come again. It always does us good to talk to you, or anyway it oughter."

But he went into the mill and turned over the bag of corn with his foot.

"Nubbins. Not much good for hogs. But I shorely am sorry for Mattie. Parson ain't married, he don't know."

"Well, that ain't his fault neither. Miss Mattie 'd a heap sight better have had him, shore enough. He kin put the women in their places fast enough, but he'd do better by her than Wash Mason has."

"That's so," chorused the group upon the benches; "but anyway 'twould take a heap of religion to put up with all he says is right."

Melancthon went home and turned the sorrel into the yard and flung his hat into one corner and his saddle-bags into another; and sat down to the com-

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position of one of those pungent sermons that were like nothing so much as a country salad—all mustard and vinegar with the oil left out, or rancid.

Before that sermon was delivered the parson's affairs took him to the Court House, and as he walked down its single street he saw a crowd upon the corner. A loud voice made itself heard above much laughter. Melancthon stopped abruptly and, frowning, clutched his chin.

"See here," he said to a bystander, "is that Wash Mason?"

"Talking? Yes, sir. That's him."

"Is he drunk?"

"Well, I dunno as you'd say drunk, Mr. Joye," quizzically. "Sorter top-heavy I reckon."

"How long's he been at it?"

"Well, I dunno, sir. 'Pears to me every time I go down street I come upon Wash Mason carrying on somewheres. He'll be going home toreckly."

"Home!" repeated Melancthon, violently. "Home! To beat his wife?"

"Well, sir, they do say——"

"Then why don't you stop him? Aren't there men enough in this county to protect one woman?"

"Law, Mr. Joye, who's to do it? She's his wife."

"Who? Why you. Anybody."

"But, Mr. Joye, I ain't seen him. I couldn't swear to it, sir. He'd have me arrested."

"Tchk!" said Melancthon in impatient disgust, striding off.

"Preachers air jest like women," muttered the man, discontentedly. "Always at you to do some fool trick you know you can't do. What's he want me to tackle Wash Mason for? Wash 'd sooner shoot than not."

With his long arms swinging and his short coat flapping the parson went up the street. Hiram Stonebraker, starting homeward in his buggy, beheld this familiar figure gesticulating on the sidewalk. Before he could stop Melancthon climbed over the wheel.

"My horse is down street," said he, breathlessly.

"Eh?" said Hiram, astonished.

"Hitched by Strode's store," panted the parson. "You get him. I'll bring this buggy back some time to-night."

"Oh!" Stonebraker began to understand. "All right, Mr. Joye, I'd just as lief ride."

Joye with difficulty restrained his impatience while the miller got his bulky person to the ground, then he struck the astonished old mare with the whip.

"Hold on," cried Stonebraker, "Look out for the bundles, parson, I've got my week's coffee and sugar in there."

Melancthon craned his long neck round the buggy top.

"This evening—the mill—all right," was all Stonebraker could make out above the creaking and groaning of his flying equipage.

He laughed as he turned to go down street for the sorrel.

"If parson can make old Nan keep that up he's a smarter man than I am. What's got him now, I wonder."

One only thought was in the parson's mind. Wash Mason should never strike his wife another blow. And to prevent this he had but one idea. It was to get to the woodside cabin before the drunkard did, and to carry off Mattie with her children to some place of safety. Just what place would be safe was hard to tell, and he postponed decision. Speed was what he wanted now, and speed from old Nan——! Melancthon wished he had taken time to put the sorrel between the shafts of Hiram's rattletrap. He knew as well as other people that Wash would sooner shoot than not.

But he got to the cabin where Mattie was busy over her washtub, and he bade her so imperiously to leave everything and come instantly with him, that she took her hands from the suds, caught up the baby and, scared but silent, got into the buggy where Melancthon had already put the two older children.

They drove off, leaving the clothes in the tub and the cabin door swinging open past the empty cradle. Beyond the woods, out on the level road, that happened which Melancthon feared. They met Mason riding home. He stared in amazement and old Nan shuffled past before he collected his wits.

Melancthon strove steadily, looking straight ahead.

"Hi! Mr. Joye!"

Mattie started and shivered, clutch-

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ing her baby tighter. The children stopped their chatter. Melancthon drove on.

"Mr. Joye, what are you doing with my wife?"

"Get up," said the parson, clucking to old Nan. But he did not touch her with the whip. It was no use. Mason wheeled his horse and fell into pace behind the buggy. Whether he were inclined to be violent, or only tipsy and maudlin, no one knew, and no one looked to see. Melancthon felt the trembling of the woman at his side. She had lifted the baby to her neck to hide her face. He could hear her sobbing in the stifled way learned from long restraint. Now and then the hoofs of Mason's horse striking on the stones would be heard above the rattle of the wheels. The sound was sharp. Melancthon thought of the click of a revolver. He kept his eyes between the old mare's ears.

But when presently they reached the branching of the road the parson turned toward the mill. Mrs. Stonebraker, he remembered, was as kind-hearted as her husband. She would look after Mattie while he dealt with Wash. No other place was near, and this sort of thing could not be kept up. They must get somewhere quickly.

September's sunset burned behind the hills as at last Nan slowly hobbled round the pond—the peaceful pond, in which a bright, reflected sky lay red among the lilies and the mill's gray walls grew pink between the leaves. Scenting her own stable the old mare made such a sudden dash around the bend that Melancthon had time to get Mattie and her children out of the buggy and inside the miller's gate before Mason rode up.

"Go into the house," he said to her as Wash rolled off his horse and lurched forward. Melancthon eyed him keenly. His whip was in his hand, and the butt of a revolver stuck out upon his hip, but he seemed meek enough and inclined to whimper.

"Parson, don't you know I can't get along without my wife? I ain't had my supper, sir. Matt, what's the reason you don't come with your old man?"

"Go into the house," said Melancthon again. She stood trembling, the children clinging to her skirts. Wash reached his hand across the fence, but could not quite touch her sleeve.

"*Go into the house,*" said Parson Joye, and when he spoke in that tone he was obeyed. Mattie went into the house. Mason made an effort to follow. Melancthon laid his hand upon the gate.

"Go home, Wash," he said, quietly. "I told you you'd got to behave. When you're sober I'll talk to you."

"Who wants you to talk?" screamed Mason, his drunken mood changing in a flash. "Get out of here. You can't preach to me, you black-coated, shovel-hatted sneak, you. And you can't meddle with my wife. No man meddles with my wife. I'll teach her—I'll——"

"Look here," said Melancthon, sternly, fixing his eyes on Mason's face, now red and furious. "You go home and go to sleep. You've lost your right to your wife. You can't have her till you learn to behave. And if you so much as speak a hard word to her again you'll repent it."

Mason burst into a cackling laugh.

"Repenting's your line, Parson, 'taint mine." Then threateningly, "Who's to make me?"

"I will," said the parson.

"You get out! I'll thrash you to a jelly. I'll beat you worse'n I beat her." He raised his arm.

"Put down that whip," said the parson.

"I'll put it down," cried Wash, and laid it in a stinging stripe across the parson's head.

Joye leaped upon him. There was a brief scuffle. The whip whirled through the air into the pond. There was a flash, a report, a gleam of steel among the alder bushes, another splash as the revolver followed the whip. Wash felt the parson's bony fingers close upon his throat, felt himself shaken mercilessly, like a rat by a terrier, felt with a breathless terror that his hour had come. The next instant he staggered back, giddy and gasping. That terrible grasp relaxing suddenly left him blind, swaying, half choked. He found a tree, or something to support him, until by degrees the landscape steadied itself. Then, still under the spell of fear, he looked

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around, uttered a loud cry and dropped upon his knees.

"O Parson! O Lord! Parson, I didn't go to do it. You know I didn't. Parson, say you ain't hurt."

The parson did not say anything. He lay with closed eyes beneath the bushes. But Stonebraker, who from across the pond had heard the shot, leaped from the panting sorrel's back and seized Wash by the collar.

The news flew. Before night had fairly fallen the whole district had heard that Wash Mason had shot Parson Joye, that the parson was lying dead in Stonebraker's house, and that Wash was locked up in the mill. Every man who heard this tale swore roundly and started off. The rising moon beheld on every road the mountaineers and farmers, singly and in groups, on foot and mounted, all making toward the mill, now black beneath the shadow of its sycamores, while in the silent pond the stars, not yet eclipsed, gleamed wavering. Many of these men were masked, some wore curious hoods around the head and neck, and all were armed.

The parson was not dead. There was even no immediate reason why he should die. He had recovered consciousness in Stonebraker's bed, and the doctor who dressed his wound said encouragingly that if he would keep still and not lose any more blood he would come round all right. He fell into a doze, having seen through the open window the moon climbing up between the pines on the mountain. He was awakened by a woman's cry.

"O Mr. Joye! O Parson! You don't want him killed. They're going for him. They've got him."

Mattie had rushed into the room crazy with fright. Joye sat up in bed.

The glare of torches through the window obliterated the white moonlight. He heard hoarse voices, trampling feet, the pawing of horses, and a high, desperate voice shrill with terror. It was Wash Mason pleading for his life.

The torchlight flashed across the pond; sharply on the moss-grown mill it drew the outlines of the leaves and of one long, straight line that fell from a stout limb of the tallest sycamore. On this limb two men were busy; just below, a struggling and entreating figure was held by two others, and a close ring hemmed them in. It was ghastly and horrible to see no faces. Nothing but a blank whiteness, featureless, expressionless, crossed by two black and unresponsive slits, behind which all imaginable cruelty might lurk. Over the ravine, the road, the rocks and bushes, fantastic shadows moved and beckoned as the spectral crowd swayed gesticulating.

"No, sir. No, you don't. We've put up with you as long as we're going to. Your time's come. Good Lord have mercy! What's that?"

A tall figure wrapped in a sheet launched itself out of the shadows. One arm was tightly bandaged to the side; the other, draped with white folds, waved before the victim. This was no masker, for the head was bare; the flickering lights fell on a pallid face, and rough, dishevelled hair. The hooded crowd shrank back, sham ghosts appalled before a real one. Only Wash made a plunge forward and caught the apparition's knees.

"Parson, ye ain't dead. Tell 'em ye ain't dead. I didn't go to do it, Mr. Joye. Tell 'em I didn't go to do it. Ye know I never, Parson. It went off itself when you grabbed me. Ye know it did."

"Mr. Joye, is that you?" cried a voice. "We heard he'd killed you."

"Well he didn't. You let him be." Then still keeping his sheet-draped arm in front of Wash, he added, sternly, "Men, what are you doing here?"

But the crowd had recovered and in the revulsion from fright was more angry than before. Murmurs arose, growing louder and hoarser.

"He's just as bad. He meant to kill you. He'll do it yet. We're tired of Wash Mason. Go back, Parson, this ain't no business o' yourn."

"No business of mine to save your souls from sin! Go home yourself, and get down on your knees and pray the Lord if perhaps the thought of your heart may be forgiven you."

"Look-a-here, Parson, you've been thundering justice these many years, now you've got a chance to see it done."

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Melancthon wheeled upon the speaker.

"How dare you take the name of justice on your wicked lips, Linn Harding? Oh, you needn't to think I don't know you. You want justice, do you?" He let his glance sweep round the shrouded ring. "You want justice! Where's it to begin? Stand out, Tom Peters. William Entler, step to the front; quit hiding behind that rag and show your face like a man if you think you're doing right. Aleck Strode, I picked you out of the gutter last week. If you'd had a pistol handy maybe you'd be swinging to some of these trees here. Go home, the last one of you. I know you all, and if you lay a finger on this poor wretch you'll be in the sheriff's hands to-morrow."

He had thrust Wash behind him and keeping his long arm extended, shaking his skinny finger in the face of each man as he named him, he advanced little by little toward the crowd, which was now really furious. Yet it gave back step by step. An angry voice cried: "Shut up, Parson. You can't preach here. If you say much we'll string him up right now and roll you into the pond."

The parson faced the voice. He paused, and drawing himself up to his thin height, said, slowly, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone."

Again he looked round upon them and with raised voice cried once more, "He that is without sin, let him cast——"

His voice ceased. A bright jet of blood spurted from his lips. He dropped forward, face down. His one protecting arm, still stretched in front of Wash, seemed to point an accusing finger at the crowd.

No man spoke. None even tried to lift the body until Hiram Stonebraker, pushing through from the outer circle, bent down and raised the parson's head. Then, still silent, they bent forward, shielding their eyes from the flaring lights, peering anxiously into the white, still face. It was calm, the stern brow unruffled, the stern lips quiet.

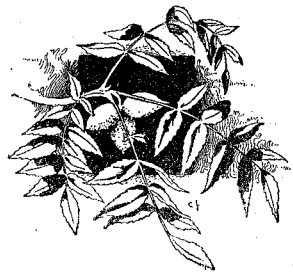
"He's dead," said Stonebraker, and gently smoothed the rumpled sheet.

With one accord every man's hand went up to his head, where, finding no hat, it pulled off the masking hood. The men who an instant before had been ready to hang Wash for shooting the parson, and to duck the parson for trying to save Wash, now stood uncovered, mute, smitten with grief and contrition.

The pale dawn, looking over the eastern range and putting the torches to shame, saw a solemn and orderly line following the prone body of Parson Joye as it was borne toward the house.

Wash was forgotten. His wife, creeping through the bushes, cut the cord that still bound him and bade him run. He was never prosecuted. But he ceased to beat his wife, because Mr. Byers, at last relenting, opened his heart and his house and took his daughter and her children home.

The parson had the biggest funeral that was ever seen in the district, but the sermon preached above his open grave was not of justice.



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SAFETY ON THE ATLANTIC.

By William H. Rideing.

IT is not when the seas come pounding over the bows that the captain's face lengthens. Even when it is necessary to keep the passengers below, and the spray is carried as high as the foretop, his confidence in his ship is unabated. His spirits do not fall with the barometer, and though the clouds hang low, and the air is filled with stinging moisture flying like sleet from the hissing sea—even when boats are torn out of the davits, and iron bitts and ventilators are snapped from their fastenings like pipe-stems, he has no misgiving as to the ability of the ship to weather the gale, or the fiercest hurricane that can blow.

Give him an open sea, without haze, or fog, or snow, and neither wind nor wave can alarm him. He knows very well, as all who are experienced in such matters do, that the modern steamers of the great Atlantic lines are so carefully constructed, and of such strength, that the foundering of one of them through stress of weather alone is well-nigh inconceivable.

But when a fog descends, then it is that his face and manner change, and he who has been the most sociable and gayest of men suddenly becomes the most anxious and taciturn. His seat at the head of the table is vacant; look for him and you will not find him, as in fair weather, diverting groups of girls tucked up in steamer-chairs on the promenade-deck, but pacing the bridge and puffing a cigar which apparently has not been allowed to go out since it was lighted as the big ship backed from her wharf into the North River.

Wherever and whenever it occurs, fog is a source of danger from which neither prudence nor skill can guarantee immunity; and whether the ship is slowed down or going at full speed, there is cause for fear while this gray blindness baffles the eyes. With plenty of sea-room the danger is least, and it increases near land, especially where the coast is wild and broken, like that of Ireland and Wales, and where there are many vessels as well as rocks to be passed.

Probably the captain dreads but one thing more than a fog which comes down when he is making land. When he can see the familiar lights and promontories, he can verify the position of the ship and check his daily observations of the sun. Then it is plain sailing into port. But when the strongest light is quenched and every well-known landmark is hidden, and he has to feel his way with only the compass and the sounding machine to guide him, the consciousness that a slight divergence from the proper course may lead to disaster, keeps him on the pins and needles of anxiety, and sears his brain to constant wakefulness, as with a branding iron.

A recent experience may be recalled.

The ship had swept down from the "nor'ard" like an arrow following the curve of its own bow, and it was promised that we should see land early in the afternoon and reach Queenstown soon after sundown. The weather could not have been better; it was clear and mild, and the air, the water, and the sky were tinged with the silvery pinks and grays which often appear, like mother-of-pearl, in the atmospheric effects of that southern coast. Flocks of birds were resting on the surface of the calm sea and wheeling around the ship, the gulls swinging within arm's length of the passengers leaning against the rail. We steamed in among a fleet of fishing-boats with red sails — close enough to

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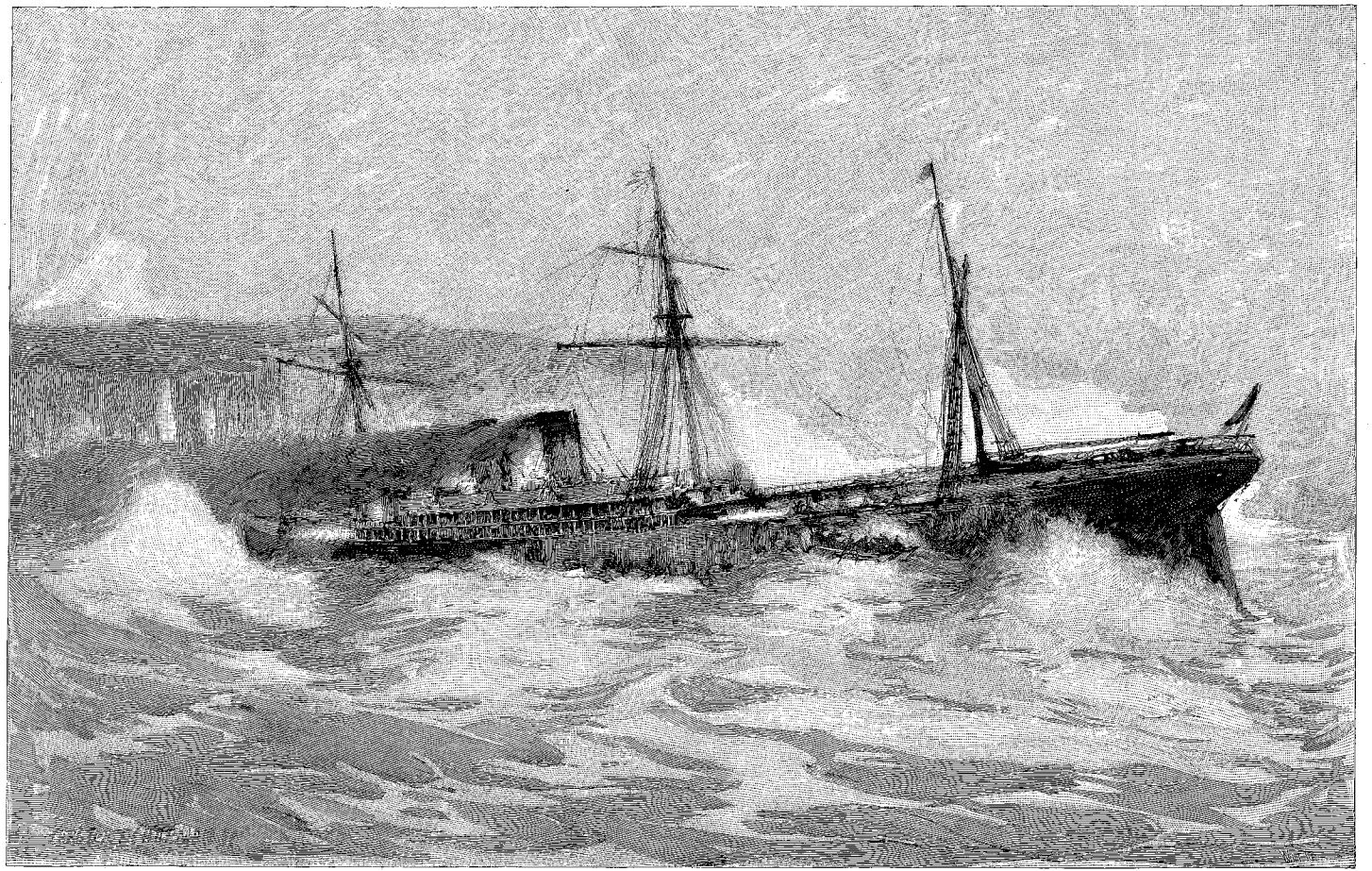

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

Out of Reckoning.—A Narrow Escape.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

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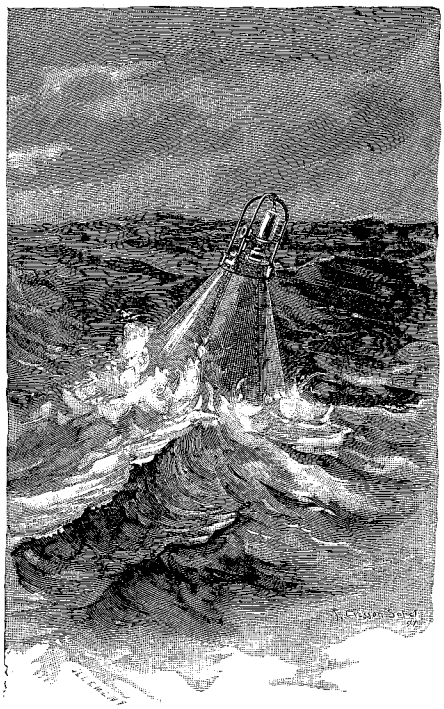
hear the greetings of the men, and these voices made the assurance of land doubly sure.

Then it was whispered that land could be seen, and the searchers swept the eastern horizon with their glasses to find it. They made many mistakes about it, and explored the clouds, deluding themselves with the idea that forms of rosy vapor were the Kerry Mountains. They insisted upon it, but presently the coast defined itself to a certainty, coming out of the distance in bold masses of peak and precipice, fringed with a line of surf.

The captain was in his gayest mood. The baggage of the passengers for Queenstown was whipped out of the hold by the steam winch and piled up on the main deck, and they themselves were smartly dressed to go ashore. Already farewells were spoken and re-



A Whistling Buoy.

unions planned. We could see the black-fanged pyramids of the Blaskets, and the mountain-bound sweep of Bantry Bay. Fastnet would soon be visible over the starboard bow—perhaps the men in the foretop could already see it—and a little to the northward of that lay Brow Head, whence in an hour or so our safe arrival would be flashed in an instant under the capricious sea which we had just crossed.

These were our anticipations, but they were not fulfilled. The strong, piercing light of Fastnet did not reach us that night, nor any glimpse of the splendid beacons which blaze, each in its own distinctive way, for the guidance of the mariner along that Channel. We were not seen from Brow Head, and the passengers for Queenstown did not go ashore.

The captain's manner changed again from its wonted gayety to severe silence. Before it was noticed on deck, those on the bridge discovered, rolling down the Channel, a reddish-brown fog, like a cloud from a battle-field, which swallowed everything in its path—fishing-boats and all vessels in sight; mountains, cliffs, and surf; every light and every landmark. In half an hour it had enveloped us and washed out with its sepia all the pearly iridescence which had filmed the sea. Nothing definite remained; all became vague, spectral, curtailed. The heart of the ship seemed to cease beating, and then could be heard only in faint throbs as the engine was slowed down.

For the rest of the night everything was dubious. The passengers gathered in knots on the wet decks, talking in undertones. You could hear the swash of the becalmed sea along the sides of the ship in the intervals of the blasts of the fog-horn, which pierced the ear like a knife; it was only when that demon was raging that the other sounds which had become familiar on board the ship were not more acute—the hum of the forced draft, the asthma of escaping steam, the voices on the bridge, and the whirr of the bell in the engine-room. The bell had been silent since it rang out, "Turn ahead, full speed!" when the pilot was picked up by the station boat off Sandy Hook, but now the hand which recorded its messages was constantly going from side to side of the clock-faced dial. At every stroke a fresh apprehension thrilled along the deck and imaginary shapes loomed up in the fog, the rumors were wild and

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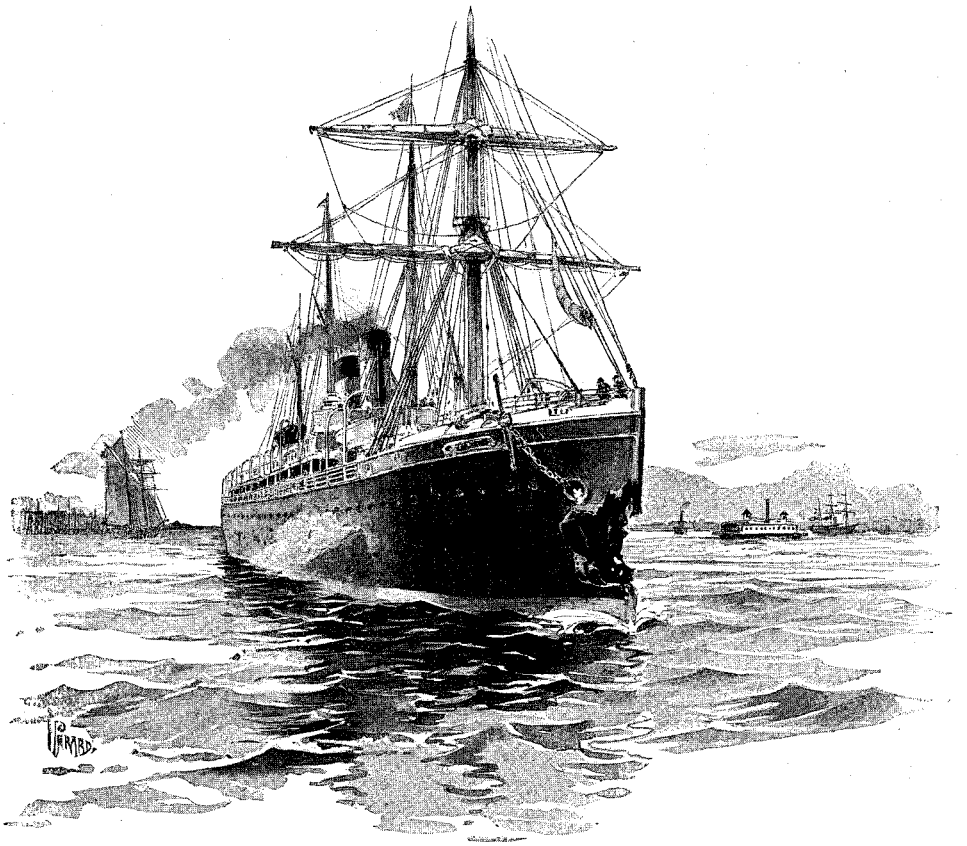
contradictory, no sooner spoken than discredited. See that blur of yellow ahead! That must be a light—Queenstown, perhaps, and the tender coming alongside. Yes, the bell has rung "Stop her!" Half of the passengers can see the blur of yellow, half are not quite certain — all are mistaken: the light burns only in their imaginations. Then they see the sails of a ship blotted on the fog; they hear bells and whistles; they listen for confirmation from the bridge. Little wonder that they are confused: the engine-room bell tells a different story every few minutes—now "Ahead!" then "Astern!" now "Full speed!" then "Dead slow!" Again the engine stops altogether; in a minute or two the churnings of the screw, sweeping toward the bow instead of in the wake, show that the ship is backing, and the fear of reefs, of collision, of running ashore, deepens the silence of the anxious groups along the rail.

The escaping steam roars out of the copper-pipes riveted to the funnel; louder and shriller the whistle drives its warning through the obscurity which surrounds us. Then we move "Ahead!" once more, and at midnight all hope of seeing Queenstown is abandoned. The passengers retreat to their cabins, and the decks are left to the sailors and the officers, who come in and out of the ghostly atmosphere—their oil-skins dripping with moisture and shining momentarily in the lamp-light. Never for an instant does the captain leave the bridge; his cigar feeds its bluish wreaths to the fog; he watches the glowing face of the compass, and listens to the cry of the men who are working the sounding machine.

So the great ship creeps up the Chan-



Broken Bow of La Champagne, after her Collision outside New York Harbor, December, 1890.

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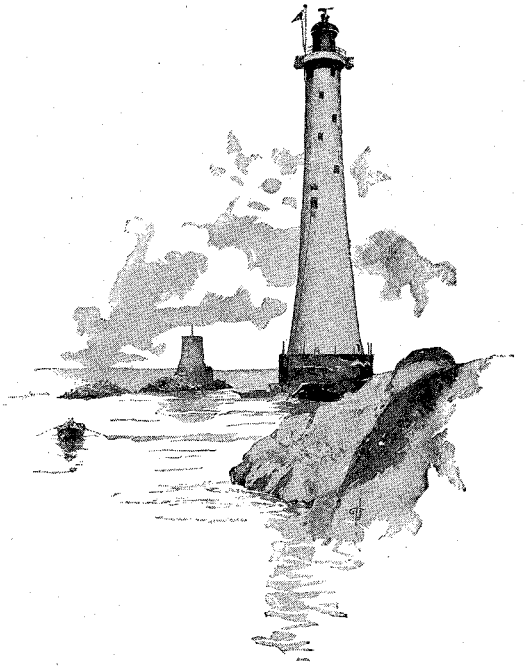
nel. Once in a while an answering blast is borne over the water, a bell is heard tolling afar, but never a thing is in sight. It is a weary night for the captain, but in the morning all is clear; we are off Holyhead; the pulse of the engine has recovered its regularity; the faces of the passengers are beaming, and Snowdon is visible over the starboard bow, piled up in white vapor.

The navigation of the Channel in foggy weather can never be free from danger, and more fine steamers of the great transatlantic lines have been lost between Fastnet and Liverpool through fogs than through any other cause. It was only last summer that the City of Rome



Eddystone Lighthouse, English Channel.
(Tower about one hundred feet high.)

ran in a dense fog against Fastnet itself —that perilous, shoreless, horn-shaped rock which stands in the direct pathway of all ingoing and outgoing ships—and barely escaped destruction. A few years earlier, when the Cunarder Aurania was approaching land in a fog, the passengers who were smoking their after-dinner cigars suddenly saw looming above them, and above the topmasts, the cliffs which were supposed to be many miles away. The captain was far out of his reckoning, but was going so slowly that he was able to back into the Channel with slight damage. A similar accident to this happened to the White Star steamer Baltic when she was proceeding up the Channel to Liverpool.

One of the most brilliant lights in the Channel is that of the South Stack, which lies under the flank of the mountainous precipice of Holyhead. The Stack is an egg of rock, much higher and much bolder than Fastnet, which has become detached from the mainland, and its apex is crowned with the white tower and crouching buildings of the light-house keepers. The sea is eating it away, and has already scooped out a vast cavern which they call the Parliament Hall. It is wider and loftier than any chamber at Westminster, and there is more justification for its name in the babble of the sea-birds flitting in and out of it than in its dimensions. From the foot of it to the low, white wall which encircles the light, it is a sheer precipice of dark, exfoliating rock, forbidding and hopeless, without a resting-place for any living thing less secure than the birds, which cluster like beads on a string upon the edges of the shale. The sea frets itself around it and gurgles in the cavern; ledges and reefs abut on it. All vessels aim to give it a wide berth, and usually keep at such a distance that a glass has to be used to discover its destructive points. To say "ashore at South Stack" is as good as to say a "total wreck." There is hardly one chance in a hundred that the luckless ship which strikes here will live.

The Baltic was feeling her way up the Channel, and was supposed to be two or three miles off-shore. The creaming of the breakers, flowing and dissolving over the ledges like puffs of steam, gave the first hint of danger, and before the warning was of avail the dark shape, darker than the fog, sprang upon the dimmed vision of those on deck—a precipice that seemed to be toppling over them. "Good God! It is the South Stack!" a voice cried out, and there was

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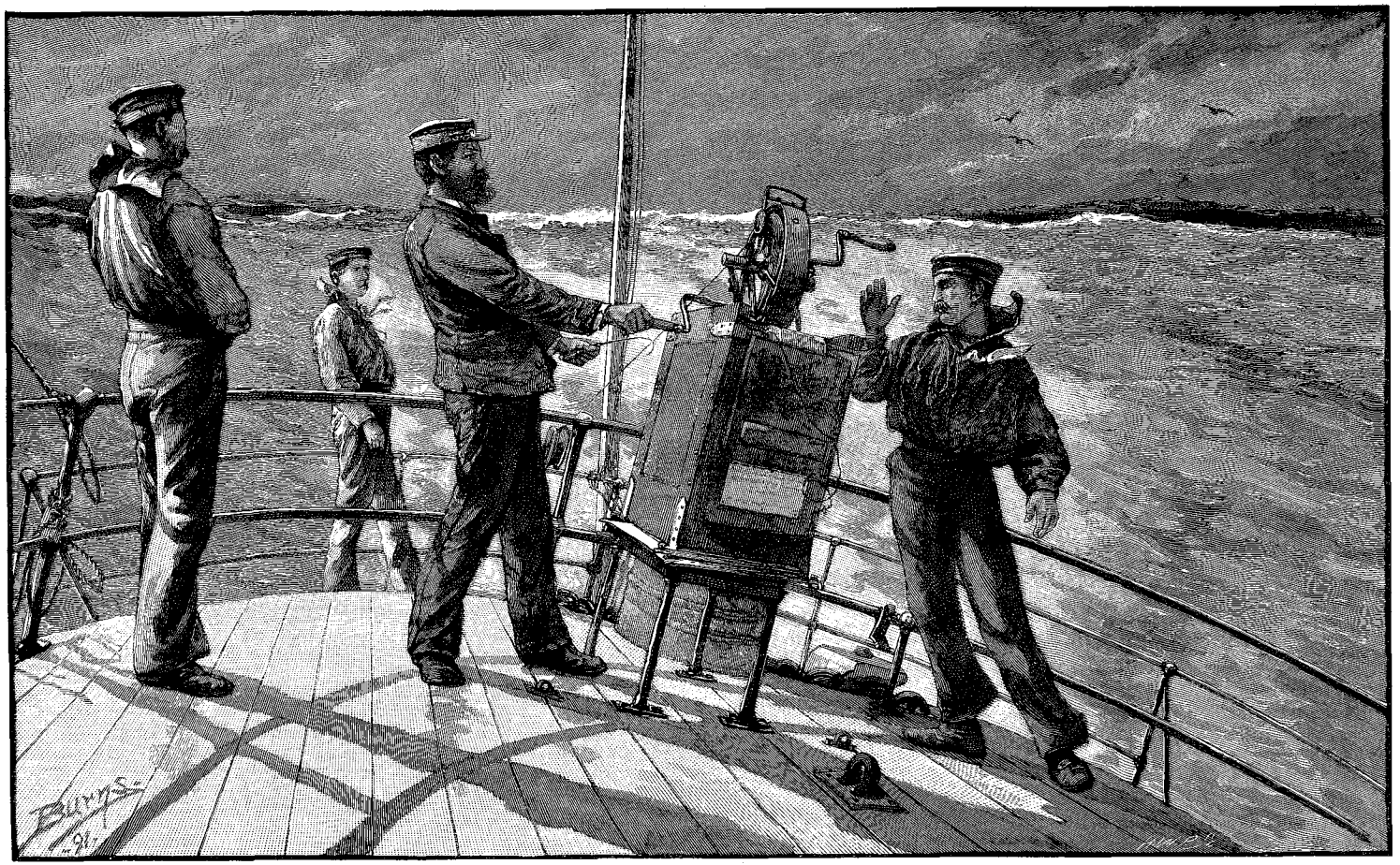

DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.

The Deep-sea Sounding Machine at Work.

ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

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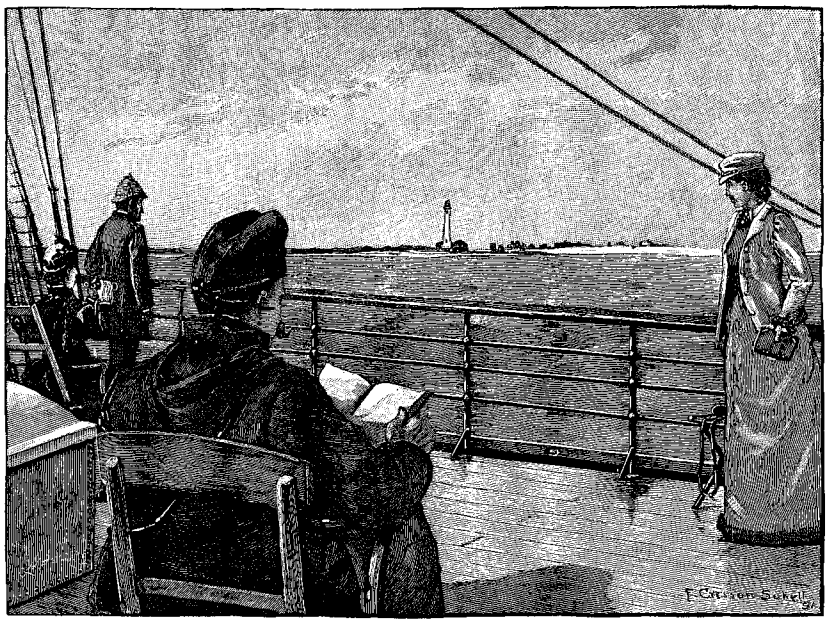

Off Fire Island, New York.

no thought but of doom. The bells in the engine-room and wheel-house pealed, and the reversal of the screw sent the latherings surging toward the bow. A moment of panic among the passengers; a scurrying of figures on the bridge; the resonant, pistol-like snap of bending iron plates; a sudden resistance to progress suddenly withdrawn — a confusion of ideas, a murmur of relief, comparative tranquillity again. The hundredth chance was in favor of the Baltic, and backing into deep water, she proceeded on her way to Liverpool.

The three accidents described were without serious consequences, but in most cases the same difficulty of fog and mistaken reckoning ends in disaster. No less than five large steamers of the Guion Line have been wrecked between Fastnet and Liverpool—the Chicago, the Colorado, the Montana, the Dakota, and the Idaho—representing a value of fully two and a half million dollars, without cargo. The Cunard line lost the Tripoli on the Irish coast, north of Queenstown, and the City of New York (the first Inman ship of that name) came to grief on Daunt's Rock, near Roche's Point. The City of Brussels, of the same line, had nearly completed her voyage and was lying off the Liverpool bar, waiting for the weather to clear, the captain acting with the utmost prudence, when an insufficiently manned and badly managed steamer, the Kirby Hall, ran her down and sank her. Account is taken here only of the passenger steamers of the well-known lines; the record would be much expanded if it included the disasters to freight lines, and to those uncared-for ocean tramps which when they go down often yield a better profit to their unscrupulous owners, through insurance money, than they do by carrying cargo while afloat.

From 1838, when the Sirius crossed the ocean, till 1879, one hundred and forty-four steamers, counting all classes, were lost in the transatlantic trade. The first was the President, which disappeared mysteriously in 1841. During the thirteen years following only one life was lost by the wreck of an Atlantic steamer, that steamer being the Cunarder Columbia, which went ashore in 1843. In 1854, however, the City of Glasgow sailed with about four hundred and eighty souls on board, and was never seen or heard from again; and in the same year the Collins line steamer Arctic, one of the fastest and finest vessels then

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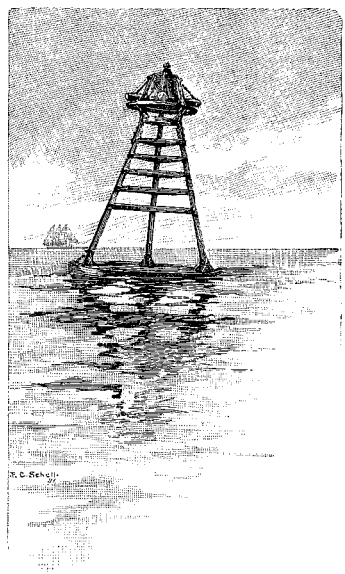
afloat, was sunk in collision with the steamer Vesta during a dense fog, off Cape Race, and five hundred and sixty-two persons perished. Two years later the Pacific, of the same line, went to sea with one hundred and eighty-six persons on board and was never heard from again. Between 1857 and 1864 the Allan line lost no fewer than nine steamers. In 1858 the Hamburg-American steamer Austria was burned at sea with a loss of four hundred and seventy-one lives; in 1870 the City of Boston left port with over two hundred persons on board, never more to be heard from. On a dark night in April, 1873, the White Star steamer Atlantic ran ashore near Sambro, and five hundred and sixty lives were lost—some by drowning and some by freezing in the rigging into which they had scrambled, or upon the ice-bound shore upon which they were cast. Note must be made also of the wreck of the German steamer Schiller on the Scilly Rocks, by which two hundred lives were lost; of the running ashore in the North Sea of the North-German Lloyd steamer Deutschland, by which one hundred and fifty-seven lives were lost; of the sinking through collision of the Hamburg-American steamer Pomerania, by which over fifty lives were lost; of a similar disaster to the Cimbria, of the same line, by which eighty-four were lost; and of yet another collision, which sent the beautiful Ville du Havre, of the French line, to the bottom of the English Channel with two hundred and thirty of her passengers and crew.

Of the one hundred and forty-four vessels lost up to 1879, more than one-half were wrecked. Twenty-four never reached the ports for which they sailed, their fate still being unknown; ten were burned at sea; eight were sunk in collisions, and three were sunk by ice.

Since 1879, the most memorable disasters, besides those already referred to, have been the burning at sea of the Egypt, of the National line, and the City of Montreal, of the Inman line, both without loss of life; the stranding of the State of Virginia, of the State line, on the quicksands of Sable Island, which quickly entombed her; the sinking of the State of Florida, of the same line, by collision with a sailing ship; the disappearance of the National line steamer Erin, which is supposed to have foundered at sea; and the sinking of the magnificent Cunarder Oregon in collision with a coal schooner, off Fire Island.

No line in existence has been wholly free from calamity; no line in existence has not at least one page in its history to tell of anxious crowds besieging its wharves and offices for news of a ship that has never come in.

One speculates in vain as to the end of those ships which, sailing from port in a seaworthy condition, have disappeared without leaving a survivor to record their fate. Was it fire that consumed, or ice that crushed, or seas that swallowed them? It may have been collision in a fog, or an explosion of the boilers, or the collapse of the engine, or the bursting on board of some tremendous wave from which recovery has been impossible. Possibly boats and rafts have been lowered, and when the ship herself has sunk, there has still been hope of reaching land; days of suffering; glimpses of passing ships that have failed to see; agony spun out, and death at the end. For all the patient waiting and listening of those ashore no whisper of the secret has come, and no



A Bell Buoy.

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fuller account can be written than the word "missing."

The region of fogs on the Atlantic is also the region of ice; fog and ice together are a greater source of peril than fog alone is, even when a ship is making land. Under the latter condition there is the chance of hearing the warning voice of the "syren," the reverberation of the signal gun, or the tolling of the fog-bell; steam "syrens," guns, or explosives of some kind, and bells, are all used as auxiliaries to the lighthouses in overcoming, through the medium of sound, the difficulties which fog opposes against the transmission of light. The sounding machine comes into play, and by registering the depth of water, and bearing testimony to the character of the bottom, affords further protection to the navigator. But the shoals and islands of ice, which, with their outreaching, submerged spurs, come drifting down from the Arctic into the track of the transatlantic steamers, are unprovided with anything which might tell the ship bearing upon them in thick weather of their proximity. Sometimes they may be detected by the echo from the whistle or fog-horn, and by the rapid lowering of the temperature of the water in their vicinity. These signs cannot be always counted on, however. The whistle may be going every twenty or thirty seconds, and the quartermaster posted to the leeward with the little canvas bag and the thermometer with which the sea is tested for temperature; all due precaution may be taken, and yet no warning come of the ice that is ahead. On a clear night a berg rising above the horizon will have the effulgence of a star; on a clear day it will notch the horizon with its dazzling whiteness; in a fog it looms up in the gray like a shadow upon a shadow, and is invisible till the ship is close upon it.

The Hydrographic Bureau at Washington, which is in many ways useful in transatlantic navigation, issues a series of charts of an area of ocean reaching eastward from Newfoundland. There are twelve of them, one for each month of the year, and they differ only in certain pencillings which vary from month to month. Let us examine the set issued for a recent year. In the chart for January five little pyramids are clustered together in the sea, with a sixth to the north of them; in February the pyramidal little figures can be counted by the score, surrounded by zig-zag lines—they look like an encampment; in March the zig-zag lines have disappeared, and the tents, so to speak, are more scattered; in April they are much the same as in March, but in May they have increased enormously and can be counted by the hundred, reaching from the far north to over a hundred miles southward of the Grand Banks. In June they are fewer, and in July fewer still. In August only about twenty are visible; in September not more than ten; in October two, in November one, and in December two. The zig-zag lines disappear earlier than the pyramids; the former represent field-ice, the latter icebergs; and thus it is seen that during one year there was not a single month in which the transatlantic route was entirely free from danger from those sources. In 1882 the bergs appeared in February and disappeared in August; February, March, and April are the months for their appearance, and they often linger till October or November.

Field-ice has its source in the Arctic basin and along the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland, and is carried south either by the current from the Arctic or that from East Greenland. Fully eighty per cent. of the bergs have their origin in West Greenland, and most of them are fragments of glaciers, broken off in a process known as "calving," as the glaciers slide into the deep water alongshore. Thousands are thus set adrift each year, and once adrift they begin their journey southward. Only a small proportion of the whole number ever reach the track of the steamers; some ground in the Arctic basin and break up in the frigid zone, to which they properly belong; they are very fragile, and the concussion of a gunshot is occasionally sufficient to shatter them; some are borne across from Greenland to Labrador, and lodge there until they dissolve, or crumble to pieces with the noise of thunder. The journey of those that escape disintegration in the north

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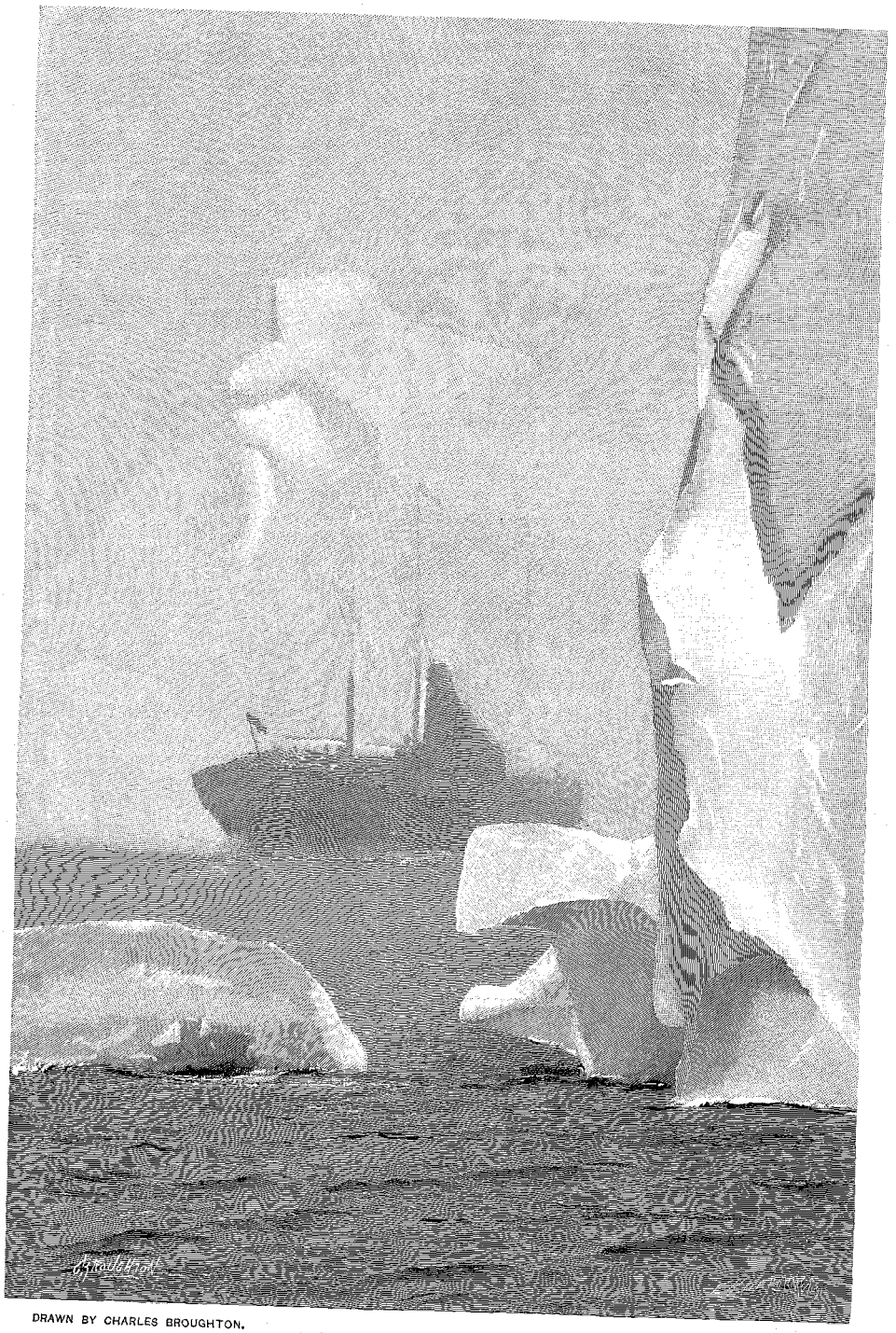

DRAWN BY CHARLES BROUGHTON.

At Close Quarters, Among the Icebergs.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

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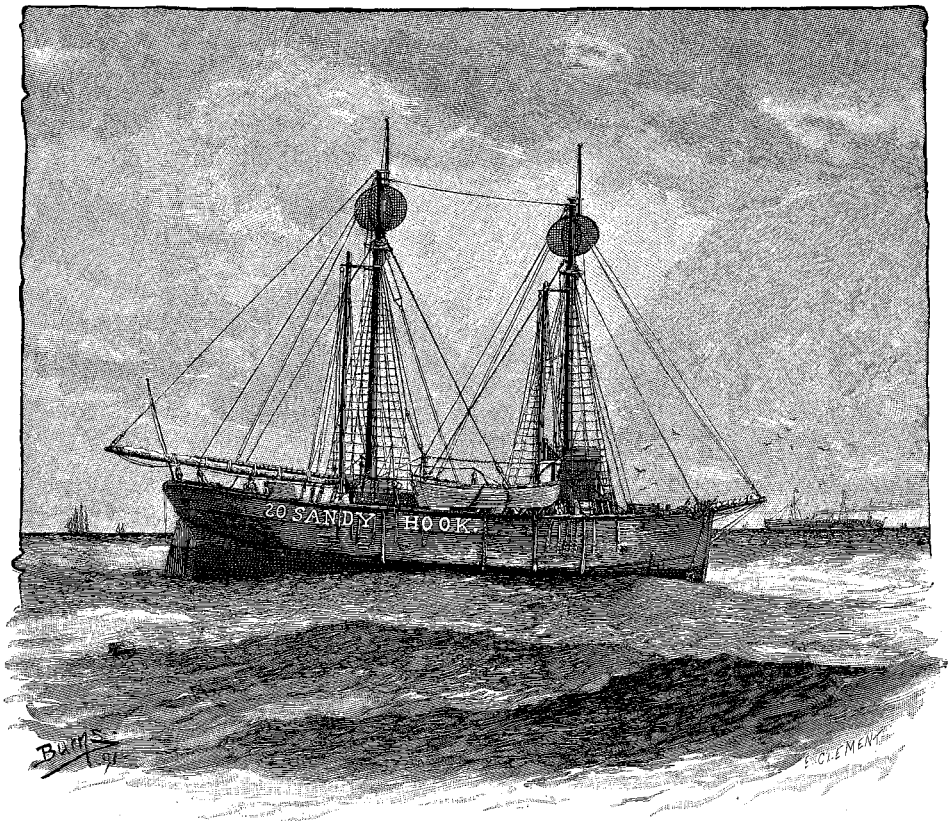
is slow. If they drifted directly south and met with no obstructions, they would be four or five months in reaching the transatlantic routes; and being liberated in July and August they would consequently beset the path of the steamers in December and January. Few of them, however, are not delayed, and most of them have been adrift at least a year from the time of "calving" before they arrive south enough to trouble the steamers. Some are several years in making the journey; they are held for a season in a shallow; locked up during the Arctic winter; released with the return of summer; caught again for another winter, and when once again liberated, retarded in their southward course by the necessity of ploughing through the field-ice before them. Not only are there wide variations in the date of the appearance and disappearance of the bergs in the transatlantic routes from year to year, but in different years they reach a different southern limit. It is this variability which causes mischief. If their movements were always the same, it would be easy for the captain to choose a course which would avoid them, but a course which may be entirely safe one year is often beset the next season by large quantities of ice, both in the forms of bergs and of field-ice.



The Lightship, off Sandy Hook.

The list of calamities from ice is a long one. It was only a few years ago that the Arizona, when going full speed, crashed into a berg and stove in her bows. From her stem to a point about thirty feet aft nothing remained of her but a tangle of shapeless iron, and that she did not sink immediately was due to the smoothness of the sea and the strength of her forward bulkhead, which withstood the pressure of the water and enabled her to reach St. Johns, New-

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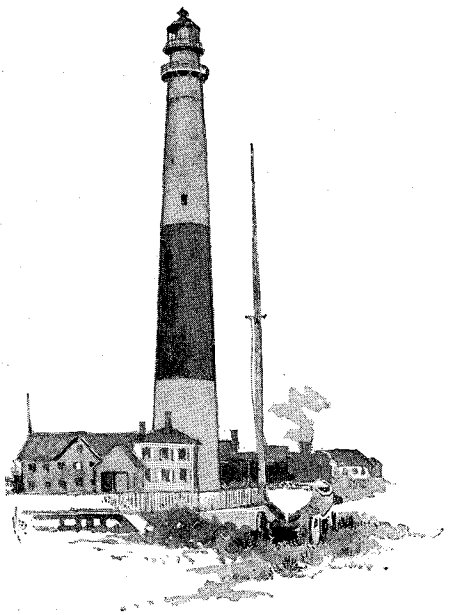
foundland. In the records of the Hydrographic Office it appears that, from 1882 to 1890, thirty-six steamers were more or less injured by ice in the North Atlantic, though some of these were freighting and coastwise vessels, and not of the class to which this article particularly refers; and the commonest explanation offered of the fate of the missing ships is collision with ice in fog or in the darkness of night.

Having come to this point, the reader is probably of the opinion that the heading of this article is a mistake, but the reverse of the picture has yet to be shown. Notwithstanding all the peril from fog and ice, and from the fury of cyclones and hurricanes, the steamers of the transatlantic lines are so staunchly built and so capably handled, that a man is less likely to meet with accidents on board one of them than he would be in walking the streets of a crowded city. Never before have so many passengers been carried as are carried now. The ships that were regarded as leviathans fifteen or sixteen years ago are as yachts compared with more recent additions to the various fleets. Scarcely more than ten years have elapsed since sixteen knots was the maximum speed; now it is twenty knots, with the certainty of an almost immediate increase to twenty-one or twenty-two knots. The tonnage has been increased within the same period from a maximum of five thousand to ten thousand five hundred, and while ten years ago two hundred cabin passengers were as many as any steamer could accommodate with a reasonable degree of comfort on one voyage, it is not uncommon now to find over five hundred as the complement of one steamer. When steamers of sixteen and seventeen knots were built, it was said that they were too large and too fast, and that they would surely come to grief, but experience has proved them to be as safe as any. In fact, those who are best qualified to know, declare that the augmentation of speed promotes safety.

This point was fully discussed by the captains of the principal lines not long ago, and the opinions expressed were almost unanimously in favor of the faster ships. They not only diminish the period of exposure to such dangers as there may be in the transatlantic voyage, but from the superior power of their engines and boilers they are better fitted for overcoming those dangers. They are able to escape from areas of fog and storm sooner than slower vessels, and are more easily handled in thick and in heavy weather. From the rapidity with which they can be manœuvred, they can avoid collisions which would be inevitable under some conditions with slower ships; if a collision becomes unavoidable their impetus enables them to cut the obstructing vessel in two with comparatively little injury to themselves.

It is not conceivable that the element of danger can ever be wholly eliminated from the navigation of the Atlantic, but notwithstanding the extent and difficulty of the traffic, and the size and speed of the ships, which, flying to and fro in all kinds of weather, arrive in port at all seasons with a promptness and regularity quite equal to that of express trains on land, the number of accidents in proportion to the number of passengers is constantly diminishing. More cabin passengers are carried from New York to



Lighthouse, Atlantic City, N. J.

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European ports in one summer now than were carried in the whole of the first quarter of a century of steam navigation on this ocean; but while the latter period was full of disasters, such as the loss of the Arctic with four hundred and sixty-two lives, and the loss of the Austria, with four hundred and seventy-one lives, we now see hundreds of thousands of passengers crossing, with a sense of security which a remarkable record of immunity from accident fully justifies.

The improvements in the character of the accommodations have not been greater than the improvements designed to reduce the dangers of the transatlantic trip to a minimum; they are found in the structure of the hulls, the engines, and the boilers; in the apparatus of navigation; in the numbers and discipline of the crews, and in the appliances for life-saving, such as rafts and lifeboats. The old ships of twenty years and more ago were built on the lines of sailing vessels, and a poop extended with scarcely a break from the fo'c'sle to the quarter-deck. When a sea came on board it was held as in a sluice between the high bulwarks and the poop, swashing fore and aft with the pitch of the ship, until it drained off through the scuppers. Most of the state-rooms were then situated below the main deck, and after such a sea they were likely to be flooded; many old passengers will remember how frequent an occurrence it was to find their cabins inundated. This was the least mischief it did, and when several seas were shipped in rapid succession, the vessel was in danger of foundering. The modern steamer is much better protected from incoming seas, and the main deck is completely covered in; instead of the bulwarks there is a simple rail and netting, and any water shipped flows overboard as quickly as it comes on board.

But the greatest improvement of all in the direction of safety is the system of bulkheads and double bottoms introduced by the builders of the City of New York and the City of Paris. For many years past it has been the custom to divide all steamers by transverse bulkheads into so-called water-tight compartments, the purpose of which is to increase their buoyancy and stability in case of collision. The Etruria, the Umbria, the Britannic, the Germanic, and the Arizona have nine compartments each. Excellent as the theory is, the feeling of everybody acquainted with the subject has been distrustful of the manner of its application, the chief objection being the inadequacy of the number of subdivisions. Sometimes, as when the Arizona ran into the iceberg, the bulkheads have saved the ship, but in other cases they have been of little or no use, as in the case of the Oregon. The Oregon was divided into ten compartments, but she sank in a few hours after her collision with a coal schooner off Fire Island light. The compartments have invariably proved useless when the ship has been struck amidships with sufficient force to open her engine and boilers to the sea, though when the weather has been calm and the injury forward or astern, they have kept her afloat.

The insufficiency of their number in proportion to the size of the ships has not been their only defect, moreover. In order to give an unobstructed passage along the decks it has been the custom to cut doors in the bulkheads, and it has frequently happened that in the confusion following a collision these have been left open, allowing the sea to rush from compartment to compartment, either because they were forgotten or because they refused to work.

In the newest type of ship, as represented by the City of Paris and the City of New York, there are no fewer than twenty water-tight compartments separated by solid transverse bulkheads, which rise from the keel to the saloon deck, eighteen feet above the water-line, and which have no doors or openings of any kind whatever. A few feet from the stem there is a collision bulkhead of extraordinary strength to protect the ship, should she run "bow-on" against any obstacle—a reef, a derelict, or a vessel attempting to cross her path; next, aft of this come three compartments for steerage passengers or cargo; then two compartments for saloon passengers; then four compartments for boilers, coal bunkers, kitchens, and machinery; two more for saloon passengers; one for second-cabin passengers, and two, those

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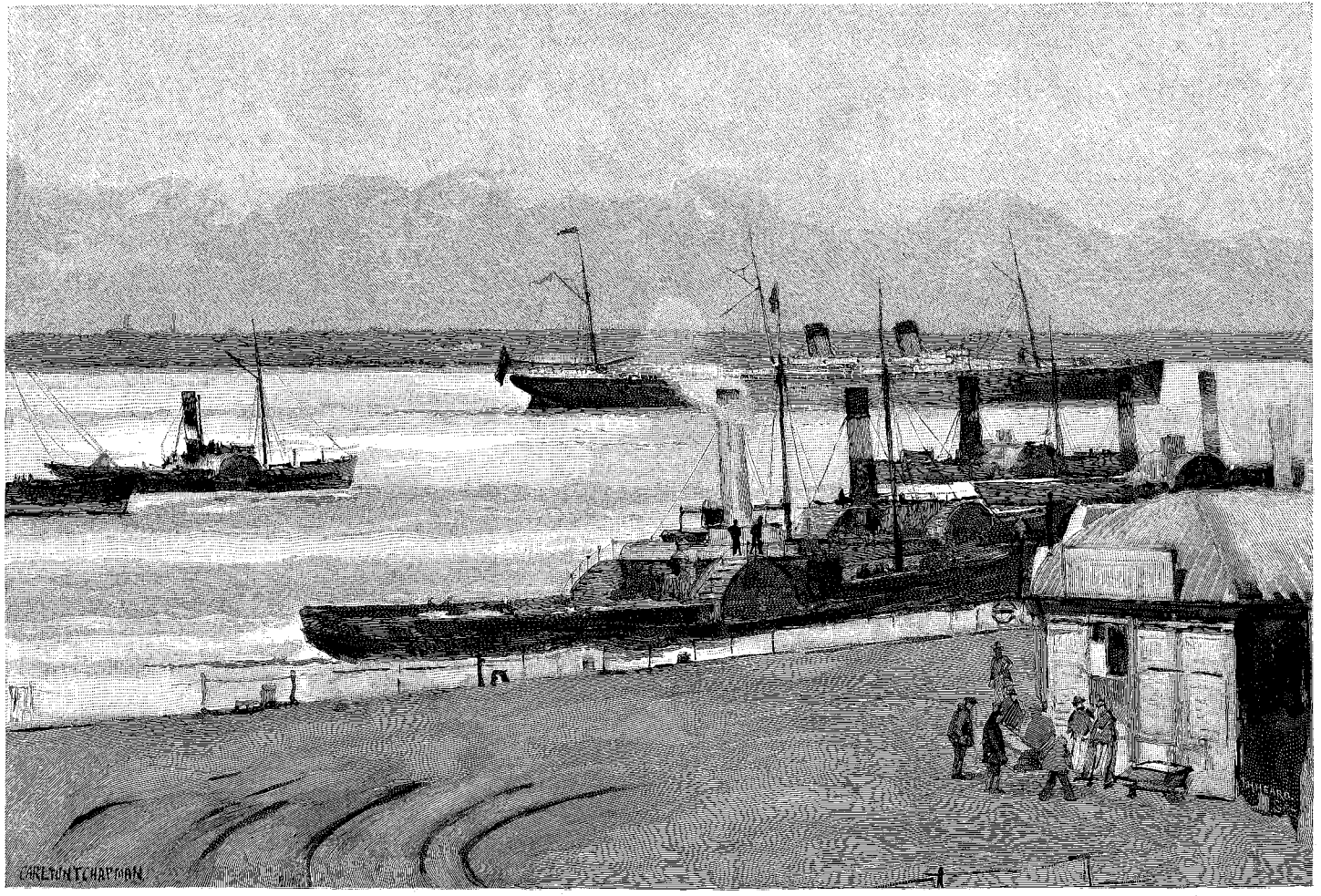

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

Landing Stages at Liverpool.

ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

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farthest aft of all, for steerage passengers or cargo. Each compartment is thus isolated, and only by a blow in the line of the dividing bulkhead could two compartments be flooded at once; the bulkheads also serve in case of fire to prevent the flames from spreading.

Still another safeguard becomes possible through the adoption of the twin screw. The propellers are worked by two complete and entirely independent sets of boilers and engines, and these are separated by a longitudinal bulkhead in addition to the transverse bulkheads already described. In a single-screw ship this longitudinal bulkhead is impossible, and the space in which her engine and boilers are situated is her most vulnerable point; if she is struck there with sufficient force to make a fissure large enough to admit any considerable quantity of water, nothing will save her from sinking. In the case of the twin-screw ship, however, we have had the best of evidence, within the past two years, that with one of her engine-rooms flooded and open to the sea, she will still float and be navigable.

Lighthouse, Sanibel Island, Fla.

For many years past the value of the twin screw has been debated by the builders, the managers, the captains, and the engineers of the great transatlantic lines, to whom it did not commend itself so readily as to the Admiralty. It was adopted for war-ships several years before any of the well-known passenger lines ventured to use it, and its first appearance in this service was in the City of New York, four years ago. Since then it has been adopted by the White Star and the Hamburg-American lines, and though the North German Lloyd has not yet applied it to the recent accessions to its fleet, its advantages over the single screw for passenger vessels, as well as for war-ships, are more generally conceded now than ever before. The Admiralty adopted it for the security it afforded, and for its superior capacity for rapid manœuvring. Another feature which recommends it is that, should one of the two sets of engines become disabled from the breaking of the shaft, or any other cause, the opposite engine would be equal to taking the ship into port; while a similar accident on a single-screw ship would compel her to make port under sail (a very difficult feat with the modern type of ocean steamers), or to wait for another steamer to take her in tow.

Until quite recently, the breaking of the shaft was more frequent than any other kind of accident to the transatlantic steamers. When, perhaps, the ship was sailing along at full-speed, a jar would come and shake her from end to end, as though a rock or a submerged wreck had been struck. The engine would rattle and the sails flap loosely in the wind, and the familiar tremor of propulsion change to a softer heaving motion, like that of a sailing vessel. When the accident occurred in darkness and a gale, it was more alarming than in daylight and a calm sea. After a few minutes of uncertainty the news would fly that the shaft was broken, and that the captain and the chief engineer were consulting in the engine-room. Then would come days, and sometimes weeks, of drifting, with a corresponding and ever-increasing alarm on shore as the ship became overdue. Under favorable circumstances some headway could be made with sails, and occasionally the disabled vessel reached port without as-

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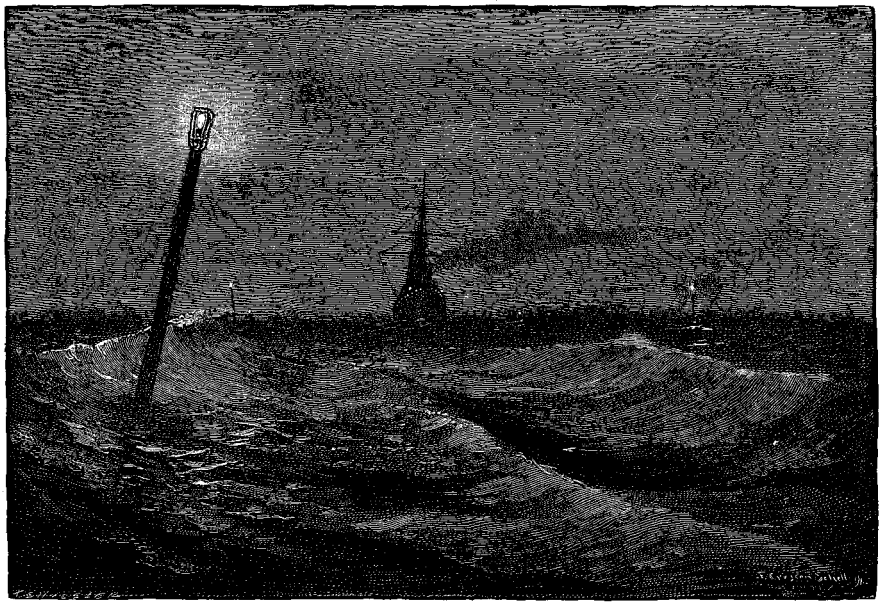
sistance. Oftener, however, she would drift helplessly in the vacant sea until she was sighted by another steamer powerful enough to tow her. Left to herself, she was in danger of falling into the trough of the sea and foundering, and near land she was exposed to the perils of a strong current and a lee-shore. Arriving in port, a claim for salvage was sure to be presented against her, and in some instances the amount awarded was as much as thirty thousand pounds.

A broken shaft is still a disagreeable possibility, but if one of the two shafts in a twin-screw ship breaks, the other, as with the engines, remains to avert complete disablement.

An ingenious device has lately been patented to prevent a repetition of one of the most serious of recent disasters, which was caused by the wearing away of the bracket upon which rests the final bearing of the shaft. As this bracket is, in the largest ships, fully sixty feet from the stuffing-box, a new danger is created from the fact that it is far outside the hull and out of sight of the engineers. The invention referred to consists simply of a couple of completely insulated wires, positive and negative, connected by a battery, an indicator, and an alarm-bell in the engine-room. The wires run under the shaft out through the stuffing-box, and through the casing which protects the shaft from the sea; then they enter the bracket, where they turn from the horizontal to the perpendicular, and terminate about three-quarters of an inch from the surface of the bearing. Should the surface wear away so as to imperil the shaft, the latter would instantly come in contact with the ends of the wires, the insulation would be broken, the current closed, and the alarm-bell rung. Then, of course, the engine would be stopped until an examination could be made.

Though it promotes safety and is winning favor, the twin screw has been applied so far only to the City of Paris, the City of New York, the Teutonic, the Majestic, the Columbia, the Normannia, the Fuerst Bismarck, and the Augusta-Victoria. Credit for the infrequency of broken shafts does not belong wholly to this device, therefore, but in a much larger measure to the substitution of steel for iron and other improvements in the form and materials of the marine engine.



Gedney's Channel, outside New York Harbor, at Night.
(Lighted by electric buoys.)

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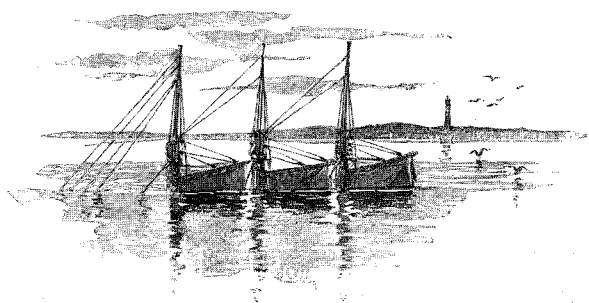
The City of New York and the City of Paris are also provided with double bottoms, so that, should the outer skin be torn, the inner one would still exclude the sea; and the efficacy of oil in calming the troubled waters has been so well established that apparatus for its distribution is placed in the bows. The number of officers and seamen has been augmented, so that the staff of navigating officers now comprises the captain, the chief officer, two second officers, two third officers, and two fourth officers. Great improvements have also been made in the mariner's compass and in the patent log and sounding machine. The latter can be used when the ship is going at a high rate of speed, and it records not only the depth of water but the character of the bottom, which is nearly always a clue to the position of the ship when other signs fail. Had these instruments been less perfect, we could not have made our way, with so little delay, past Fastnet and up the Channel to Holyhead, when the fog descended as we were making land.

Still another improvement is in the material of which the propellers are cast. In the new ships it is manganese bronze, which has nearly double the strength of steel and is practically unbreakable.

Sixteen or seventeen years ago the principal lines began to adopt the system of "steam lanes" originally suggested by Professor M. F. Maury, as long ago as 1855—that is, to prescribe definite courses for their steamers, based on calculations as to probable areas of fog and ice. In following these fixed courses the steamers pass each other at an hour and a point on the ocean which can be foretold almost to a certainty, and should one of them meet with an accident, there is every probability that succor will reach her through one of her companion ships.

So keen is the rivalry between the various lines, and so much does their success depend on a reputation for safety, that self-interest, in the absence of a higher motive, is sufficient to stimulate them to leave nothing undone, in the construction and manning of their vessels, which may in any way be the means of averting disaster. In furtherance of their efforts, the British and American governments unite in giving them the most perfect system of lights, buoys, and fog-signals in the world. When twenty or more miles at sea, the captain may discern the rays of the first light, and as he nears port and enters the Channel, there are nearly as many beacons as lamp-posts in a city street.

No testimony to the efficiency of the transatlantic service is more convincing than the record of 1890. The steamers were exposed, as they must be every year, to dangers from collision, from ice, from hurricanes, from drifting derelicts, on their way up and down the crowded Channel and through the shifting sands at the estuary of the Mersey; they were constantly embarrassed by fogs. Nearly two thousand trips were made from New York alone to various European ports; about two hundred thousand cabin passengers were carried to and fro, in addition to nearly three hundred and seventy-two thousand immigrants who were landed at Castle Garden. This enormous traffic was conducted without accident, and no more comforting assurance can be given than this of safety on the Atlantic.



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AN ALABAMA COURTSHIP.

By F. J. Stimson.

PART II.

1.

THE end of our journey lay upon the very summit of the mountain ridge; twenty leagues of forest all around. Here, with the sweep of his gesture to the westering sun, Judge Hankinson made the great speech of the day. I remember little about it save that he likened Coe to Icarus, referred to me (General Higginbotham) as one of the merchant princes of the Orient, and to Tim Healy as some mighty magician "spinning his iron spell o'er mountain and o'er sea." The rusty iron rails stopped abruptly in a field of stumps; beyond and below us stretched "the right of way." Only a broad swathe cut through the forest, the trees heaped where they fell, like jackstraws. At the edge of the clearing stood a three-seated wagon and a pair of mules.

Everyone took very simply to the proposition that we were not returning; and after all the speech-making was over and all the whiskey drunk, the train, with prolonged and reiterated tooting, began backing slowly down the mountain toward civilization again.

"Isn't this delightful?" said Miss Jeanie. Tim Healy sniffed.

I had made it all right with Coe; but Healy still looked at the proceeding askance.

"Last time I rode through this yer wood, I had the pay-chest with me; and two bullets went through my hat. And last week they killed the United States mail and Jim, the storekeeper of Section Fourteen."

I considered this to be a story for tenderfeet, so I mildly hinted that "they" would not attack so large a party.

"Won't they, though? The only double mule team as ever goes through yer, is the month's pay, an' hit's jest due this Saturday."

"Who is 'they'?" said I.

"Moonshiners. But they're all on 'em up to it. Hope you've got your shooters?"

By this time we had started, and were driving through the twilight of the forest over a trail hardly perceptible where the wood grew scantier.

"Not I," said I, "I never carry them."

"Nor I," said Coe, "I left 'em on the bureau at home."

"All right," said Tim, gloomily. "But most fellers like a shot of their own afore they turn their toes up."

Miss Jeanie produced a small, pearl-handled, silver-mounted revolver, and begged me to borrow it. Miss May handed the mate of it to Coe; and young Raoul displayed a formidable pair of Smith & Wesson's, where he was sitting with her on the back seat.

"All right," said Tim, somewhat mollified. "But the wood's chock full of chickers all the same."

At this the ladies appeared really so terrified that I asked what "chickers" were, and discovered them to be a kind of insect.

"I've got my pennyr'yle," said Mrs. Judge Pennoyer, who was a woman of resource.

What a drive it was! We lost our way; and the girls sang. Tim swore, Mrs. Judge Pennoyer laughed, and May and Jeanie sang all the sweeter. Tim Healy thought he saw twenty moonshiners and emptied his revolver at one of them; a charred stump it proved to be. We passed one hut in a clearing, and were refreshed by veritable whiskey; *i.e.*, "pinetop" whiskey, milky-

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white in color, and said to be made out of the cones of pines. We found the trail once more, and the stars came out, and the nightingales sang, and May Bruce and young Raoul became more silent. At last we saw upon a hillside in the forest, the burning pitch-pine torches of the great construction "camp." Hundreds of black forms surrounded these ruddy fires; from some of the groups came sounds of banjos and negroes singing; and I looked suddenly up and saw the starlight reflected in Miss Jeanie's eyes.

There was only one tent in the camp with "sides" to it—*i.e.*, perpendicular flaps making walls below the roof, and that, of course, was sacred to the ladies. We lay beneath a mere **V**-shaped canvas roof, stretched downward to end some three feet from the ground, our heads in a heap of pillows and our legs all radiating outward, like a starfish, to terminate in thirty booted feet. Under the canvas back I could see the starlight, and there I lay awake some time regarding it, which now seemed to bear some reflection of Miss Jeanie's eyes. Next thing came the sun and opened mine by shining into them; then closed them up again, and I rolled into the canvas-shade, and up, and out of doors, and followed Coe and Healy to the "branch" below. Big Bear Creek it was, of a rich red-chocolate color, fit, perhaps, to wash a Chinaman who could not see. Yet Coe took a plunge, and looked up white enough.

"Come in," he shouted to us, hesitating, "it doesn't come off."

The negroes had been sleeping all over the place, tentless; and now they were pulling themselves together, in groups, and starting for the railroad, or rather where the railroad was to be. On the way they stopped at the commissaries' to get their breakfast, standing in long rows before the counter, waiting their turn. The commissaries' stores were the only wooden buildings in camp; well walled and bolted, too, as they had to be, said Tim Healy, to withstand the attacks of a riotous Saturday night. Four men, he said, were always in them armed; and on Saturday nights, pay night, they would often empty a revolver or two into the crowd and perhaps "drop" a nigger, before it ceased to besiege their doors for fruit or whiskey.

Then we all went to breakfast, the Misses Bruce both fresh as dewy wood-flowers and Mrs. Judge Pennoyer radiating amiability. Only the head commissary and the section contractor were thought of sufficient social importance to breakfast with us, and the former from his stores brought many delicacies in cans and bottles. Then after breakfast we went to walk—the ladies with sunshades and gloves—upon the location; a broad swath cut through the rolling forest and undulating far as the eye could reach in either direction, dotted with men and mules. Ahead, they were still blowing out stumps with gunpowder and dragging them away; where we stood was being built an embankment of gravel; and they were dragging out gravel from the "cut" ahead and heaping it upon the long mound. I gave my hand to Miss Jeanie and helped her up. Each black negro worked with a splendid mule; seventeen or eighteen hands high perhaps, dragging a curious sort of drag-spade, which the mule knew how to catch in the gravel, turn out full, drag the load evenly along, and then tip it out adroitly at the precise spot, a foot in front of the last dump; the negro hardly doing more than standing by to see the mule kept working; not, of course, working himself. Thus each man-laborer became an overseer, if only to a mule.

"The mule's the finer animal of the two," said Coe, "and much the more moral."

"But he's got no vote," grunted Jim. "Ef we didn't keep them black Mississippi niggers up here off 'm the farms, they'd swamp us all."

"Are they allowed to bring their wives to camp with them?" queried Miss May, softly; and, following her glance we saw several coal-black damsels sitting in the warm sand-bank at the side of the cut, their finery about them, and evidently established there for the morning, basking in the sun.

"Oh, yes, they bring up their wives," said Healy, reluctantly. "If we didn't, they'd run away every two or three days. Nothing a contractor dislikes so much as irregular labor."

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"But it shows they have some good in them to be so devoted," said Miss Jeanie.

"We don't all of us have emotions stronger than money-getting," added I.

"I don't know about emotions," said Tim. "There's forty of their wives and eighteen hundred niggers, and every Saturday night they has a fight an' a batch on 'em gets killed, an' I know it's terrible expensive on labor. Most as bad as moonshine."

"Have you got King Kelly, yet?" said Coe, in an undertone.

"Hush!" hissed Captain Healy, dramatically. Just then I noticed a file of peculiarly idle negroes sauntering down the "right of way;" they had passed us once or twice before, and appeared to have no occupation. "See anythin' peculiar about them niggers?"

"They are very lazy," said Coe.

"They look like minstrels," said Miss May.

"By gracious!" cried Healy, slapping his thigh, "if she hasn't hit it!" We looked at him inquiringly; he dropped his voice to a stage whisper. "Come up here," and he started, dragging Mrs. Judge Pennoyer by one hand up the new gravel slope beside the line. Raoul followed, with Miss May; he had been very silent that morning; and I with Miss Jeanie. Her little foot was buried at once in the sliding gravel, over the dainty low shoe; I wanted to carry her up, had only propriety sanctioned it. At the top, Healy swept the horizon as if for spies; then bending over us, all in a close group, he said:

"Them ain't real niggers — them's United States revenue officers from New Orleans, under General McBride."

"General McBride?"

"He's in hidin' in my hut. He wouldn't black up. But them deputy-marshals thought it was a spree. We had to do it. Every Saturday the niggers are paid off—one dollar and fifty cents a day, nigh on to ten dollars apiece—an' then King Kelly he'd come down from his stills in the mountain, with his men loaded with casks o' pine-top, warranted to kill—an' by sundown eighteen hundred niggers would be blind-drunk, an' fit for shootin'. On last Sunday we lost sixty-two hands. An' the head contractor, he swore nigh to lift yer ha'r off."

"Sixty-two men killed?" cried Jeanie, in horror.

"Some killed, some wounded; but it tells on the contract just the same. Why, you could have heared 'em poppin' all over camp."

The Higginbothams had always been abolitionists; and I felt my ancestors turn in their complacent graves.

"Expect to get Kelly this time?" said Coe.

"Dunno, we'll see at twelve o'clock, when they're paid off. It'll be quite a thing to see, all the same. But the ladies had better stay in their tents. An' it's eleven now, so I reckon we'll go back to camp. See, there go the marshals."

When we got back to camp Raoul received a telegram. He read it hastily, and crumpled it into his pocket; but, I thought, looked troubled.

Jeanie and I wandered down by the brook side before dinner, and afterward Raoul, Healy, Coe, and I sallied forth to "see the fun." We were let into the chief commissary's hut, the front of which, above a strong wooden bar, was open; and before it a great crowd of negroes, singing and dancing, and a hundred others, in a long queue, waiting for their pay. "You kin lie down on the floor ef they git to shootin'," said General McBride, whom we found there smoking placidly in a cane-seated chair. "Those revolvers won't carry through the boards."

It was a curious spectacle, that line of coal-black, stalwart, "swamp" negroes; and then to watch the first human expression — in their case greed —impress their stolid features as they took their pay. Among the crowd we noticed many bearded, well-armed, flannel-shirted mountaineers; these we took to be the moonshiners; and near each one, but loitering as if to avoid attention, one of the made-up negroes; to us now obviously factitious. It was a wonder the moonshiners did not find them out, but that they were intent on other things.

"See, that's King Kelly," whispered General McBride. "That big fellow there with the slouched hat and rifle."

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Having said this, I was surprised to hear him, when the last man had been paid off, get up and make a speech to the navvies, in which he congratulated them that the camp had at last been freed from that great pest, Kelly; and urged them to save their money and be abstemious. "I am General McBride, of New Orleans——"

"Three cheers for Gineral McBride, of New Orleans!" cried a big mulatto opposite, I thought at a sign from Healy. They were given, not very heartily.

"And I've come up to see those poisoners keep away."

I had seen the man he said was Kelly start and look about him, as if for other enemies; then he stood still nervously, and fidgetted at his gun. Meanwhile the General made quite a speech, apparently thinking the opportunity too good a one to remain unimproved. He took every occasion to heap obloquy upon the head of Kelly, king of the moonshiners; and concluded by lamenting that that "poor white trash" would not dare to show his head in camp while even he, McBride, was there alone."

"Look yar," shouted Kelly, striding up to the bar of the tent when he had got through, "I'm the man you call King Kelly; an' I've got four stills a-runnin' within a bit an' a screech of this yer camp; an' I kin tell yer it's deuced lucky yer white-faced, biled-shirted revenue officers stayed down to New Orleans."

"And I," said another, "I own a still myself; an' it ain't goin' ter stop up fur no United States Government—though we're mighty glad to see the Gineral, ez he comes here sociable and pleasant like."

"And I," "and I," "and I;" and three more strode forward, and I noticed a pair of pseudo darkies get behind each one as he moved.

"What'll yer take ter drink, Gineral?" said Kelly. Quick as a flash, every man had four stout arms about his neck, choking him, and the handcuffs on his wrists. Not a shot was fired; and Kelly and his gang were safely immured in an improvised guardhouse. The General sank back upon his cane-seated chair.

"A pretty job, gentlemen," said he. "What *will* you take to drink? None of their pinetop, though," he added, with a laugh. "Yet, I don't know as you can hardly blame 'em—corn's mighty scarce up here."

"May I trouble you, sir, with a few words in private?" The voice was serious, but familiar, and appertained to Mr. Hampton Raoul.

2.

"I HAVE appealed to you, sir," said Raoul, when we had abandoned the still quiet camp for the solitude of the forest, "to demand that which every gentleman has the right to ask of every other."

I feared the man had some notion of a duel, and his next words did not tend to relieve me. "I have long loved Miss Bruce."

I must have appeared disquieted, for he hastened to add, "Miss May Bruce, I mean. But until yesterday I did not know my love was returned. We have now resolved on being married."

I expressed my congratulations, but intimated that I did not yet see how my aid was necessary.

"We have resolved to make our bridal journey to the White Sulphur Springs, in Virginia. We shall be married upon arrival there, and I should esteem it a favor initial of a life-long friendship if you, sir, would consent to be best man. Moreover, your escort may prove necessary to Miss Jeanie to return."

My escort! to Miss Jeanie! I was to travel with her four hundred miles—meantime her sister philandering with this young man—perhaps make a visit at a fashionable watering-place—give away her sister in matrimony—and then make the principal bridesmaid companion of my journey home! And this young Huguenot, *pour sauver la situation*, called me her escort. I looked at Raoul; his attitude was impassive and his manner still courteous; but evidently he thought there was something unchivalric even in my hesitation.

"I—has Miss Jeanie Bruce," I hazarded, "yet been told of your plans?"

"Of course—and she approves them. She can hardly invite you herself to join her party; it might look forward, as you

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and she, necessarily, will be left much to yourselves."

Absent-mindedly I twirled the ring on my finger, still there, that she had given me. Evidently, as a gentleman, in the eyes of him, of her, and of her sister, there was nothing else for me to do. "I must see Miss Bruce herself," I gasped.

"Certainly," said Raoul. "I had reckoned, sir, that such would be your course. I will meet you in front of the commissary's tent at three. We start at four." He stalked off, and left me under the live-oak tree.

It was two o'clock. I felt that I must see Miss Jeanie at once. Nothing could exceed the good-breeding of her greeting; but she evidently expected me to go. I found the two beautiful young girls in afternoon toilette of white muslin, half reclining under their open tent, fanning themselves. The calm of her gentle voice told me so. I think I would not have been so much in doubt had not Jeanie been so very pretty. Then, how hazard, in the presence of her sister, and of her own soft eyes, the fear that she might be committing an impropriety?

And it was with the greatest difficulty and an acute sense of my own brutality, that I did so. I began by congratulating Miss May, which evoked a lovable blush. "You know we have to start after dark, and drive twenty miles to-night," said she, "to a station on the Georgia road —we cannot return the same way; Mr. Raoul has some reason."

"Do you think that we four ought to go off—ought to go off just like that?"

Miss Bruce looked at me, amazed. Jeanie tried to help her. "Do you not have wedding-journeys in the North?"

"Alone, I mean," I ended, desperately.

"Alone? Mrs. Judge Pennoyer is going."

Mrs. Judge Pennoyer had all the elements of a true sport; and I went back to Raoul—(having had a long walk down the brook with Jeanie; her happiness in her sister's prospects was quite charming)—an hour after the time fixed, less decided—I think there is some adventurous blood in the Higginbothams—and found the camp in a state of wild tumult. Raoul met me, nervously.

"General McBride paroled Kelly and his gang," said he, "and the moonshiners have come back from the mountains a hundred strong and given the revenue officers twenty minutes to leave for New Orleans."

"And are they going?" said I.

"They calculate, sir, to go," answered Raoul, gravely. "The mule team will take them back to the head of the line, and there we have wired for a special to carry them back to Bagdad. I have decided it is best for us to go with them. The special train simplifies matters. I trust you have come to a decision?"

"I—I do not know," said I.

"We certainly cannot leave them here in camp. Every nigger in it will be blind drunk before midnight, and they are fortifying the commissary's store."

"What on earth did McBride mean by paroling those ruffians," I sighed. "It was beginning to be so pleasant."

"It was an error of judgment. But it will be equally pleasant at White Sulphur."

As we talked we had returned to the centre of the camp. There we found a picturesque scene. McBride and his men were seated in the glade of the live-oak forest, no longer disguised; around them stood or lounged some forty bearded mountaineers provided with long rifles. General McBride was sitting with King Kelly himself, amicably drinking his own "pine-top;" as we approached he rose to meet us and handed a telegram to Raoul, who cast his eyes over it and gave it to me, with the remark that it might assist my decision. It read:

"If cousins Miss Bruce are with you, detain them and escorts. Wire parental authority to-morrow.

"KIRK BRUCE."

"I feel bound, sir, to ask you your intentions," said McBride.

"Miss May Bruce and I are to be married, sir."

"In that case, sir," said the General, "in the absence of parental authority I cannot, of course, interfere. Permit me to congratulate you." They shook hands.

"And this Northern gentleman?"

"Goes with me, of course. And Mrs. Judge Pennoyer."

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"A most estimable lady. I knew her as a girl."

"We thought of returning on your special."

"An excellent idea. Particularly as I have an idea Mr. Bruce may pass us on Number Two. But stop—we have unluckily only one mule-team."

"Is there no room?" I asked. For I, myself, was beginning to see the necessity of getting away—to White Sulphur or Salem.

"Room enough—but you must remember we have nigh twenty miles through the woods. These gentlemen—" and the General waved his hand at the surrounding moonshiners—"will naturally take a few shots at us."

We looked at one another in perplexity. The colloquy was interrupted by the appearance of Jeanie and May, in travelling dress again, but looking very charming, and Mrs. Judge Pennoyer. To her the situation was rapidly explained.

I have before remarked that Mrs. Pennoyer was a true sport. She rose immediately to the occasion, and desired to be introduced to King Kelly.

"Colonel Kelly," said she, "these young ladies are travelling under my protection. One of them is engaged to be married to Mr. Raoul, and they are desirous of going to White Sulphur on their wedding-journey. As there is only one wagon they must return with General McBride's party. I trust the journey will be perfectly safe."

Kelly scratched his head. "I can answer, of course, for these gentlemen here," said he, "but some of my friends are out'n the mountain, and it may be difficult to notify them of the sitooation. Let me see your team," he added, as if a bright idea struck him.

The General and Kelly walked off in the direction of the wagon. The ladies followed. Raoul, Healy, Coe, and I followed the ladies. The undisguised United States marshals followed us, and the moonshiners followed the marshals. It was a large wagon with high wooden sides, bound with iron, and was used for bringing supplies to camp. A team of six of the biggest mules—some fully eighteen hands high—was already being harnessed to it.

"Reckon you can fix the ladies safely," said Kelly. "We are good shots on the mountain," he added, significantly, to McBride.

"I see your idea," said the General. "Bring some straw."

The straw was brought and filled the bottom of the wagon. Upon this sat the three ladies. McBride, Coe, and Healy went on the high front seat; Raoul and I sat on the tail-board looking out behind; and the eight revenue officers disposed themselves, four on each side, sitting on the side-board with their legs hanging over. They had nothing but six-shooters, which, however, they displayed with some ostentation.

"Colonel Kelly," said Raoul, slipping down after he had taken his seat, "lend me one of your rifles—I want it very particularly" (I heard him add in the ear of that chief of moonshiners), "and I'll send it back in Number Four tomorrow."

"By G— you shall have it, sir." And Kelly gave him his own. "I like your spunk, sir; an' if you'n Mrs. Raoul will come back here without them darned biled-shirted gov'en'm'nt men, I'll give you a real good time."

"Thank you, Colonel," said Raoul. "Good-by—and fire high."

We departed amid quite a cheer; lumbering out of the picturesque great camp some two hours before sunset, and as we passed the negroes' quarters, heard already sounds of revelry beginning. We felt the girls were fairly safe between the double rampart of men. Still, the General thought they had perhaps better not sing (which they were fond of doing), so the long ride was rather silent. Raoul lay leaning back, talking in whispers with May Bruce, and I was left to do the same with Jeanie. Coming to the last long hill before the end of the line, one or two shots were fired; but they whistled in the tree-tops far above our heads. We found the "special" waiting for us, got into the one "directors' car," and started safely.

But when we got to the siding at Bear Creek, Raoul asked the conductor which train had the right of way. Learning that the special had, he beck-

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oned to me, and, taking his rifle, went out upon the rear platform. I followed, wondering. Our train was running rather fast, the engine having suddenly started up after Raoul's conversation with the conductor. At Bear Creek the regular up-train stood side-tracked waiting for us. We rattled by, and on its rear platform, in the moonlight, I saw a tall frock-coated figure standing. I had hardly recognized it to be Kirk Bruce when Raoul threw up his rifle, and I saw a flash of fire from the platform of the side-tracked Mr. Bruce. The reports were quite simultaneous; but neither was hurt, for I saw Bruce leaning his head out of the shadow of the platform to look at us, while Raoul remarked, as we went back into the car, now jumping wildly on the down grade:

"He knew I was yere, and I knew he was thar. You'd hardly see worse rifle-practice in the North."

There was a tinge of disgust in his voice, and he went out to smoke on the engine.

"Was it Cousin Kirk?" said May to me, breathlessly.

I nodded. Jeanie blushed.

3.

The United States marshals from New Orleans had kept rather quiet throughout the journey; but as we approached the city of Bagdad their spirits rose. The momentary interest caused by Mr. Raoul's and Cousin Kirk's shots had subsided when they learned there was nothing national or professional in the affair. Amateur shooting was always poor. But May Bruce was considered with more attention; and when their "special" of a "shirt-tail" engine and a caboose backed up to the Bagdad platform, they all requested to be presented to her. General McBride performed the ceremony with much formality; including Mrs. Judge Pennoyer, upon whom, I could see, they looked with a reverence that only her years divided from admiration. Even Raoul came in for some passive applause; but I played, as I saw, a very second fiddle, which is why, perhaps, Miss Jeanie and I went off and took a walk, by moonlight, down through the ravine where I first met her.

We returned to find Mrs. Pennoyer slumbering peacefully on a settee; but Raoul was walking up and down nervously. The straight track stretched glistening away in the moonlight, but not a train nor engine was in sight.

"How long do you think it'll take Mr. Bruce to get down back here?" says Raoul to me, nervously.

"Train Number Two doesn't come back till to-morrow, they said."

"I know; but the station man here tells me the engineer on Number Two married a cousin of Kirk Bruce's brother-in-law. Our train doesn't come along from Memphis until four in the morning. And there's not an engine to be had in Bagdad."

"There's one," said I; and I pointed to a distant shower of sparks above the forest. At the same moment the peculiar light rattle of a "wild" engine was audible.

"My God, sir, so it is!" answered Raoul. "And it's on the line of the Tennessee River and Gulf."

"Number Two?" I answered, grimly, for I was getting to understand the ways of the place. "What shall we do?"

"Do?" said Raoul; "why get ready, of course. He may shoot before he stops the engine, lucky I've got a rifle. You go in and prepare the ladies. . . . This is my quar'l," he added, impatiently, at my demur. "Besides you ain't got only that girl's popgun. Reckon you'll have a chance later, likely."

So I went in, and told the girls; and we woke up Mrs. Judge Pennoyer, who, I am bound to say, took it more calmly than might have been expected from a lady of her years. May was tearful; but Jeanie's eyes were very bright. All this time the rattle of the engine was growing louder down the grade.

"Haven't you kept that revolver I gave you?" said Jeanie to me.

I looked at her; and went out upon the platform just in time to see the engine dash up, and a strange figure jump out of the cab.

"It's all right," he cried; "drop your iron. I've got a message from King

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Kelly." I observed the man had a blackened face and uncouth costume; he did not look like an engineer, though a negro fireman was on the smoking engine. The saturnine Raoul tore open the envelope, read the letter twice, and handed it to me with the nearest approach to a chuckle I had heard him give. I also read it, while the negro fireman opened half his head and laughed aloud.

"What will you take, sir?" I heard Raoul say; then, as the ladies, overcome by the curiosity this unexpected silence caused, came out upon the platform, I heard him introducing the man of the charcoal face to each in turn.

The letter was as follows:

"—— Raoul, Esq.

"Dear Sir: A gentleman have arrived here on Number Two, inkwiring for you, and I take him for to be a member of Mrs. Raoul's family, so I got him and his ingineer here in Camp and reckon I kin hold him about till termorrer sundown.

"Yours trooly,
"Lucius R. Kelly."

4.

Beati possidentes. I now saw that under the methods of Southern courtship the man who had got the lady had a great advantage. The Memphis express pulled up at four in the morning in front of a burning tar-barrel on the track, which Raoul had placed there as a hint to it to stop at Bagdad. How our story always got out so quickly, I don't know; but two members of Congress from Mississippi turned out of the two end sections and were accommodated with us with shakedowns in the smoking compartment of the crowded Pullman.

I did not sleep very well, and at seven in the morning got out at Chattanooga. What was my surprise at seeing Mrs. Judge Pennoyer also emerge, fully dressed, from the sleeping-car.

"You young people don't want me," said she, benevolently. "I should only be in the way. An' I'm getting out here to take the day train on to Knoxville. If I got out thar, they might stop ye before the train pulled out again; now ye'll all get by unbeknownst."

What could I oppose to such strategy? Moreover, the young ladies were still in their berths. I could not leave Miss Jeanie to come back alone. I bowed, the train started; I got in it.

The sunlight broadened, but it was high noon and we had passed Knoxville before the two girls appeared, fresher than the June morning, and rosier, I am sure, than Raoul or I. With some trepidation I told them of Mrs. Pennoyer's evasion.

"Dear Aunt Emily," said May, "she has always been like a mother to me." But Jeanie, I fancied, blushed; and that day talked to Raoul, while May was left to me.

The impending catastrophe made May very gentle and silent, but we now heard Jeanie and Mr. Raoul in speech of much light laughter at the other end of the car.

"I suppose," said I, "they are laughing at the way Mr. Kirk Bruce's pursuit has stopped in moonshine."

Miss May looked at me inquiringly. "Cousin Kirk was never attentive to me," said she.

"He is attentive enough now," I laughed; and she looked at me as if about to say something—but bit her red lips.

Jeanie certainly avoided me. When Raoul came back to talk to his fiancée, her sister made pretext of a headache and lay down. The train was not a quick one, and stopped long periods at several stations, during which Raoul was obviously nervous. His brow only cleared when we got to Bristol, Va., about sunset. Here we stopped an hour for supper, half of which we four devoted to a walk. The town consisted principally of a long straight street, lined by low two-story brick shops; the one-story shops had false fronts and presented an appearance of uniformity. Boots, saddles, guns, groceries, and drygoods were the articles they sold.

I had noticed that Raoul kept persistently on one side of the street, and when I started to cross over, to look at a particularly gorgeous embroidered Mexican saddle on the other side, he held me back.

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"This street," said he, "is the State line between Virginia and Tennessee. I think we had better keep on the Virginia side."

"How odd," said Jeanie, "to have a town divided against itself!"

"It is a great convenience," answered Mr. Raoul. "When my father and Colonel Carington had their dispute about the last constitutional convention, both were candidates for the governorship, my father in Tennessee and the colonel in Virginia. The constitution of Tennessee disqualified a man who fought a duel from holding office. So my father stood on the Virginia side of the street and the colonel in Tennessee. The distance between the sidewalks is just about right, as you see. There was a warrant out against my father in Tennessee and the colonel in Virginia."

"And did they fight?" I asked.

"Oh, yes—and the sheriffs looked on, but they couldn't cross the street. And the colonel, he allowed he was shot accidentally by a bullet from another State. The case went up to the Supreme Court, but they allowed they couldn't say any duel was fought in Tennessee, and the Constitution does not disqualify a man for shooting, but only just for duelling."

At this point a prolonged whistling recalled us to the station. Here we found an elegant Pullman car added to the train for our accommodation, "with the superintendent's compliments to Mr. Raoul." The darky porters in it were smiling broadly, and on the table was a huge bouquet of orange-blossoms.

In the morning we woke up—or Raoul woke me up—at the station for White Sulphur. He had a telegram signed "Emily Pennoyer," which warned him to lose no time, that Kirk Bruce was on the night express.

"May and I have decided to go to the county Judge and get married directly," said he. Our Pullman car had been shunted on a side track at the little station; the rest of the train had gone on, and the little village was quiet and fragrant as a bank of wild flowers. "Fortunately, he is a friend of my father's."

We found the Judge, I think, before his breakfast, smoking on his piazza covered with jasmine and magnolia. He led us directly across the road to a little brick court-house, where we found another couple waiting already, more sheepish than ourselves, who had driven all night in a buggy with an old white horse. The groom was awkward and embarrassed, with his trousers tucked in his boots; the bride was buxom and blushing, but seemed hardly more than a child.

"First come, first served," said the Judge, and we all went into the court-house, where the clerk unlocked his register, and the blushing pair stood up before us, the groom having first hitched the old white horse to the fence outside. We four were accommodated with seats upon the bench.

"Do you think she's twenty-one?" whispered the Judge to Raoul, while the rustic bride shuffled uneasily upon her new shoes.

"Twenty-one? She's not eighteen," said Raoul.

"Dear me," whispered the Judge. "Guess she'll have to be—reckon I'll forget to ask her!"

The pair were married with us as witnesses; Jeanie gave the bride her parasol for a wedding present, and the old white horse and buggy scrambled away. "And now," said the Judge, turning to Jeanie, "how old are you?"

There was a pause of embarrassment; then Raoul spoke up bravely: "It's not Miss Jeanie—it's Miss May Bruce, and she's quite eighteen."

"Eighteen?" said the Judge. "She must be twenty-one—so have you the parents' consent?"

"No," said Raoul. "Eighteen is old enough in Alabama."

"Twenty-one in Virginia," said the Judge. "Give me the Code."

The clerk handed him a musty leather volume from beneath a musty leather Bible. Twenty-one it was, sure enough.

"Why did you say she was only eighteen?" said the Judge, peevishly.

"But you married the others," answered I.

"True," said the Judge, "but I've had a telegram for you—from a Mr. Kirk Bruce, who, I take it, is a relative of the bride."

Raoul's face maintained its customary look of quiet determination. "Where

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is the nearest State where a lady is free to get married at eighteen?"

"South Carolina," said the Judge.

"All right," said Raoul. "I've got a car, and I reckon Colonel Carington will give us transportation."

"I'll see that he does," said the Judge, his face brightening. "I guess you'd better go to Charleston."

"Spartanburg is the nearest point," said Raoul. "He'll never think of Spartanburg."

"True," said the Judge, "he'll never think of Spartanburg. Lucky, Colonel Carington is at the Springs."

In two hours we had borrowed an old freight engine and were off on our way to Spartanburg.

5.

The freight engine had been loaned us by telegram from Colonel Carington, and we had found our Pullman car pulled up on an old rusty side-track that ran into a bed of wild flowers; on the front platform, half smothered by them, our two darkies were asleep. They wakened, however, to greet us with smiles of such expansive intimacy that I felt bound, when we were safely on the way, to put them *au courant* of the situation. The solemnity and sympathy their faces at once assumed guaranteed their discretion; though I afterward heard the "conductor" adjuring the engineer from the front platform to "git up that thar burro-engine wif'm bacon-ham." Whereupon the engineer sanded the track and blew off brakes.

The long journey was rather distressing, however. The brave girls did not lose their spirits, but they kept to themselves, resting in the state-room, while Raoul and I sat on the rear platform and watched the dust eddy up from the long single track behind us. We had innumerable waits and sidings; where often the girls and I wandered into the woods after wild flowers, while Raoul stayed behind to pepper Mrs. Judge Pennoyer with telegrams. We were now by the highest mountains of the East; Roan Mountain still, though it was June, was rosy-robed about its shoulders with the laurel.

The day wore on, and I could get no speech with Jeanie. I looked for my *dédommagement* to the journey home. This I no longer dreaded; it was a rosy hope. But Jeanie was so timid, now—or I was bolder. In the evening we had a long wait for the night express, which rattled by our siding at a wood-and-water station.

"Perhaps Mr. Bruce is on that train," I laughed.

"No," said Raoul, gravely (he never had a sense of humor); "I am confident he is not."

"How do you know?"

"I have had a telegram from Mrs. Judge Pennoyer."

"Is she his confidante?"

"She says that he has suddenly decided to await your return in Knoxville."

"Await my return?"

"Certainly—yours and Miss Jeanie's. I conclude the Judge this morning wired him an answer that it was not Jeanie who was getting married."

I gasped. "Then it was not you, after all, he was chasing?"

"Why, of course not."

"Why did you run away so?"

Raoul looked at me as who should say, "Oh, these Northerners!"

"Perhaps it wasn't necessary," he added, with that faint tinge of sarcasm which is akin to humor. "Is that your ring you wear upon your finger?"

I know I started; and I felt myself blush. "It—it was given to me to wear," I gasped.

"Exactly—and by Miss Jeanie Bruce—and Mr. Kirk Bruce gave it to Miss Jeanie. Of course he thought—when he heard a Miss Bruce and a gentleman had gone off to get married——"

"Kirk Bruce gave it to her?" I said. My mind works slowly at such times.

"Certainly. Did she not tell you so?"

"She said a gentleman gave it her ——"

"Well, he was the gentleman."

"Who had shot a schoolmate at boarding-school——"

"Same man, I assure you."

"For being attentive to a young lady who——"

"Kirk Bruce, to a T."

"Went out without a revolver——"

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"As you did yourself. I think," concluded Raoul, "you had better give Miss Jeanie her ring back."

"If I do," said I, "I'm damned."

6.

They were married the next day in the pretty little Episcopal church in Spartanburg, by the Bishop of Georgia. They left the same afternoon on their wedding journey back to "Old White" and the North. Miss Jeanie Bruce and I accompanied them—or rather, they us—as far as the junction station (I forget its name) where they met the east-bound train, and we were to keep on to Knoxville.

Jeanie's sweet face was very pale, but her eyes were like deep wells—so deep now that they indeed "unravelled the coiled night and saw the stars by noon." She had to sit by me now; but her silence appealed even to a blunted Northern sense of chivalry. I foresaw that I, too, should have to keep silence until I had brought her home to Knoxville. But not a day longer! Not an hour, I inly vowed.

But oh, the beauty of that immediate future! The long twenty hours' journey after they left us at the junction—where she was under my protection, and no Kirk Bruce could say me nay! Even chivalry at such times is like a *sordine* on one harp-string—heart-string I had almost said. One's being is so resonant that the note of speech is hardly missed.

So, I had my two-hours' day-dream, and then Mrs. Judge Pennoyer turned up on that east-bound train, as chaperone to bring us home.

"You telegraphed for her?" I said to Jeanie.

She did not deny it; and I thought Mrs. Pennoyer cast one look at me as of contempt.

Then I saw her see the ring upon my finger, and her expression seemed to change.

We saw the happy pair go off, and we went back to our seats in the returning train. We three; and one of us most miserable, and that was I.

I had given up all hope of talking with Jeanie any more. She went off with Mrs. Pennoyer to a front seat, where I saw them in earnest consultation; and that ancient relict of justice tempered by mercy appeared to be speaking of me. I watched them; and I heard the words "Mr. Bruce" and "the ring;" and I saw Jeanie grow still more pale.

Finally, to my glad astonishment, she rose, and like a brave lady—not like a Northern girl, who would not throw a man her glove to save his soul from drowning—sweet and gracious, she came back to me.

"Mr. Higginbotham" (what a name to set by Raoul, or even Bruce), "I must have my ring again," said she.

"Never," I answered. "It is not your ring, but mine."

"I only lent it to you. I did not give it."

"Then lend it to me a little longer—till I have seen you home," I said.

Her eyes filled with tears, and my heart was drowned in them.

"But Mrs. Pennoyer says Cousin Kirk is waiting for us there. Oh, please."

"Let him wait," I said.

"But, please. I implore you—as you——"

"As I love you," I said. "As I love you, I shall keep it. Will you marry me?"

"I—I do not love you," she answered, almost in a whisper. "Now, will you give it back?"

"No," I said.

I saw her tears. "He will kill you;" and she left me, sobbing.

"Then you can take it," I called out, after her.

Man can be brutal at such times.

Mrs. Pennoyer came back and tried to move me. Who could, after Jeanie Bruce had failed? Moreover, I thought she thought she would have done like me.

I fear Jeanie cried most of that journey home. But I, as is the way of men, was happy.

We got back to Knoxville in the early morning. They did not wish me to go home with them from the station; so I put them in a carriage, and sat upon the box. We drove up to the piazza of the little house upon which sat a man in a black frock-coat, smoking a cigar.

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He threw it away, and took off his hat to the ladies. We both assisted them out; and Jeanie ran quickly into the house, Mrs. Judge Pennoyer following. I paid the carriage, and it drove away.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Kirk Bruce.

"Now, sir," said I.

"I will request you, sir, for to give me that ring that is on your finger."

"That ring does not belong to me."

"That is why, sir, I ask you as a gentleman, fo' to give it up."

"That is why, sir, I am compelled as a gentleman, fo' to refuse."

Insults to one's diction come next to those that touch the heart. Mr. Bruce had me, forthwith, "covered" with his revolver.

"Are you engaged to Miss Jeanie Bruce?"

"I am not."

"Then, sir, as a gentleman, you have no right to wear that ring."

I had heard vague stories of firing through one's coat pocket; and I felt in mine for the little revolver Jeanie had given me. But the miserable little toy was turned the wrong way, and I could not twist it about.

"He is engaged to me—he is," cried Jeanie, bursting out from the front door. "He asked me on the train."

"And you refused me," I said, turning my eyes for one moment away from Bruce to look at her.

"I did not—I only——"

How it happened, I do not know; but at that instant the confounded revolver went off in my pocket. With a cry, Jeanie threw up her arms and fell upon the floor of the piazza. Bruce and I were at her feet instantly. Mrs. Pennoyer rushed out. The neighbors rushed across from over the way.

"Is she killed?" said Bruce and I, together.

As we spoke Jeanie made a dart, and picking up Bruce's revolver, which he had dropped upon the grass, threw it over a high board fence into the neighboring lot. Then turning, "Give me your ring," said she.

I gave it her.

"And now," she said, replacing it on another finger, "Cousin Kirk, let me introduce to you the gentleman to whom I am to be married—Mr. Higginbotham, of Boston."

"Salem," I corrected, in a dazed way.

"Of Salem. Cousin Kirk—congratulate him."

Cousin Kirk looked at her, at me, and at the board fence.

"As a gentleman, sir, I have no other thing to do. Of course—if my cousin loves you—you may keep the ring. Though I must allow, sir, you shoot rather late."

With this one simple sarcasm he departed. Jeanie and I watched him groping in the long grass of the next lot for his revolver and then go slouching down the road. We turned and our eyes met. I tried to take her hand; but suddenly her face grew scarlet. "Oh, what have I done?" and she rushed into the house.

I went back to Salem.

I stayed there just four days. In New York I met Jerry Sullivan and had a talk with him.

Then I wrote and asked Jeanie if she would accept me, save at the pistol's mouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Raoul accompanied us on our wedding journey; and we were married at White Sulphur by the genial justice *de céans*.

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MOLIÈRE.

By Andrew Lang.

SHAKESPEARE and Molière, or, if anyone prefers it, Molière and Shakespeare, are the two great names of the modern drama. We can put no third beside them; it is not with the Christian world as with Greece, whose three poets shine like a constellation, with Aristophanes and Menander for scarcely minor stars. We cannot place Calderon or Marlowe, Ben Jonson or Corneille, in the same group as the chief poet of England and the chief genius of France. The fortunes of these two men, both of them actors, both of them writers for the stage, are, in some ways, curiously alike. Of Shakespeare the man, we know next to nothing; of Molière the man, we know little, and that little is often doubtful and legendary. Rare as are the scraps of Shakespeare's writing, the pieces of paper or of parchment which his pen had touched, those of Molière are perhaps rarer still. Of neither have we any manuscript, though Molière, at least, must have left several sketches of dramas and his translation of Lucretius. They have vanished so absolutely that some French critics have invented a priestly conspiracy as the cause of their disappearance. Again, theorists fancy that there is a mystery about the grave of Shakespeare, but "unknown is the grave of" Molière. Still, the French poet, living in an age of literature and of literary gossip, among writers of memoirs, of *ana*, and of anecdotes, is really better known to us than Shakespeare. His portrait was painted by his friend Mignard, and sketched in the frontispieces of some of his plays. His picture was drawn in words, both by his enemy, the author of a spiteful piece, "Elomire Hypochondre," and by the daughter of an actor in his company. His doings, too, were chronicled, loosely enough, by the rhyming gazetteers of the day. Boileau and Racine remembered anecdotes about him, which made their way into literature. Members of his company wrote a brief life of him, nearly ten years after his death, in the collected edition of his plays, published in 1682. The "Registre" of his friend and comrade Lagrange, is a diary of his later fortunes, and of the receipts and performances of his company in Paris. Molière was also the theme of a scandalous pamphlet, "La Fameuse Comédienne," published in the lifetime of his wife. By a curious accident I chance to possess Napoleon's copy of this virulent and anonymous, but clever, work, marked with a great imperial N, crowned with an eagle's head. Quite late, in 1705, Grimarest wrote a "Life of Molière," full of gossip and of inaccuracies, but not by any means useless. Later lives were prefixed to editions in the eighteenth century; one of these is by Voltaire. Early in our century, Taschereau wrote a "Life," which was reviewed by Sir Walter Scott. The latest edition is of 1864. Then Bazin, Soulié, Jal, Loiseleur, Campardon, and others made learned researches in parish registers and the documents of notaries. For about ten or twelve years a monthly magazine, *Le Molièriste*, has been devoted, under M. George Monval, to studies of everything that bears on the poet's life and work. The Germans have taken up the pursuit in their thorough fashion. Many little volumes on Molière's genealogy, his professional tours, the tennis courts wherein he acted when young, have been put forth. M. Paul Lacroix has given the world an excellent bibliography of all books connected with Molière, and an Iconography of portraits and prints, busts and statues. Finally, MM. Hachette have published the plays and poems in that admirable series, "Les Grands Écrivains de la France." The editors are the late M. Despois and M. Paul Mesnard, and the Biography, in the tenth volume, is by M. Mesnard. This book is written with singular sobriety and absence

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of rhetoric. It is judicial in tone, nay, almost solemn. But, for the present at least, it speaks the last word on Molière, and after seriously studying all the documents, from the plays and the "Registre" to Loiseleur and Campardon, I am convinced that M. Mesnard's opinion may be taken as the most probable and the most discreet on almost all the many points of dispute. It is not an ideal life of Molière; for it wants charm and elegance. It is conspicuous for the reserve which the author shows in avoiding the descriptive and the picturesque. In brief, it is an excellent and judicial summing up of the whole case. The reader who has not the time, the opportunity, or the inclination to make for himself a Molièresque collection, may rely on M. Mesnard as a trusty guide. Following him, let us examine the life of Molière.

Jean Baptiste Poquelin, calling himself, for an undiscovered reason, by the stage name of Molière, was *not* a Scotchman. Theorists have recognized in him a Pockling, descended from a Scottish archer like Quentin Durward. The pines in a *blason* of the Poquelins have been explained as Scottish firs. There is nothing, unluckily, in all this. The Poquelins of Beauvais are traced back to the fourteenth century, and at Beauvais they became extinct in 1787. Late in the sixteenth century one of the family established himself as an upholsterer in Paris. The house kept on the business till the death of Molière's father, Jean Poquelin. In 1621, Jean Poquelin married Marie Cressé, daughter of a brother *tapissier*. Their house was in the Rue St. Honoré, but the exact site is uncertain.

The birthday of Molière is equally uncertain; he was baptized on January 15, 1622. Of his mother, who died young, little is known but that she possessed a Bible, and Plutarch's "Lives." There are plenty of fathers, mostly comic, in Molière's plays, but there are scarcely any mothers. In 1633, a year after the death of his first wife, Molière's father married again. He had just become *tapissier* to the Royal household, and held the title, and, to some extent, discharged certain duties of the King's *valet de chambre*. He gave his son an excellent education at the Collège de Clermont (now the Collège Louis le Grand), under the Jesuits. Tradition says that the boy's maternal grandfather used to carry him to the play, where the actors of farce, such as *Turlupin*, may have pleased him better than the tragedies of Garnier and Hardy. The stupid satirist who wrote "Elomire Hypochondre" says that Molière used to hang about the booths of cheap Jacks and quack salvers, at the fairs, and that he actually studied under Fiurelli, more famous as *Scaramouche*. The frontispiece of the dull old libel shows him imitating *Scaramouche*, and observing his own grimaces in a hand-mirror. The latest popular English life of Molière calls this play, "Elomire Hypochondre," a "ballad," which proves the danger of writing about books without having seen them. All this professional education of Molière is dubious: as to his schooling by the Jesuits, we know that they neglected Greek in favor of Latin, and that, like the Westminster scholars, the boys were encouraged to act Latin plays. Molière learned to appreciate Terence, and it is possible that he made the acquaintance of a lower boy, the Prince de Conti, who came later into his life. About 1641, in company with other lads who were to be famous, such as Chapelle and Cyrano de Bergerac, Molière studied philosophy under Gassendi, an Epicurean. The earlier biographers do not mention this fact, which is given by Grimarest (1705), and is more or less confirmed by Molière's obvious love of philosophical discussion. In a book of the "Judgments of Rhadamanthus on the Shades," published after Molière's death, the poet is forbidden to talk philosophy. His lost translation of Lucretius also bore witness to his early studies. In Molière's comedy of the "Mariage Forcé," there is some amusing ridicule of philosophers, from no ignorant pen. It is to be presumed that the habits of independent thought displayed in "Tartuffe," and "Le Festin de Pierre" ("Don Juan"), are not unconnected with his much reading of Lucretius, "*le plus éloquent des blasphémateurs.*" These lessons ended in 1641. In 1643 Molière entered the company of young players called *L'Illustre Théâtre*, and, for

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the future, his education was written in the book of the world and of human character. But he had already received an education infinitely more careful and solid than the crumbs of learning which sufficed for Shakespeare. He had lived with boys of good family, had seen philosophers, and been in the society of young wits. He had also begun his legal studies at Orleans, or at least took a kind of legal degree there. Grimarest says, but the truth is dubious, that he went to Narbonne with Louis XIV., as a substitute for his father, the *valet*, and some boldly conjecture that Molière was the young valet who concealed Cinq-Mars in a secret cabinet. In the south he *may* have met a young lady of pleasure, an actress, Madeleine Béjart. With her and hers the whole life of Molière is inextricably entangled. Madeleine was his friend, she may have been his mistress; whether she was or not, the story was certain to be circulated. Her youngest sister, Armande, became his wife, and even the sober M. Mesnard is inclined to believe that Armande was really the daughter, not the sister, of Madeleine. These circumstances, in after years, stirred up the rumor of envious tongues against Molière. The whole tale of Armande's birth is extremely obscure. My own opinion, after carefully studying the evidence, is that she was the sister, not the daughter, of Madeleine Béjart, whose reputation was such that she need not have disavowed her maternal character, if she really had been Armande's mother. It is true that she left Armande her money, and that Armande's putative mother does not seem to have been in a position to make her the considerable dowry which she brought to Molière. But these things are at best bases for a mere presumption. Molière's marriage was still far off in the dim future, when he made acquaintance with Madeleine Béjart and her family. He was bitten by their love of the stage, and on January 6, 1643, renounced his succession to his father's business. At the end of June, in the same year, he entered formally into the company of *L'Illustre Théâtre*.

Paris had then two theatres: the Royal one of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, and the *Théâtre du Marais*, for which Corneille wrote. The new company acted here and there, chiefly in tennis-courts. Their plays were forgotten pieces, by forgotten authors; the company was often in debt; the actors were sometimes in prison. Leaving Paris, the company went strolling in the south to Bordeaux, Toulouse, Carcassonne, Nantes, Pézenas, leaving scanty traces in the official papers of the towns. These have been collected and published by antiquaries, but they only show us that Molière was studying his profession in the provinces, and that he was more successful in amusing his old schoolfellow, Conti, than in being paid by that prince. It is more important to know that, at Lyons, in 1653, he had already given his play of "L'Étourdi," with which his collected works usually open. He had enlisted, too, the fair comedian, Mlle. du Parc, one of the glories of his company, and the equally beautiful and celebrated De Brie. There was another actress, a child, Mlle. Menou, in whom some recognize Molière's future wife, Armande Béjart. Already his friend Chapelle was bantering him about his affection for the girl, and about the jealousy of the more mature actresses. Light falls more clearly on the later wanderings, to Avignon, Lyon, Rouen (1658), and at Rouen a correspondent of Thomas Corneille reports that Madeleine Béjart is eager to play once more in Paris.

At Rouen, the beautiful Mlle. du Parc won the heart of the great Corneille, who addressed her in the stanzas:

Allez, belle marquise, allez en d'autres lieux
Semer les doux périls qui naissent de vos yeux.

The lady did carry the pleasing perils of her eyes to another place, namely, to Paris, where Molière and his troop arrived in October, 1658. They obtained the patronage of Monsieur, the King's only brother, were called his comedians, and were promised a pension, which La Grange observes "was never paid." On October 24th Molière acted before the young King, Louis XIV., in the guard room of the old Louvre. The play was the "Nicomède" of Corneille, and it is murmured that the piece was not very successful. Molière then advanced, and

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begged to be allowed to give one of the little pieces with which, as he said, he had been wont to amuse the provinces. They then acted the "Docteur Amoureux," a trifle which, unlike the "Jalousie du Barbouillé," has not survived. Doubtless it was, like the piece just mentioned, a gay and noisy little farce. It seems strange that, as Molière had already written the "Dépit Amoureux" and "L'Étourdi," he produced neither of them. The king, however, was moved to laugh, and allowed Molière to act in the *Salle du Petit Bourbon*, on alternate days with the Italian company. Here "L'Étourdi" and the "Dépit Amoureux" were played for the first time in Paris. Even the author of "Elomire Hypochondre" admits the success of Molière's first regular comedy.

"La voix de cent échos fait cent fois mes éloges;"

while the "Dépit" was "no less fortunate."

"Et de tous les côtés chacun cria tout haut,
'C'est là faire et jouer des pièces comme il faut.'"

M. Mesnard remarks that here the satirist, like Balaam, is constrained to bless—instead of cursing. Indeed, the two little new comedies were, with the exception of Corneille's "Le Menteur," almost the first French comedies which became classical and still hold the stage. In "L'Étourdi," which was adapted from the Italian, M. Coquelin is as amusing and vivacious in *Mascarille*, as Molière himself can have been. The piece was not printed till 1663; Molière was never in a hurry to print, for this good reason among others, that, once published, a play at that time became common property, and could be acted by any company. But the success which firmly established Molière was that famous criticism of contemporary affectation, "Les Précieuses Ridicules," first acted on November 18, 1659, but then, thanks to the opposition of persons in power, withdrawn till December 2d. Everyone knows the history of that delightful comedy, and has heard how the refined and learned ladies of the Hôtel Rambouillet were declining into pedantry, how affectations like those of our "æsthetic" school prevailed, and were imitated; how it was fashionable to prattle about epigrams, "portraits," madrigals, and to use new-fangled words and phrases. These absurdities are forever appearing and dying out; Molière practically killed them for the time, in "Les Précieuses." All Paris went to see the piece, the prices of seats were doubled, and the town cried aloud, like the old man of the legend, "*Courage, Molière, voilà la bonne comédie.*"

Literary gossip, like what we read in the *Athenæum*, literary absurdity, the humors of young ladies who, as Keats says, would like to be married to a novel, and given away by a poem, were never more divertingly ridiculed.

Mascarille, in his exaggeration of an exaggerated fashion, in his clouds of lace and ribbons, with his army of epigrams and his Roman history written in madrigals, is a figure of fun which never wearies. The whole piece runs, leaps, babbles with wit, humor, and good humor, and Molière was now, and forever, the king of the comedy of manners. His success was instantly attested in the usual and inevitable way. He was accused of plagiarism, of having stolen the "Précieuses" from the Italian, from a piece by the Abbé de Pure. It is extraordinary that plays and stories which entirely fail in the hands of these honest writers, are always so triumphant after somebody has stolen them. Molière did not deign to reply to this envious calumny, when he allowed his piece to be published, in 1660, the first of all his plays which saw the light in print. It is a tiny duodecimo, of the Elzevir size, with a curious frontispiece, showing *Mascarille* in all his feathers and furbeloes.*

Molière is now in the spring time of his glory, already a favorite with king, court, and town. The "Précieuses" was played before Mazarin, then ill and dying, while the king looked on, leaning on the back of the statesman's chair. But if Molière was triumphant, he was also the butt of jealousies and cabals. He lost his theatre, the rival companies tried to allure his actors and actresses

* This frontispiece is reproduced in my edition of the play published by the Clarendon Press.

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away; but, as La Grange says, "they all loved their chief, whose extraordinary merit and genius were united to the greatest goodness and charm of manner." He got a new theatre (1661) in the Palais Royal, and was soon to carry the war of ridicule among his adversaries.

By this time Molière was a man of forty, grave and even melancholy of aspect; with heavy eyebrows which, on the stage, he could contort in a singularly comic manner, with thick lips, a swarthy face, an absent-minded air. He has told us himself how, when invited to supper to play the wit, he would remain silent and disappoint his hostess. One of his detractors draws him sitting in a lace-vender's shop, listening, observing, "perhaps with tablets in his hand whereon he would jot down a note or two of the women's prattle." He was fond of old books of the play, "never a comedy escapes his hand," and, in his inventory, it is said that when he died he possessed two hundred and forty volumes of dramas. He was kind and charitable, secretly assisting his father, with whom, perhaps, he was not on the most familiar terms. We see him dining with Boileau, who from the first applauded him; with Racine, not yet estranged; discussing philosophy, laughing at Chapelle, the author of the immortally bad epic on Jeanne d'Arc. We hear of him alone sober when all the rest had drunk so much wine that they purposed "solving the great enigma"—as Shelley spoke of doing—and drowning themselves in the river. Grave as he was, and generous, he liked a sumptuous life, his wardrobe was richly supplied, his furniture and plate were famous. In that courtly age, he was of a rare independence; his addresses to the king, his dedications to the great, are plain, manly, and humorous. He could hit hard in a literary war, but he was without rancor, and easily forgave and forgot. Molière, indeed, is a figure to admire, a man to love, and with the puissance of a great character, he yet wins our affection as well as our admiration. Styled *Le Contemplateur*, he was ever watching human life with a melancholy humor. A man of deep and serious thought, it was yet his business to make the world laugh, and well he succeeded. Of all men then living, he and Pascal beheld life most clearly, and then came to opposite conclusions. "Outside religion, all is naught," says Pascal. "Enjoy the spec-

LES
PRECIEVSES
RIDICVLES.
COMEDIE
REPRESENTE'E
au Petit Bourbon.

A PARIS,
Chez GVILLAVME DE LVYNE,
Libraire-Iuré, au Palais, dans la
Salle des Merciers, à la Iuſtice.

M. DC. LX.
AVEC PRIVILEGE DV ROY.

Title-page of the First Edition of Les Precieuses Ridicules * (reduced).

tacle of the world," says Molière. He saw no degradation, as Boileau did, in being cuffed on the stage, in rouging his face, and corking his mustache. But already his health was failing, and all the sweetness of his nature was saddened by a heart too loving, and a disposition which studied the comic and the tragic aspects of jealousy in love with only too keen and unfeigned interest. As an actor he excelled in comedy, by the confession even of his enemies; they ridiculed a peculiarity of his speech, itself probably due to the weakness of his chest, but they had no other charge to make against him here. In tragedy

* The titles given in facsimile are from Jules Le Petit's Bibliographie des principales éditions originales d'Écrivains Français du XV^e^ au XVIII^e^ Siècle (Paris, 1888).

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he was thought less excellent, but, as we shall see, he had his own ideas of tragic speech, denounced declamation, and believed in a "natural elocution."

After the "Précieuses" Molière produced two plays, one in his lightest manner, one in a manner more severe and stately than he ever again attempted, but both dealing with the passion of jealousy.

The first was "Le Cocu Imaginaire," founded on an Italian original. The groundless jealousy of *Sganarelle* was probably more diverting when Molière himself acted the part, than it is to read about it in quiet. The piece was extremely popular. A man named Neufvillenaine saw it so often that he learned it by heart, copied out and printed it. This he states in the dedication of the piece to the author! Molière does not seem to have been ruffled by this conduct, and when he admitted "Le Cocu" among his works, in 1666, he adopted the text of Neufvillenaine. That editor—that pirate, rather—added come curious comments on the acting. "*Sganarelle's* face and gestures express his jealousy so well that he need not speak a word. We rank him at once as the most jealous of men." As Molière himself was *Sganarelle*, this is valuable testimony to his pantomime and expression.

The second piece, "Don Garcie de Navarre," was probably written at much the same time as "Le Cocu." Molière here depicts the jealousy of a Spanish prince, in the dignified manner of courtly drama. The jealous *Don Garcie* is really as absurd as *Sganarelle;* indeed, this mean and hateful passion of jealousy has always a drop of the ludicrous in the cup of its bitterness. But as all the characters are "heroic," as they all speak in what modern taste thinks a stilted style, the piece was found much too serious. The public disliked it; the king received it better. Molière again tried it on the stage, but the former verdict was confirmed. He did not persevere, but, with a curious economy in one so fertile, he transplanted some passages into later plays, especially into the "Misanthrope." Boileau marvelled at Molière's facility in rhyming. It is odd that one who wrote so easily should have adapted his own old and unsuccessful work to the needs of his most famous and elaborate piece. Apparently, he thought the verses too good to be wasted. He never printed "Don Garcie" among his plays: it appeared in the posthumous edition. But his failure did not discourage him nearly as much as it must have delighted his enemies. In the same year, 1661, he brought out "L'École des Maris" and "Les Fâcheux," following them up, in 1662, with "L' École des Femmes."

To look for allusions to his own affairs in the plays of Molière is a foible with his commentators. In his comedies they find a kind of cypher history of his domestic life, as they discover, in Horace and Shakespeare, political hints of which Horace and Shakespeare never dreamed. It is not unnatural that they should regard "L'École des Maris" (June, 1661) as a kind of matrimonial programme, written by Molière for the information of Armande Béjart. Everyone knew that he had made up his mind, perhaps with as much difficulty as *Panurge*, to risk himself in matrimony. In the Easter preceding the performance of "L'École des Maris," he had asked his company to allot him two shares in the theatre, one for himself, and one "for his wife, if he married." He did marry Armande Béjart on Shrove Tuesday, 1662. But to suppose that he meant the girl to expect that he would act like *Ariste*, in "L'École des Maris," is to consider too curiously. The play is based partly on the "Adelphi" of Terence, partly on an incident in an Italian story. There are two brothers, *Sganarelle*, who is middle-aged, and a kind of vulgar *Alceste*—a slovenly curmudgeon; and *Ariste*, twenty years older than *Sganarelle*, who is all good-humored sagacity, and is full of sympathy with the young. *Isabelle* is the ward of *Sganarelle*, *Léonor* of *Ariste*. Both men intend to marry their wards, but *Sganarelle* is all for a policy of secluding and lecturing the girl; *Ariste* lets *Léonor* spend money and divert herself as she pleases. *Ariste* is one of the first *raisonneurs*, an easy, conversational philosopher of French comedy. We have had many such thinkers since from M. Alexandre Dumas and M. Augier. *Isabelle* falls in love with young *Valère*, who shares her passion.

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By a series of ingenious devices (as in Charles Bernard's "Un Homme Sérieux") *Isabelle* makes *Sganarelle* act as her emissary to *Valère*. The young pair go off and are married, while *Léonor* marries *Ariste*, who was old enough to know better, for he must have been nearly sixty. Molière was only forty, and it really seems improbable that he should have chosen to pose before Armande as an easy-going, tranquil, indifferent *Ariste*. The play is excellent, full of movement and humorous intrigue, while even fogeys, who have a tender feeling for elderly lovers, cannot pity *Sganarelle*. It was the first play which Molière printed of his own accord, for the "Précieuses Ridicules" was on the point of being pirated, and he was compelled to publish in self-defence.

His next play, "Les Fâcheux," like "The Merry Wives of Windsor," was written, rehearsed, and put on the stage by Royal command. It was first played (August 17, 1661) at the famous festival of Vaux, when Louis XIV., suspecting his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Fouquet, of making love to Louise de La Vallière, determined on his disgrace. Preluded to by an address of Madeleine Béjart, who arose as a Nymph out of a shell, and by dances of Fauns and Bacchantes, the light comedy is only a sketch of various kinds of bores. Molière, in his dedication to the king, says there are few more tedious bores than *un homme qui dédie un livre*. But the king was really a collaborator. The play is LES FÂCHEUX, *par I. B. Poquelin de Molière, et sa Majesté Louis XIV.*, for the king suggested the character of the hunter. Louis is said to have taken great pleasure in the diverting little trifle, with its ballets between the scenes. Yet, when we remember the anger and suspicion which must then have filled the royal breast, it might well seem as if the comedians themselves had been *Les Fâcheux* of the occasion. In the flush of all these successes, Molière married, as we have seen, in the spring of 1662. As to the disputed question of his wife's birth, enough has been said. Unless the baptismal register of Armande is discovered, we can only rely on conjectures. I have already admitted that I see no reason for doubting that she was the younger sister of Madeleine Béjart. As to her conduct, Mlle. Molière was pursued, almost from the day of her marriage, by the calumnies of people who only struck through her at her husband. In the literary skirmishes which are presently to be described, Molière was declared to be in *Sganarelle's* case. The unknown and detestable author of "La Fameuse Comédienne," credited Mlle. Molière with lovers for whom, as it happens, a satisfactory *alibi* can be proved. They were absent from the court and from France at the very moment when they are said to have been blighting the happiness of Molière. Michelet, in his strange history of France, adopts many of these and other scandals about Molière at random; he wrote history in the spirit of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. If we can believe the gossip of Grimarest, what Molière had to complain of in his wife was no more than coquetry, vanity, lack of tenderness, of sympathy, of love. No criminal indictment this, but the sorrow was nearly enough to break that great and loving heart, which, apparently, had cherished Armande when, as Sedley sings,

> "Her infant beauty could beget
> Nor pleasure, yet, nor pain."

It is always foolish to set our hearts on children, for others *may* leave us, but they *must*. The child grows into the woman, and Molière hoped, perhaps, in marrying Armande, to keep with him, not only the woman he loved, but the child who had been and was not. The child that each of us once was, the children that we may have loved, no longer exist in this world, and we have no hope but in a rendering, perhaps fanciful, of a certain text about "their angels." Perhaps to find them again, maybe, among those pleasures which it has not entered into the mind of man to conceive. If Molière's affection was of this kind—a blending of old love, tender and true, for the child of the troop, with a man's passion for a woman, the passion of a man now mature, who has had his day, and who would rest; and if Armande was nothing worse than a pretty, vain, feather-brained minx (to use Keats's words), then here was such stuff as mis-

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ery is made of. "Call no man unhappy until he is married," says the sage: after his marriage we may probably call Molière unhappy, and yet we need not believe the libels on his wife. Accord-

Title-page of the Works of Molière, Edition of 1666, Vol. I. (The figure on the left of the design is "Mascarille.")

ing to Grimarest, who perhaps is only making a speech for his hero in the manner of Livy, Molière said: "She is fifty times more reasonable than I am; she only wants to enjoy life, and she is so confident in her innocence that she disdains all the precautions which I suggest. . . . But she is pitiless and leaves me in my pain," the pain of *Don Garcie de Navarre*. Molière is thought to have described his wife in the character of *Célimène* in the "Misanthrope:"

"Elle a l'art de me plaire.
J'ai beau voir ses défauts, et j'ai beau l'en blâmer,
En dépit qu'on en ait, elle se fait aimer."

Again, *Cléonte* is believed to draw her portrait in "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme:" "Her eyes are small, it is true, but they have more fire, more brilliance, more softness than any others in the world," while her mouth, though large, "is the most amorous, the most attractive, and her conversation is charming; while, if she be capricious, 'tout sied bien aux belles, on souffre tout des belles.'"

This is a lover's description, but there is really great eloquence and charm in the tiny portrait of Mlle. Molière, the frontispiece of the rare edition of 1666. She was certainly admired in court and city, both as a beauty and as an actress.* According to M. Mesnard, the new actress did not create the part of *Agnès* in Molière's next play, "L'École des Femmes." The frontispiece to the first edition of the piece is usually said to represent Molière, as *Arnolphe*, lecturing *Agnès*, his idiotically innocent ward. Armande, however, had no part in this comedy as originally performed (December 26, 1662). "L'École des Femmes" was a point of great importance in the career of Molière. It was so successful that the critics attacked it (as they usually do when any work succeeds) in the names, at once, of morality, of grammar, of decency, and of religion. If we were all as grammatical, moral, delicate and pious as many reviewers can be on occasion, the millennium would have begun.

A number of literary gentlemen, taking advantage of this opportunity, wrote themselves down asses—envious, malignant, incompetent asses—in letters so large and ink so durable that their names still survive. Had they but acquiesced in the almost universal praise of "L'École des Femmes," they would now be forgotten and unknown. But they live with a crepuscular life—shadows in the glory of Molière.

"L'École des Femmes" was the occasion of a whole literary and social campaign, of which it is difficult, in brief space, to give a clear account. The religious—like the now converted rake, Conti—were shocked by *Arnolphe's* sermon to his wife, and by his burlesque description of future punishment. This is the first sign of what was then called Libertinism, or Free Thinking in Molière. The

* The portraits published by Soleirol and by M. Arsène Houssaye seem to be in nowise authentic.

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"'Précieuses" were offended by passages which they called "improper," for at that time the French comedy was very demure, and English adapters, like Dryden, had to add coarse jests to what they stole from France. To these and other criticisms, Molière replied in his "Critique de L'École des Femmes" (June 1, 1663). The play is a mere conversation on the former piece between ladies, a Marquis, and Lysidas, a poet, a jealous poet, supposed to be Boursault, who later wrote a counterpiece, "Le Portrait du Peintre," to which Molière retorted by "L'Impromptu de Versailles." Lysidas, like the venerable archdeacon Farrar, says, "Ce n'est pas ma coutume de rien blâmer," but he finds Molière's success to be "a shame to France." Boursault or Lysidas had an ally, De Visé, who wrote a piece called "Zélinde," which, less fortunate than Boursault's, never was acted. Molière went to see "The Great Comedians" of the Hôtel Bourgogne act the piece in which he was ridiculed. He replied, possibly to the reports of Boursault's intention which had reached him, possibly to the actual attack (the dates are confused) by "L'Impromptu." In this ingenious and diverting piece, he and his company appear in their proper persons, and he exclaims:

"Ah! les étranges animaux à conduire que les comédiens." The king is coming in two hours, they are to rehearse a play; they do not know their parts; they begin to chatter at random. Molière talks of caricaturing the style of "The Great Comedians," his rivals. He banters the huge bulk of Montfleury, the "demoniac" tone of his elocution. Unlike a great English actress of the last generation, he pronounces in favor of a *natural* delivery, of speaking the words "le plus naturellement qu'il lui aurait été possible." On the other hand, the lady to whom I refer speaks of "that nerveless and colorless thing called 'natural acting.'" For one I venture to be strong in the opinion of Molière. He runs on, laughing at his rivals—laughing at the marquises, who are now the "common butt of the stage." This was more than a hundred years before the Revolution. The monarchy had degraded the nobles; the people were to destroy them. Molière then gives his troop good advice, paying La Grange the compliment of saying, "Pour vous, je n'ai rien à vous dire." He defends himself against the dangerous charge of attacking individuals, for he had actually been assaulted, it seems, by an angry noble. He then touches on Boursault's comedy, and on the general conspiring of all authors against himself, "from the cedar" (Corneille?) "to the hyssop" (Boursault). Still he had Boileau and La Fontaine on his side—"great allies." He gives his enemies leave to attack his works, his words, his person, his manner, but there are points on which an attack will be unfair—meaning, probably, his religion, his domestic affairs, and his honor, in not assailing private persons.

Molière's estrangement from Corneille, whose old age may have been jealous, did not last long. They became collaborators. The smaller rivals went

Title-page of Vol. II., same edition.

(The figure on the left is supposed to be Armande Béjart, in the role of "Agnès.")

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on with their tedious campaign, but the king now as ever was on Molière's side, and gave him a pension. Nor would Louis listen to Montfleury, when he tried to urge against Molière the base charges of which at least enough has been already said. The other angry authors rejected Molière's warning, and in such pieces as "La Vengeance des Marquis," taunted him with the alleged infidelity of his wife.

It is not necessary to linger over the fortunes of all Molière's later plays. Some were purely farcical, as "Le Mariage Forcé," some were mixed with courtly spectacle, as "La Princesse d'Élide;" some were masterpieces, and his greatest glory, such as "Tartuffe," "Le Festin de Pierre," and "Le Misanthrope." "Tartuffe," or rather three acts of that then unfinished work, was first acted in May, 1664, at the fêtes of Versailles. Doubtless, this satire on hypocrisy was suggested by the hypocritical attacks on himself. Others, like Sorel and Scaron, had assailed hypocrisy before, but none with the boldness of Molière. Those who saw the half-finished piece, like Loret, the author of a rhyming gazette, thought it prudent to be silent. Clouds were gathering, the bigots were mustering—how the king would decide was uncertain.

The Archbishop of Paris, Péréfixe, implored the king to stop the piece. The king assented, but Molière followed him to Fontainebleau, and implored him to alter his mind about "L'Hypocrite," as "Tartuffe" was then styled. Nothing was gained, but when the Papal legate was at Fontainebleau (July 21–28), Molière obtained leave to act "Tartuffe" before that pontifical representative. Soon after a furious *curé* demanded that Molière should be burned at the stake. "Tartuffe" was frequently read by Molière, among the great, and, on September 25th, three acts were played before the great Condé at Villers-Cotterets, and again, complete at Raincy, in presence of the Princesse Palatine. Recent evidence makes it probable that the play now complete did not stand as we read it at present, that Molière had to re-write many passages. But the piece was not licensed for the public stage, as it were, till 1667. In 1665 Molière produced his version of the Don Juan legend, "Le Festin de Pierre." Now, this piece is really much more audacious than the "Tartuffe" as it stands. Molière makes *Don Juan* an atheist, puts the ordinary and the stoical arguments in favor of religion into the mouth of a clownish valet, hits hypocrisy as hard as in "Tartuffe," and makes the purgatorial flames sufficiently ridiculous; for the *valet* runs to the edge of the abyss, and clamors for his wages. Some passages, such as the scene with the beggar, to whom *Don Juan* refuses alms in the name of God, while he gives them in the name of humanity, were excised from the Elzevir edition published after the poet's death. Molière was attacked, and no wonder, by a pamphleteer, who said that "he makes the divine majesty the butt of a valet and his master—of an atheist who mocks at heaven, and of a valet, more impious than his master, who makes others laugh." The actual beliefs of Molière are unknown. M. Mesnard thinks that he agreed with the apologetics of the valet; that he said, as it were, "even a fool can see the arguments for religion which must also suffice the wise." But it was a very perilous way of displaying his orthodoxy. The piece was dropped in Molière's lifetime, if not suppressed. It is a wonderful mixture of mockery and romance; perhaps the most astonishing proof of the range of Molière's genius. Here he approaches nearer to poetry, as we find it in Shakespeare, than in any of his other works. Here, alone, Molière is, as one may say, seriously and not grotesquely fantastic; here is a forerunner of Byron and of "Faust." The Spanish legend of the libertine has passed out of the hands and the age of the faithful into those of the *contemplateur*, of *l'indifférent*, as Pascal would have said; of the man whose mind is in a balance about religion, and who finds in this mediæval religious myth the elements of doubt, of melancholy, of humor, almost of despair. We never meet Molière again in this mood.

The piece, as we have seen, was not allowed to run long, though the receipts while it did run were very large. It was never acted again in Molière's life, and was mutilated when it appeared

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in his posthumous works. A versified rendering of it by Thomas Corneille was played by Molière's troop after his death.

Whoever was scandalized, Louis XIV. was not. The days when he should say "there is no pleasure in them," had not yet come—the days of devotion, and of Madame de Maintenon. The king asked Monsieur to let the troop be called by his name, and gave them, as we saw, a pension. Molière's next play, "L'Amour Médecin," shows him for the first time as the satirist of physicians. His own health, and their helpless efforts to establish it, made him understand doctors as well as his wife taught him to understand jealousy. Molière had a serious illness while "L'Amour Médecin" was running; from this time (February 21, 1666) till his death, six years later, his health was always precarious. He remained, like *Sganarelle's* master, *Don Juan, impie en médecine.* The doctors of that age with their prescriptions of gold and mummy dust, their copious bleeding, and the instruments with which they pursued *M. de Pourceaugnac,* made it more difficult to be orthodox in medicine than in religion. The poet recovered for the time from doctors and disease. In June, 1666, he produced "Le Misanthrope," which all the world confesses to be a masterpiece, and all the world judges differently. Is *Alceste* tragic or comic, "more diverting than he intends to be," or more serious than the age conceived him? To my own mind, he was meant to reflect a mood of Molière's which was serious enough: the mood of chagrin, of weariness of human nature, the desire for escape to some "undiscovered isle in far-off seas." Man delights him not, nor woman either, except, by the attraction of contrasts, the unattainable, gay *Célimène.* The mood is as that of Rousseau, or of Obermann, but it is a moment in the experience of a far stronger nature. Thus, earnest as Molière may be in this disposition, he sees its impossibility, its essential inhumanity, its essential absurdity, and, with delicate humor, he laughs at his momentary self, at the man in green ribbon, at *Alceste.* He is a comic character for the stage and the pit, a tragic character in his creator's private thought. He is aware of the vanity of his own melancholy, and lightly mocks it, for to act thus is of the very essence of humor. "*Ris, parterre,*" "Laugh away, pit," he exclaims, like the angry marquis at the performance of "L'École des Femmes," but he knows that it is not wholly a laughing matter.

The charming scenes in *Célimène's salon* are the originals of much that is good in "The School for Scandal," and *Oronte* is the deathless type of the minor poet. Molière never fails with his caricatures of literary folly; *Vadius* and *Trissotin* in the "Femmes Savantes" are equals of *Oronte,* who, again, may have suggested the poetical essays of *Sir Benjamin Backbite.* The "Misanthrope" was no great success with playgoers. They were not Ibsenites then. They went to the play to be amused, not to hear "an indictment of society." Probably *Alceste's* indictment bored or puzzled them more than *Oronte* and *Célimène* amused them—worthy people, they looked not forward to an author who would be all *Alceste,* only without *Alceste's* humor, and who could no more create *Oronte* than he could create the *Cassandra* of Æschylus. People tried to please Racine by telling him that the "Misanthrope" was a failure. The younger poet was at this time on ill terms with Molière, to whom he had behaved shabbily about a play. But he was not so spiteful as to believe the report he heard. "It is not possible that Molière should have written a bad piece," he replied; "go back and see it again." It is not improbable that Racine's very dishonorable conduct, and that domestic troubles, which were now serious, and his own illness, may have brought Molière to a condition in which *Alceste's* temper seemed not much exaggerated. But he spurred his flagging spirits, and, as usual, when a serious masterpiece did not please, he gave a new farce, the "Médecin malgré Lui." (August 6, 1666.) He then contributed "Le Sicilien" to some Royal gaieties, and was about to produce "Tartuffe" at last. But the president of the parlement forbade it, and Molière had to send La Grange and another actor to petition the king, then besieging Lille. But other interruptions from the archbish-

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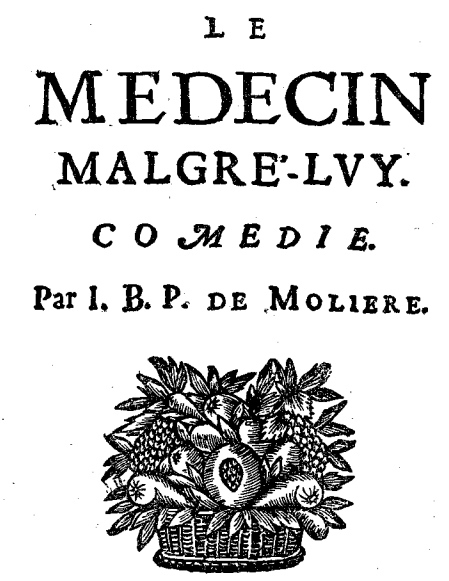
op of Paris occurred. Molière, in August, 1667, retired, ill and dispirited, to Auteuil, where he was visited by Boileau and La Fontaine. Now occurred the celebrated supper, after which all but Molière were in the Wertherian


LE

MEDECIN

MALGRE-LVY.

COMEDIE.

Par I. B. P. DE MOLIERE.

A PARIS,
Chez IEAN RIBOV, au Palais, sur le Grand Peron, vis à vis la porte de l'Eglise de la Saincte Chapelle, à l'Image S. Louis.

M. DC. LXVII.
Auec Priuilege du Roy.

Title-page of the First Edition of Le Medecin Malgre Lui (reduced).

stage of drink, and wished to solve "the Great Enigma."

Early in January, 1668, the King had returned and saw the new play of "Amphitryon," based on Plautus. Michelet pretends that this was a comic excuse for the King's amours. Michelet is often too ingenious. M. Mesnard shows that dates disprove the historian's hypothesis, and that the *bel emploi* of Mercury was not his.

The same year saw the delightful "George Dandin" and the severe "Avare," more admired by Boileau than by the skittish public. Molière lost his father, whom he may not have mourned very deeply, but whose debts he discharged. At last, in February, 1669, "Tartuffe" was licensed, and had, after so much talk and such long waiting, an enormous public success. This is the most famous, perhaps the most classical, piece of Molière. As it stands, especially in its conclusion, we may see traces of change and indecision. Our "Tartuffe" must be a thing of compromises. For a kind of tragic force, for an eminent example of a villain, for studies of ordinary folly in *Orgon*, of a gay *soubrette* in *Dorine*, of a stately and honorable, yet astute, woman of the world in *Elmire*, the play is "of the centre," is Molière's work at Molière's best and most earnest. There have been interminable discussions both over "Tartuffe's" social position (which is probably a compromise) and over his psychological condition. Is he a hypocrite who has deceived himself? Probably he is: most eminent hypocrites, in politics as in religion, enjoy the happy faculty of taking in themselves.

The last years of Molière were especially fertile, despite a harassing quarrel in which Lulli, the composer, and his old ally, became his enemy and supplanter. He produced the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Pourceaugnac," "La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas," "Psyché," "Les Fourberies de Scapin," "Les Femmes Savantes." But the shadows gathered round him. Madeleine Béjart died. His son died. His own health turned from bad to worse. Boileau in vain persuaded him to spare himself. He must think of his company first, he said, and of the stage people who depended on him for their bread. His last piece was written; in his own unavailing sufferings at the hands of physicians he found the material for his "Malade Imaginaire." "How much a man suffers ere he dies," he said, before the fourth representation of that comedy. It was on February 17, 1673, that he made this remark, reported, probably by Baron, the actor, to Grimarest. After the play he coughed, broke a blood-vessel, and died in less than an hour. No priest received his confession, though his wife sent messengers to find a priest. Two sisters in religion were at his death-bed.

"Woe unto you who laugh, for ye shall weep," said Bossuet, later, speak-

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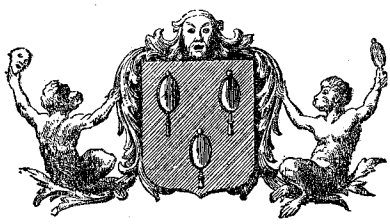
ing of Molière's death. The Church had not forgiven "Tartuffe" and "Le Festin de Pierre." The curé of the Church of St. Eustache refused him burial. Mlle. Molière appealed to the archbishop of Paris; while he deliberated, she went to ask grace of the king. The king sent her back to the archbishop. Finally, leave was obtained for a funeral by night. The exact spot of the tomb is unknown, and when the Revolution moved certain mortal remains to the Panthéon, they probably were not those of Molière.

We have hurried through the main events which are certain in a life full of obscurity. We have neglected apocryphal anecdotes, which abound, and are content with the large outlines of a good and noble man's existence. Whatever has been said of Molière invidiously and ignorantly, no man has disparaged his charity, his generosity, his kindness, and unselfishness. He bore no rancor, he neither fawned nor flattered in an age of flattery; he was beloved by his company; he gave, as Baron, his friend and pupil, shows, an example of the most hearty benevolence. There is something in Molière which, to English readers, is unusually attractive and sympathetic. With all the wit of his own nation, he had a humor and a manly melancholy which we please ourselves by thinking more notable in our own greatest writers—in Shakespeare and Thackeray and Scott—than in the poets of France. No man with so great and tender a heart could find in life much happiness. But how much he has added to ours! what a brave and generous wisdom is his! what fortitude is in his laughter. The comedy of manners finds in Molière her chief. We have lost Menander, but if in Terence

> "the excellent
> Adjusted folds betray
> The way Menander went,"

then not even the Greek was the master—probably he was not even the rival of Molière. It is ill work, measuring and weighing great men together as if they were boys competing for a prize. I have been accused of provincial patriotism, by a French critic, for speaking of Shakespeare as if he were Molière's superior. Yet we cannot but admit, surely, that the range of Shakespeare is far wider, and deeper, and higher; that he treads where Molière never ventured; that he, like Virgil, is master of a style truly magical, and unanalyzable, and incomparable. To say so much is not to speak as a bigoted Briton. But, if Shakespeare passes where Molière never risks himself, on the other hand Molière goes with a sure foot where Shakespeare seldom comes; in the world of a civilized, witty, and courtly modern society, *Célimène* is not so dear to us as *Rosalind* or *Beatrice*, but *Célimène's* society is nearer to us than the court of Messina, or the Forest of Arden, and her wit is not, like that of *Beatrice*, too often a broad, barbaric waggery. We cannot dethrone Shakespeare, but if Shakespeare has an assessor, his companion is Molière.



Arms adopted by Molière.

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IN CAMP.

By Charles F. Lummis.

Skyward Pine, that saw it all,
Whisper never what thou knowest!
Many, many things befall
When the coaxing moon is tall
Through the tender shade thou throwest.

Blame not me, O Pine, too soon!
I—ye all beguiled me to it!
Had it not been night and June,
With the pine-breath and the moon,
I had ne'er been bold to do it.

Ah, her forehead was so white
Where that soft ray came and kissed her;
Where the happy heaven's light
Lingered with her as of right—
As of sister with a sister!

All our little camp asleep;
Only I at midnight waking—
Waking to the moon—to creep,
Kiss her silent brow—and keep
Lips aye holier for that slaking.

She, O Pine, will never know—
Never blush amid her laughter.
She is nothing poorer so,
I so rich—as who shall go
Dreaming it forever after!

BOYS' CLUBS.

By Evert Jansen Wendell.

ANYONE who has been down to the tenement-house districts on either side of our city of New York, knows how overrun they are with boys of all descriptions, races, and sizes. Every doorway pours forth its little quota, and it is sometimes with difficulty that one can thread one's way through the crowds that literally swarm about the sidewalks. Some are playing quietly; some are fighting; some are "passing" ball when the policeman on the beat is not in sight; and others are gathered in little groups smoking cigarettes, pitching pennies, or hatching some scheme for fun when night comes.

Night is the great time! In the morning many of them are at school, and the streets are comparatively deserted; but in the afternoon, when the schools let out, the children, with all the pent-up energy produced by six hours of repression, descend upon them and make them resound, only taking time to rush in for a few moments at supper-time, and then out again, to remain as late as is consistent with escaping a spanking when they finally come in for the night.

It is not strange that they seek the streets when one realizes that the homes of many of them consist only of one or two small rooms in a tenement-house, which have to serve as parlor, bedroom, and kitchen, for father, mother, and all the children—and families are not apt to be small in the tenement-house district. A few of the more sober-minded stay in at night to prepare their lessons for the next day, or to help the mother care for the smaller children, or wash the dishes; but often they would only be in the way, and it is more convenient for the mother to have them off somewhere, amusing themselves, than under

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her feet, as she sets the little home to rights, and the father wants a quiet rest after his hard day's work; so the greater part of the children naturally seek the streets at night—good and bad alike—and strong must the character be that can long remain untarnished in the midst of all that goes on there.

Many of them are children with instincts as pure and high-minded as your own, if only they could be rightly trained; children of honest and hard-working parents whose influence on them during the short time that their daily labor permits them to be together is all that need be asked. But these children, from force of circumstances, have to play side by side with children low in mind and expression, unwashed, whose home influences are of the worst, and who drink, smoke, chew, swear, or steal, when they are not in the gallery of some cheap theatre, in one of the many small gambling-dens in the rear of an innocent-looking candy or grocery store, or "scrapping" in some dark corner far enough removed from the glare of the saloons to render their movements indistinct. All about, too, are groups of older boys just approaching manhood, or its age, loafing about the corners, going in and out of the pool-rooms, telling low stories, and making careless remarks to the women who pass by; while the not unusual spectacle of the men, and sometimes women, rolling home from the grog-shops, completes a picture which makes it patent that if these boys are to have a fair chance to develop good, wholesome characters, some other alternative must be offered to them for the passing of their evenings.

Something must be provided which will attract them from the dirt and crime of the streets to places where they will, instead, be surrounded by simple cleanliness and good breeding; where a cordial welcome will take the place of the rough greetings of their street companions, and where they will have every opportunity to pass an evening of innocent enjoyment, restrained only by having to consider the comfort and pleasure of the other boys about them.

It is from force of circumstances that many a small boy has found himself in court on a charge of theft, unmanageable conduct, or vagrancy—the three great heads under which our juvenile delinquents are arraigned! Many a boy has been taught to steal by an older companion of the streets, who draws a wily picture of how easy it will be for him to tap a till or snatch from the front of a store the coat or pair of shoes he can exchange at the pawnshop for the pennies he gets so few of at home; who shares the pennies, if the plan prove a success, and who leaves him to his fate if he is caught. Many a boy has become unmanageable at home because he has had so little home influence, and because on the street he has been continually surrounded by boys whose disregard for home restraint, and contempt for those who are bound by it, are very infectious when no one is by to say a word on the other side. Many a boy has been found sleeping in a box or a wagon because he has been beguiled by flaring advertisements to go with "the rest of the fellers" into the top gallery of a cheap theatre, and has emerged again, after having had his curiosity improperly satisfied, at so late an hour that he honestly feared to go to the home he ought to have gone to two or three hours earlier, and face his angry father—and in each case the trouble has been brought about by the influences of the street, with no one by to counteract them or to offer any proper alternative in place of their attractions.

Dirt and crime go hand in hand; and if you can teach a boy that cleanliness of body and courtesy of manner are preferable to unwashed hands and surliness of speech, you will have helped him forward further than you know on his road to respectable manhood.

It was in the fall of 1878 that the small boys about Tompkins Square, having exhausted the ordinary methods of street enjoyment, began to amuse themselves by throwing stones through the windows of the Wilson Mission at No. 125 St. Mark's Place, and by jeering at the various people connected with it as they passed in and out of the building. These customs proving in time both expensive and annoying to the ladies and gentlemen connected with the mission, and complaints to the

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Police Department only resulting in a temporary cessation of hostilities whenever the lynx-eyed policeman on the beat appeared, and as long as he remained in sight, one of the ladies determined to try the soothing effects of coals of fire, poured metaphorically upon the heads of the offending boys. So one evening she answered an especially irritating volley of stones by appearing on the door-steps, and taking advantage of a momentary lull in the cat-calls which her appearance had excited, asked the boys if they would not come in and have some coffee and cakes. Visions of "cops" with big clubs behind the door naturally occurred to the minds of the prospective guests; but when a few of the more venturesome had sidled in, and no attacks, apparently, had been made on them, the others took courage and followed them, to find themselves quietly welcomed to the simple repast which the lady had plenteously provided as the most practical form in which to administer her coals of fire. Everyone had as much as he wanted, no reference was made to the cause of the broken glass, and each boy was treated with a kindness and courtesy quite unexpected, in view of the fact that within a few moments he had been engaged in smashing his hostess's windows. When the supper had all been absorbed, the boys were sent forth with a pleasant good-night to ruminate on their evening's experiences, and to decide which part of the evening had been the more enjoyable—defacing the exterior of the mission building, or being treated with kindness and courtesy within its walls; and their decision soon became apparent, for not only did the annoyances cease, but the boys were soon back again, not for coffee and cakes, but to ask if they could not come in and play games—though there was little in the room but an atmosphere of kindness and good-breeding.

Then more boys came and were welcomed, interested friends sent down chairs and tables and games, a board of managers was instituted, and so the first boys' club was started on the broad principle which should underlie them all, of hearty welcome for any boy, whatever his condition or belief, who prefers an evening of innocent enjoyment in a place where he must show respect and courtesy to all about him, to the thoughtlessness and hidden dangers of an evening in the street.

It makes no difference what a boy's religion is—or if he has any! That is a question which should never come up in a club drawn from all classes in a crowded district, where all beliefs and no beliefs are all about one. Make rules for the government of the clubs that will teach boys rather to be good citizens; that will teach them they have duties not only to themselves but to others; that will teach them to stick to their own ideas and yet to respect the ideas of other people, and to feel that they have not done their part if they have failed to show consideration and courtesy to everyone with whom they are brought in contact—be he millionaire or be he newsboy! This is Christian love and sympathy in its most practical sense; and its teaching does not breed dissension.

The Boys' Club is now in its thirteenth year of work, and an average attendance of over two hundred and fifty boys a night was the result of the season's first three months.

When boys first come to the club the dirt of the street has often rendered them quite unprepared to handle a book or a game without seriously damaging its condition; but the desire to join the other boys soon leads them to retire to the neat wash-room adjoining the club-room and to submit to the temporary discomfort of washing their hands; and after a short time they begin to prefer a condition of mild cleanliness, and either come with clean hands to the club, or retire at once to the wash-room on their arrival, without waiting for the superintendent's hint to do so.

Occasionally, too, you find a small boy who has been beaten at checkers or parchesi, and who has been asked by his victorious opponent if he can play any other game better, replying to the query by "batting" the other small boy over the head; but the assault is usually committed with as much self-restraint as is possible under the circumstances, and with a feeling of considerable regret on the part of the assailant that he is forced

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to avenge the insult within the walls of the Boys' Club.

A nicer, brighter lot of boys you will not find anywhere than you can see there of an evening. Their clothes are not made at Poole's, nor is their linen of the finest, when they substitute it for the cotton or flannel shirts in which they look so much more picturesque; but their bright smiles and cheery greetings show that their hearts are in the right place, and that the influences of the Boys' Club have not been exerted in vain.

There are classes in singing, writing, and book-keeping for those who care to avail of them. A class in modelling a year or two ago developed a latent genius who is now working at a good salary in an art museum, and has almost enough laid aside to go abroad and pursue his studies. There is a separate meeting-room for the older boys whose records at the club entitle them to use it; and a penny savings-bank is in active and successful operation. But the main object of the club has always been simply to provide quiet and innocent amusement sufficiently attractive to draw the boys away from the danger of the streets, and to put into their lives the softening influences they are not apt to find elsewhere.

Those who knew Tompkins Square before the club was started have only to walk through it now to see at once the different character of the boys there; and those who did not know it before need only talk with the neighbors and the policemen on duty near by, to convince themselves of the splendid work it has accomplished.

The Avenue C Working Boys' Club, at No. 650 East Fourteenth Street, was started in 1884, under the name of the St. George's Boys' Club, and in its first two years of existence occupied the basement of the building No. 207 East Sixteenth Street, which was then pulled down to make room for the St. George's Memorial House that now stands upon the same site when the club moved to No. 237 East Twenty-first Street, still retaining the old name, though at that time it had no real connection with St. George's Church. This new house was of four stories, of which the basement was given to the janitor and his family, the parlor floor and the second story were devoted to club purposes, and the upper floor was rented to unhappy tenants.

At first the club was conducted on the principle of the Boys' Club of St. Mark's Place, and aimed only to offer counter-attractions to those of the street; but the signal success of a class in type-setting, which had been started as an experiment, so impressed the managers that they decided to concentrate their energies on the teaching of trades; and a kindly offer being made to them by the Avenue C Industrial Schools of the use of a beautifully appointed little carpenter shop, with benches and tools complete, in the new building at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Avenue C, they decided to leave the house in Twenty-first Street, after two very successful seasons, and moved to their present quarters, where classes are now held in carpentering and type-setting. There are fifty boys in the classes, each of whom receives two lessons a week in either one of these trades, from skilled and practical instructors.

The carpenter's shop is beautifully appointed, there being six benches, each one large enough to accommodate two boys; each boy has his kit of tools, as good in every respect as those used by regular carpenters; and the chairs and tables and book-cases they turn out, not to speak of brackets and smaller articles of furniture and decoration, many a man might well feel proud of having made.

The printing class is also in a flourishing condition, the boys having so far mastered the intricacies of setting and distributing type that they have lately begun to take in job printing, with most creditable results; and it is purposed a little later to publish a small paper, to appear monthly, an experiment which had been instituted with success in the old Twenty-first Street house, but which had been discontinued on moving to the present quarters on account of so many of the boys being new to the work.

A number of the boys in the classes have regular work at these same trades in the daytime, and the instruction in

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the club has led, in many cases, to a decided increase in their weekly salaries. One of the managers takes charge of the savings of such boys as desire it, and, when they have enough, helps them to open accounts in a savings-bank; and some of the boys who have started in this way, now have two or three hundred dollars to their credit. There is always a list of boys waiting to get into the classes, and if a boy fails to attend regularly, or to do his best work, his place is filled by someone who will appreciate the advantages more; but these cases do not often occur. The boys like the classes too well to want to leave them. Medals are given at the end of each year to the boys who have done the best work in the classes; and on some holiday in the spring, usually on Decoration Day, the managers take the boys for an excursion to the country, the pleasure of which lasts in remembrance far into the winter.

On one of these excursions to Scarsdale, one of the oldest boys in the party, and one of the best workers in his class, appeared to be especially happy, and finally confided to one of the managers that he never had seen a real green field before, excepting in the Park, his experience having been confined to the vacant lots in the city, filled with stones and broken bottles, in which the boys played ball; and the idea of a natural field of green grass in which he could disport at pleasure with no sparrow policeman to chase him off, was an entirely new sensation. This was a boy nearly sixteen years old.

On another occasion when the boys of the old club were being taken in a special car to Rockaway, the candy and pop-corn boy on the train, under the impression that it was a demure Sunday-school picnic, entered, as usual, and tossed his packages right and left with that amiable lack of care so familiar to travellers on the suburban railways, and with every expectation of reaping a rich harvest. After allowing the usual two or three minutes for reflection he again entered the car, to find every candy-box empty on the floor, and their contents being rapidly consumed by the boys, who proceeded at once to mob him when he attempted to collect the value of his indigestible confections. It was with difficulty that he was rescued, and with more difficulty that a small collection from the managers restored his equanimity, and consoled him for his broken hat and the total loss of his dignity.

Another of the excursions was by water to Staten Island, to see "Buffalo Bill," on a large excursion boat carrying several hundred passengers, the captain entering thoroughly into the spirit of the occasion, and taking a sort of parental interest in the boys, who were all gathered together in the bow of the boat, as quiet as lambs.

When the show was over and the excursionists began to return, the captain stood on the gang-plank, complacently patting his waistcoat, and wanting to know if "our boys" were all right, and not wanting to start quite on time for fear that some of them would be left behind—which it afterward turned out was the case with two or three. By the time this was discovered however it was no longer a source of regret to the captain, for the boys (who had become somewhat excited by two hours of guns and bucking-horses and Comanche Indians, and who were standing around the brass band that was playing on the deck) were somewhat more restless than they had been on the trip down; and one of them attempted to relieve his pent-up emotions by sticking a button into the big trombone, with the effect of nearly strangling the stout gentleman who was playing on it. The infuriated musician made a wild dive for the boy, who proceeded to defend himself with a chair, and in a moment there was as pretty a riot as one would care to see all over the forward deck—chairs flying, the bandmen swearing, and the boys yelling like steam-whistles. When quiet finally was restored by the extraction of the button from the trombone, and the relegation of the boys to the after-deck, the captain, whose ideas had undergone a sudden change, and who had become very red in the face, remarked that he "wouldn't take those d——d boys down to Staten Island again for ten dollars a head."

The question often is asked as to which kind of club is the more desir-

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able—one in which trades are taught, or one in which the boys are simply entertained; but they are so different in character that a fair comparison would be as difficult as it would be unnecessary. There is no doubt that the teaching of trades is of great importance, and that the work done by a club of that character meets a very important need; but, on the other hand, it is the boys who do not care to work who are much more apt to get into mischief at night on the street, and clubs devoted to drawing them in and providing them with innocent amusements fill a different need, but hardly a less important one.

The Boys' Club of Calvary Parish, at No. 344 East Twenty-third Street, was started about two years ago, shortly after the present Avenue C Working Boys' Club left that district; and it has met with great success, many of the boys of the old club, and no end of others, having enjoyed its privileges. In addition to a room for books and games, they have a second room fitted up as a gymnasium with trapezes, horizontal and parallel bars, and other gymnastic appliances, and the evening is usually divided between the two, the first half being devoted to the reading-room and the second half to the gymnasium, the boys forming in line at a given signal and being admitted one by one to the gymnasium on showing their tickets. Then the rest of the evening is given up to exercise of all kinds, some going in for using the apparatus, and others preferring boxing, single stick, or wrestling, for which the gloves, sticks, and mattresses are provided, if the superintendent has time to oversee the exercise and keep it within proper bounds. Good-nature is the one thing insisted on, and many a boy receives there a valuable lesson in self-control, in connection with a mildly bruised nose.

They also have a small printing class, and it is purposed to issue periodically a small paper devoted to the interests of boys' clubs in general, which, if persisted in, will do much good to the cause.

I have devoted considerable space to these three clubs from their being the oldest and most complete of their respective classes; but other clubs that are doing splendid work are the Free Reading-Room for Boys, at No. 8 West Fourteenth Street, formerly at 18 West Seventeenth Street, which was founded in 1883, and at which the total attendance during the last eight years has reached the enormous number of 200,532 boys; the Manor Chapel Boys' Club, at No. 348 West Twenty-sixth Street, which has an average attendance of about fifty boys a night, and would have as many more if its rooms were larger; the Boys' Club of St. George's Church, at the St. George's Memorial House in East Sixteenth Street near Third Avenue, a flourishing organization with about three hundred members, open every night, but so arranged that different boys come on each evening, excepting on Wednesdays, when they all come together; the North Side Boys' Club, at No. 149 Bleecker Street, which was opened this year, and which had an average of over one hundred boys a night in its second week; the West Side Working Boys' Club, at No. 794 Tenth Avenue, formerly in West Forty-Seventh Street; the Boys' Club of the Neighborhood Guild, at No. 146 Forsyth Street; and the Boys' Club of Grace Mission, at No. 540 East Thirteenth Street, which also has been started this year, and with which the Wayside Boys' Club, formerly in East Twentieth Street, and later at the Bible House, has been consolidated.

This consolidation, however, was not accomplished without some friction, as the following pathetic little letter, which is before me as I write, and which was received about a week after the new club had opened, by the former president of the Wayside Boys' Club, will show. It is given without change of any kind excepting the omission of the signers' names and the name of the lady to whom it is addressed:

"NEW YORK, Dec. 15, 1890.

"DEAR MRS. ———:

"Would you please come and see to our Wayside Boys' Club; that the first time it was open it was very nice, and after that near every boy in that neighborhood came walking in. And if you would be so kind to come and put them out it would be a great pleasure to us.

"Mrs. ———, the club is not nice any

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more, and when we want to go home, the boys would wait for us outside, and hit you.

"Mrs. ———, since them boys are in the club we don't have any games to play with, and if we do play with the games, they come over to us and take it off us.

"And by so doing please oblige,

———, *President*,
———, *Vice President*,
———, *Treasurer*,
———, *Secretary*,
———, *Floor Manager*.

"Please excuse the writing. I was in haste.

"———, *Treasurer*."

It is needless to state that the interests of the little fellows—for none of the signers are more than twelve years old, and most of them younger—were protected, and that the club is now running to the satisfaction of all.

All these clubs are open every night excepting in summer, and gladly receive as members any boys who are willing to conduct themselves properly while in the club-rooms—the only limit being space.

In addition there are the Covenant Chapel Boys' Club, at No. 310 East Forty-second Street; the Boys' Club of Bethany Church, on Tenth Avenue, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Streets; and the Boys' Club of Christ Chapel, on West Sixty-sixth Street, near Tenth Avenue—each open two or three evenings in the week.

The membership of these clubs is largely composed of boys connected with the Sunday-schools of these churches—although, occasionally, some of the boys' friends are admitted also.

In summer, from June to October, all the clubs are closed, for no one wants to stay indoors during the hot weather, and the boys naturally seek the open air; but the streets then are much less dangerous, both on account of darkness coming on so much later than in winter, and because hundreds of respectable people, who in winter stay in their rooms, sit, in summer, out in front of their houses, and thus render questionable practices in the streets much less easy.

All the clubs have libraries, more or less good; some of them let the boys take books home, when they have shown themselves, by good behavior, to be worthy of confidence; many of them have a class in something, to interest the boys who care to work; several have penny savings-banks; all of them have games, excepting the Avenue C Working Boys' Club, which admits only the boys who come to attend the trade classes; a number have debating societies, in which weighty matters of world-wide interest are discussed and dismissed with a rapidity which would greatly expedite our national legislation if the system could be successfully introduced at Washington, two or three of them give their members an excursion in summer; and they all give the boys periodical entertainments, some as often as once a week, and others once a month or at longer intervals.

An entertainment is the boys' greatest delight, especially when it is accompanied by ice-cream, some of which a number always wrap up in paper—or stick a piece into their pockets without any wrapper—to take to the little brother or sister at home. I only remember one boy who ever refused ice-cream at an entertainment, and he apologized by explaining that he had had the colic all day, and his mother had told him "she'd lick him if he took any."

They like anything in the form of an entertainment—magic-lantern, stereopticon lecture, banjo-playing, ventriloquism, legerdemain, any kind of instrumental music that is not too classical, heroic or humorous recitations, and especially comic or sentimental songs in which they can join in the chorus. You have never heard "Annie Rooney" or "McGinty" sung unless you have heard it sung at a boys' club; nor have you ever heard "America" sung as they can sing it. Thanks to the public schools, they know nearly all the more familiar national and patriotic songs, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," "The Red, White, and Blue," "Marching thro' Georgia," "Hail, Columbia," and "The Star-Spangled Banner;" and the life and earnestness they put into the singing of them cannot but impress anyone who hears it with

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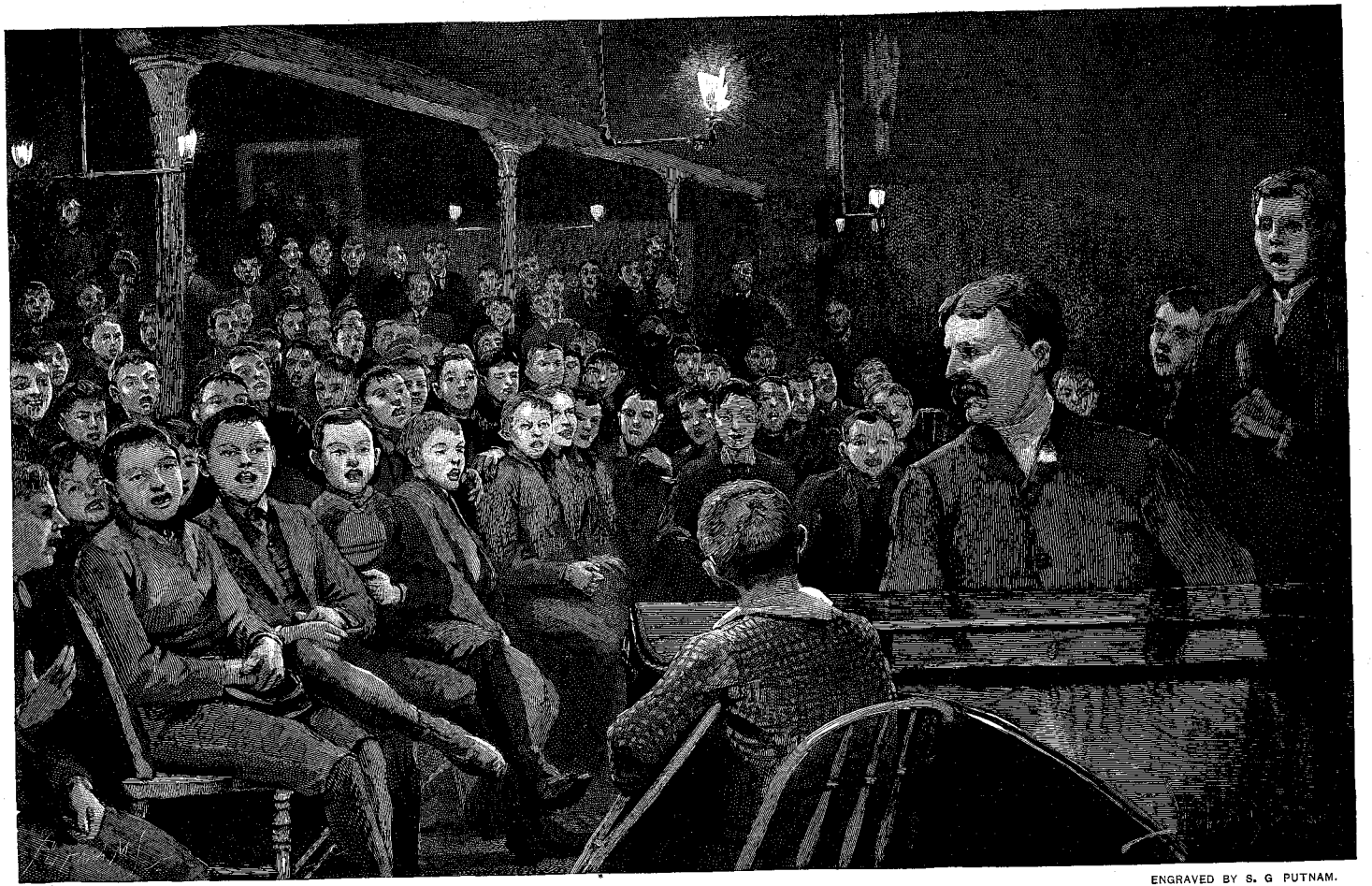

DRAWN BY HERBERT DENMAN.

"Annie Rooney"—at a Boys' Club.

ENGRAVED BY S. G PUTNAM.

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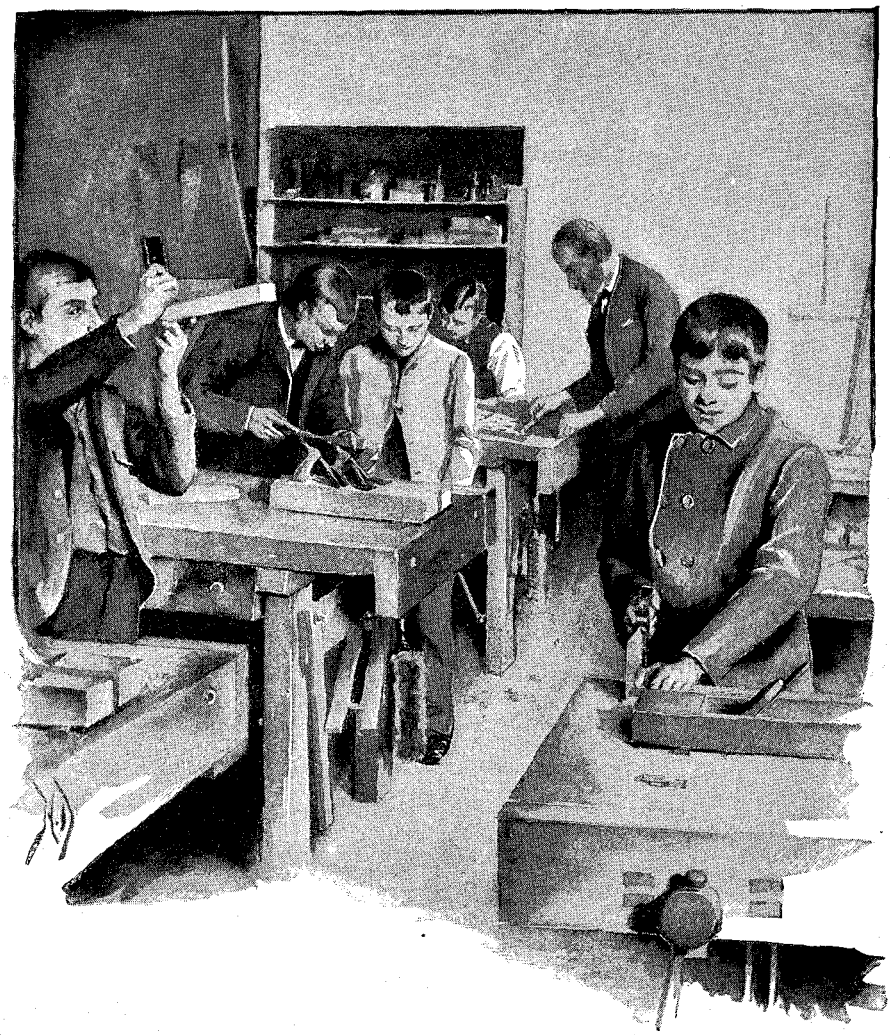

The Carpenters' Shop—Avenue C Working Boys' Club.

the importance of surrounding them, so far as it can be done, with influences which will tend to turn their enthusiasm into the right channels and which will prevent their becoming the foes to society which the roughness of street life is so apt to produce when they have not had a fair chance to see the gentler side of life.

Sometimes they parody the sentimental songs very amusingly. One of the popular favorites not long ago was a song with a very taking air, called "Don't Leave your Mother, Tom," of which the words of the chorus ran as follows:

"Stick to your mother, Tom, when I am gone!
Don't let her worry, lad; don't let her mourn.
Remember that she nursed you when I was far away;
Stick to your mother when her hair turns gray."

One night there seemed to be a certain disparity in the rhyming of the chorus, and the gentleman who was playing on the piano soon became aware that the boys were singing a different version of it from the ordinary, which, on persistent investigation, he discovered to be

"Stick to your mother, Tom, while she has wealth,
Don't do a stroke of work; its bad for the health;

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Be a corner loafer—roam around all day,
And hit her with a shovel when her hair turns gray."

The boys are usually in fine form at an entertainment, especially an entertainment given by themselves, when solos on the harmonicon, piccolo, and clappers are interspersed with clog-dances, vocal solos, and recitations; and they guy each other unmercifully, though not more so than I have heard them guy other people who have come down to entertain clubs that are just starting.

I once heard a boys' club audience, which was being entertained by a lady playing on the banjo, take advantage of the fact that her dress did not quite reach to the ground to comment audibly upon the color of her stockings; and not long ago I heard a dignified missionary, who had been describing the spread of the Gospel in the Far East, and who proposed to illustrate Eastern customs by displaying some native costumes he had brought with him, instantly cautioned by one of the boys "to keep his shirt on."

Not many weeks back a distinguished financier in this city became possessed of a large magic lantern, with which on festive occasions he was wont to entertain the admiring children of his family; and after considerable difficulty he was induced one day by one of his daughters, who had become interested in a boys' club, to display it before the club's members.

The show was progressing famously, and the daughter was beaming with pride, when one of the boys suddenly beckoned to her, and pointing to the distinguished financier remarked:

"What der yer call dat bloke?"

"Whom do you mean?" asked the proud daughter, in a tone of much surprise, being quite unaccustomed to hearing the distinguished financier described as a "bloke."

"I mean dat bloke over dere, settin' off dem picturs!" replied the boy.

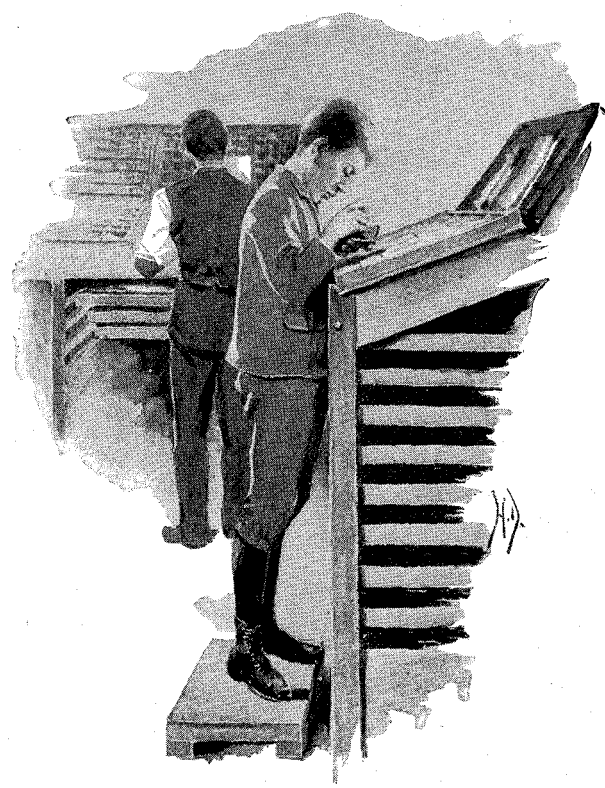
"What do you desire to know about him?" inquired the proud daughter, with freezing dignity.

"I want ter know what yer call one of them fellers dat sets off picturs?" persisted the boy.

"That gentleman," said the proud daughter, in her most impressive tone, "is my father."

"Well!" said the boy, surveying her with supreme contempt, "don't yer know yer own father's trade?"

At an entertainment recently given at the Boys' Club of St. Mark's Place, one of the managers discovered, when he came to go home, that his overcoat had been taken from the nail on which it had been hung. The boys had all gone, and there was no possible way of discovering the culprit, so the gentleman went home without his coat, and had gotten



Type-setting at the Avenue C Working Boys' Club.

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over his temporary annoyance and dismissed the matter from his mind when, one day, most unexpectedly, the overcoat was left at his house, accompanied by a communication signed by more than two hundred boys of the club, who, at the instance of the superintendent, had quietly taken the matter in charge, had traced the coat to a pawnshop where the thief had left it, and had taken up a collection among themselves to get it out of pawn and restore it to the owner, that the dignity and self-respect of the club members might be restored.

The gentleman lent me the communication, which also is before me as I write, and which reads as follows, again the only change being the omission of the names:

"January 15, 1891.

"DEAR SIR:

"We, the undersigned members of the Boys' Club, have taken the matter regarding the overcoat which was taken from the club-rooms the night of the entertainment, into consideration, and regret to say that it makes a man of your rank feel very uncomfortable to have anything like that occur to him. We beg to state that one of the members of the club has succeeded in getting the pawn-ticket for same. This is the first time that anything of the kind has occurred in these rooms, and it was through the utmost work of Mr. Rivolta (the superintendent) that we succeeded in restoring the overcoat back to you.

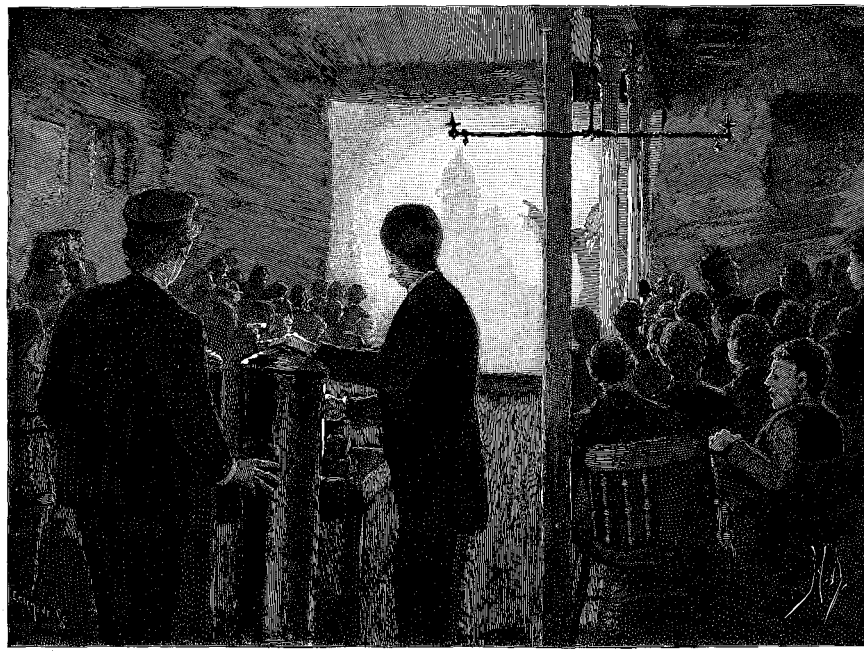
"Trusting that anything of the sort will not occur again, we are,

"Very truly yours,"

and then follow two hundred and twenty-two signatures.

Could anyone ask a more striking example of the civilizing and elevating effects of boys' clubs on the characters of the little chaps who enjoy their privileges than is afforded by this letter!

The coat was gone, there was no way of getting it back, and the name of the thief was not known; yet the boys could not stand the idea that anyone who had been kind to them had been shabbily treated, or that a stain should rest upon the reputation of their club; and they left no stone unturned until their own exertions and pockets had made the



A Stereopticon Lecture—the Boys' Club of the Wilson Mission.

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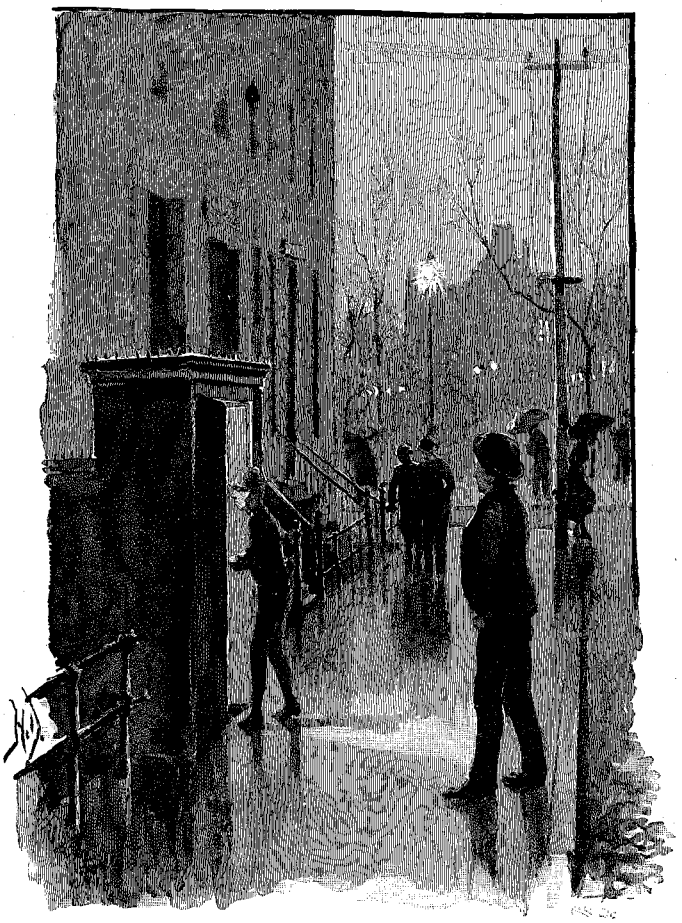
wrong good and thus their self-respect had been restored.

The influences brought to bear upon the boys often are not merely temporary ones. Many of the managers become so interested in certain boys that the friendship is a lasting one; and long after the boys have outgrown the clubs they come to see the managers or correspond with them, so that the active influence on their characters is often kept up until long after the age of young manhood has been passed. Several young men's clubs have been voluntarily formed, based on the broad principles of temperance and respectability, by boys who had become too old for the boys' clubs, but who were not willing to give up the quiet evenings of which they had become so fond; and many of the assistants in the clubs to-day are boys who have graduated from them, and who often in their early days were among their most troublesome members.



Entrance to Boys' Club of the Wilson Mission, 125 St. Mark's Place.

Almost seven years ago there was a boy in one of the clubs in whom one of the managers took a great interest—though his natural wildness caused considerable anxiety at home—but who suddenly ceased to come to the club, and sent no word as to the cause of his sudden absence.

For several weeks the manager inquired for him and looked for him, but without success, until one day he heard from a companion that the boy had been committed to one of the public institutions for some especially un-

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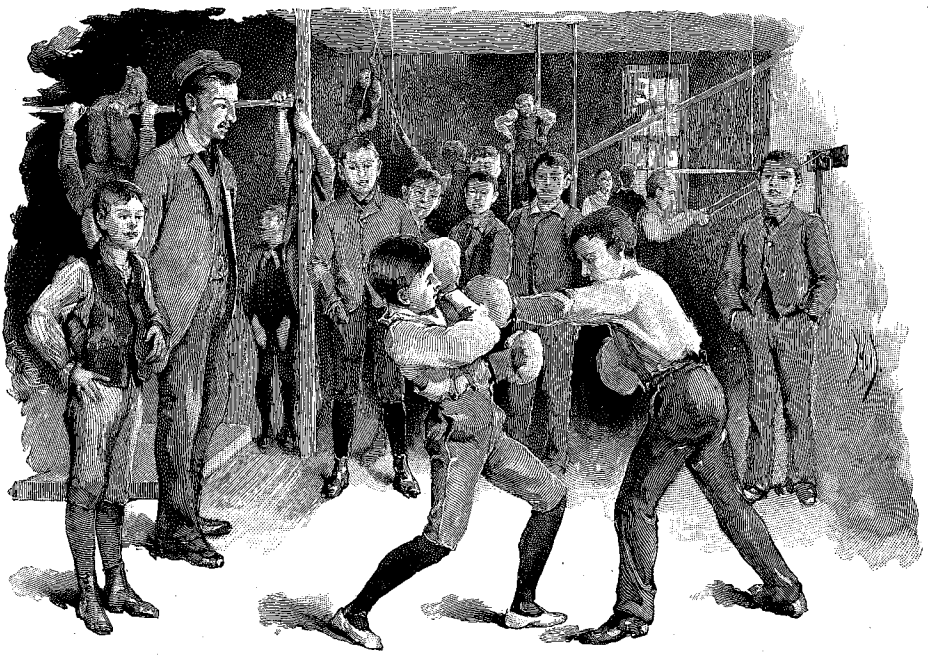
bridled demonstration of mischief, and was there serving out his term. The gentleman went to the institution and found the boy, who was delighted to see him, and who, after a time, confided to him the cause for which he had been sent there, which was of a much more serious nature than the gentleman had supposed. He talked to the boy, however, and wrote to him every little while, and though he continually got into harmless little scrapes, from his unbounded fund of animal spirits, still everything seemed to be going on most favorably until, on one of the gentleman's visits, he found the boy in a state of considerable excitement (produced by having been punished, as he thought, unfairly), and with all his plans made to run away from the institution.

He detailed these plans to the gentleman, who told him, of course, that he would consider the information confidential, and certainly would not make use of it to stop him if the boy persisted in his plan; that he advised him, however, very strongly not to do so, but to stay there, and so conduct himself as to leave behind him, when he should leave the institution, a record so clear that anyone who ever should want to consult it afterward could find nothing in it to his discredit.

In time the argument so impressed the boy that he determined to follow the advice, and from that time forward he became as earnest a worker in the school and in the shops as any boy in the institution, and finally ended his term and left there with the heartiest good wishes of everyone connected with it, all having a good word to say of him. Since leaving he has come constantly to the gentleman for advice and counsel, and now is settling down into a quiet, hard-working fellow, with every indication of becoming a comfort to his parents and a useful member of society.



A Good-natured Scrap—Boys' Club, Calvary Parish, in East Twenty-third Street.

About six months ago the same gentleman found, in another institution of the kind, a bright little fellow, who had been sent there by his parents more than two years before for being unmanageable at home; and whose record there, both in work and in conduct, had been of too low a grade for him to get his discharge, although apparently he really had no vicious traits. The gentle-

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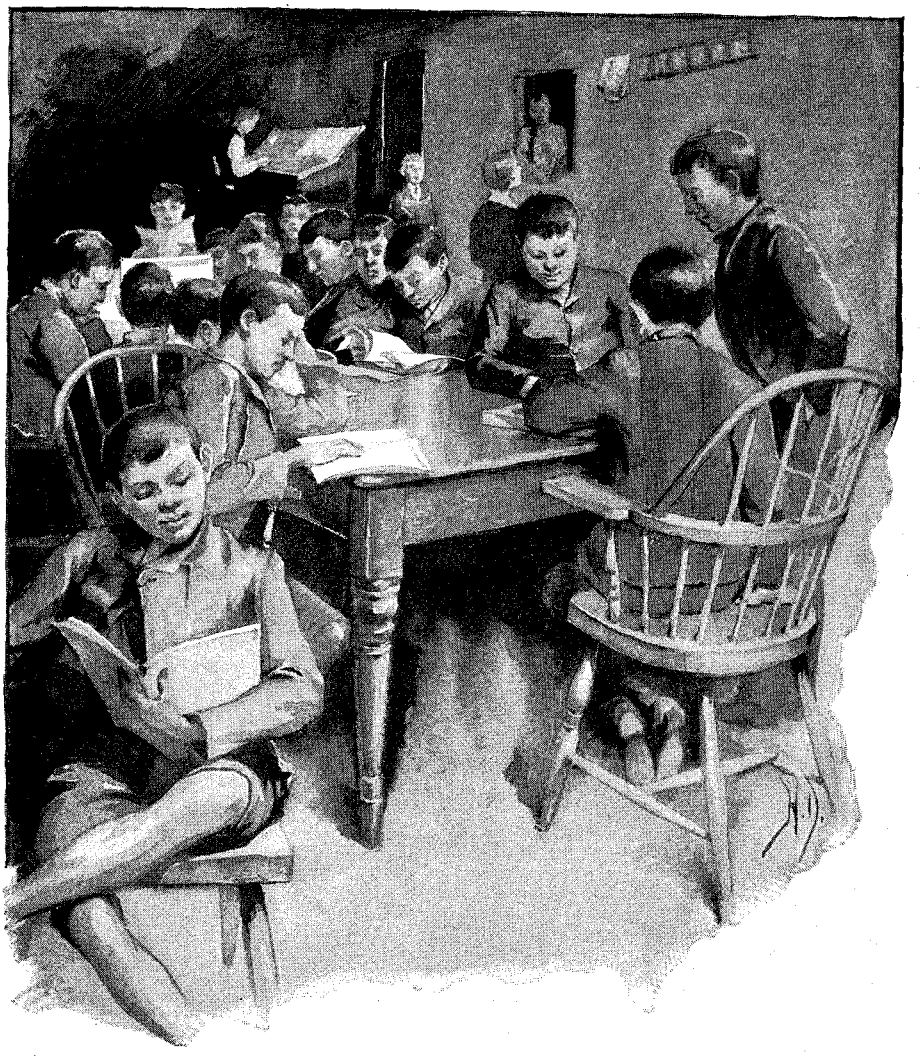
man took an interest in him, talked to him in a friendly way, and soon convinced him that it was a thing to be heartily ashamed of for a boy with his evident natural brightness to have so poor a record, as a result solely of his indifference.



A Boys' Club Reading Room.

Two or three times they talked together on the subject; and on coming for the fourth time the gentleman found the boy radiant at having attained the highest grade. For over five months he kept it, only losing it once for "slugging" a boy who had kicked him—an exhibition of spirit of which the gentleman heartily approved; and within a week of this writing, the boy has received his honorable discharge from the institution, and has gone home to help his father at a trade, with a record of excellence behind him that he never would have attained had not his ambition been stirred by the evidence of friendly sympathy and the encouragement of feeling that some one else really cared whether or not he did himself and his abilities full justice — an impulse which the boys' clubs are giving to-

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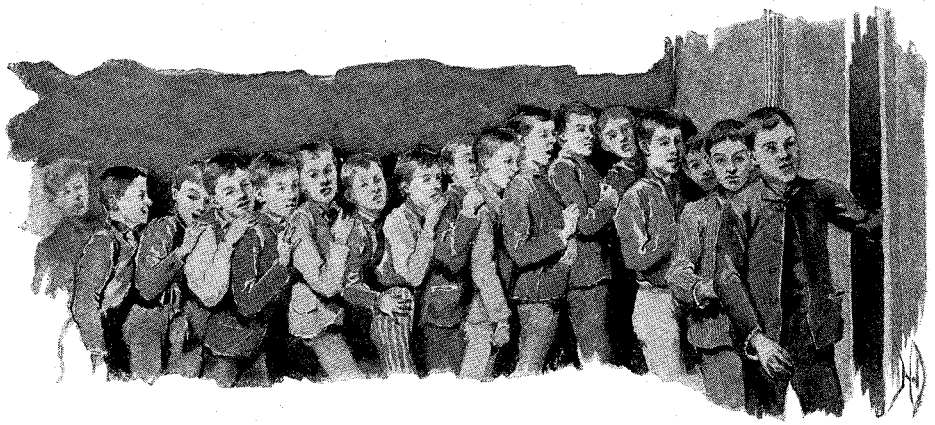
day to hundreds of boys just like him. There is no doubt that they have been a most powerful factor in the encouraging decrease in juvenile delinquency during the last few years; and the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, in his last annual report, expresses the hope that soon there may be a free club for boys in every ward of the city.

Every club has had trouble when it started; furniture has been upset, windows have been broken, and the managers have been assaulted with potatoes and onions and mud; but there is not one which has not the most satisfactory results to tell of as soon as it has become known that the managers had come there with no intention of patronizing the boys, but with every intention of being their friends. The boys will not stand patronage—and the more credit to them for it—but they quickly find out whether a man is really in sympathy with them or not.

Don't go in for boys' club work unless you can feel a genuine personal interest in the boys themselves; don't go in for it if occasional dirty hands and faces will hopelessly offend your taste; don't go in for it if ragged clothes and tattered shirts will antagonize you, for all these will continually confront you; but if you care enough for boys to look below the surface, you will find under those little breasts hearts as true and affections as deep as you will ever meet with anywhere, ready to be influenced by an interest they feel to be sincere, and eager to respond to the love and sympathy of which they get so little elsewhere, and which will do more than anything else ever can to counteract the dangerous influences of the streets, and make them honest, true, and law-abiding citizens.



Lining Up to go into Gymnasium.

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GERMAN SKETCHES.

By Bliss Perry.

THE CZAR'S DIAMOND.

IN the heart of Old Berlin, hid away behind the Börse, there stood until very lately a tiny Gothic church. It was so small, and the street upon which it faced was so insignificant, that one might live in Berlin all his life and never hear of it. It was very old, much the oldest church in the city, though no one knew exactly the time when its stout walls and quaint, pointed arches had been raised. Yet this spot, at least, had once been occupied by the chapel of a hospital built for the crusaders, who brought back from the Holy Land the pestilence and leprosy. Records of the thirteenth century tell of this, and all through the Middle Ages the hospital and its chapel stood there, the latter always bearing the same name, the Church of the Holy Ghost. A hundred years ago three aged lindens were still to be seen in front of it; and the tradition was that these had been planted twigs downward by three falsely accused persons, who proved, through the miraculous growth, to the satisfaction of mediæval law, that they were guiltless before God. Here the orphans of the city used to come for worship, after there were no more crusaders; and in the eighteenth century, when a powder explosion had shattered the great garrison church near by, the soldiers of the father of the great Frederick were marched in here on Sunday mornings to listen to the reformed faith. Some old people now living can remember when a congregation of converted Jews used to gather in the chapel; after the Hebrews came an organization of Reformed Catholics; and thirty years ago there were special services here for *droschke* drivers. The old walls, therefore, have harbored strange assemblies, first and last, though in the latter years there has been hardly any congregation at all. Precisely at noon, each Sunday, the sexton carried out two little standards and placed them on the pavement in front of the chapel, for a sign that wagons must go through a neighboring street and make the spot even quieter; and then a few persons, never more than twenty or thirty, most of them old people who lived near by, came in to the service. There was a little organ in the gallery, and two or three students of theology usually attended in order to help along the feeble singing. But the Lutheran pastor preached with strange earnestness, and it may be that there was just as sincere worship in the chapel as there was in the crowded Dom, not far distant upon the opposite side of the Spree.

Nevertheless, the time came at last for the abandonment of the old building, and the removal of the congregation to a brand-new chapel. One bright March midday the closing service was held, and the good pastor's voice trembled somewhat as he preached from the text: "Except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." His auditors were more numerous than usual, and among them were an elderly man and a

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little girl, who for months past could have been seen every Sunday upon a front seat in the queer old gallery. The pastor had inquired once of the sexton who these persons were, but all the sexton could ascertain was that the man's name was Engel, and that the yellow-haired girl was a daughter of Engel's landlady. Herr Engel always watched the preacher with grave attention. He wore usually a skull-cap, he had a square, immobile face, smoothly shaven, his figure was rather short and heavy, and he was forced to climb slowly up and down the gallery stairs, seeming to like to hold the girl's hand as he did so. To see him upon this March day, one would have guessed that the elderly churchgoer was a retired artisan or man of some petty business, ending his days in peace, and preparing his soul for the close by listening to the serious words of the thin-faced pastor. The guess would have been partly right. Herr Engel was ending his days, and he came to the Chapel of the Holy Ghost to seek his soul's good; but behind his tranquil face there was a mind tortured by memory, a will wrestling ever, and ever overcome and growing weaker; for the man was not what he seemed to be. He was an Englishman and a thief.

In the spring of 1854 a clever theft of imperial diamonds at St. Petersburg was for a day or two the theme of comment in the European press. The outbreak of war in the Crimea had thrown the Czar's palace into momentary confusion, and the robbery was so skilfully executed that only the merest accident gave the clue by which the thieves were caught. All the jewels were recovered except one, a stone of high value. The criminals were promptly dealt with, and though the police never found what was done with the missing diamond, yet what mattered a single stone, worth six thousand rubles though it were, in that battle summer? When those members of the small English colony who wished to leave the city were allowed to do so, no one thought of searching Richard Angell, an ingenious locksmith of thirty, who had gained high wages in Russia, but whose highest wage of all was the diamond conveyed to him for his secret share in the robbery at the palace. He brought this diamond with him to Berlin, he had kept it for more than thirty years, and it gleamed now with an evil light in his memory, as he sat in the Chapel of the Holy Ghost and sought in vain to find his peace with God.

To think that one thing will spoil a man's life! All he had done was to make some duplicate keys. The other thieves had been honest with him and had given him what they promised: this one stone. At first, after coming to Berlin and securing work at his trade, he did not dare to sell the jewel, for the risk would have been too great. He used, nevertheless, to speculate about the price and to plan what he would do with the money. The diamond ought to be precious, he thought to himself, with a kind of humor, for he had bought it with his honesty. Little by little he shrank from the idea of selling it, at least for the present. Often he took it at night from its hiding-place, and for hours watched how the candle flame was flashed back from its facets, how the stone grew luminous within, shining now white and cold like snow, then warm as Crimean sunlight. This Russian diamond seemed a live thing, and fascinated him. The months went by and then the years, before he knew it; the diamond became a part of his life, and he grew to love it as other men love women. He used to laugh at himself sometimes, and wonder what would come of it all. It was absurd enough: a young fellow, all alone in the world, with no one dependent upon him—he might travel and see Europe, he might do so many things with the price of that stone—and yet here he filed away in the German workshop, amused himself at night by looking at his big diamond, and did not even care to see England again! But so he went on years and years. The steady, silent workman felt a gulf opening between himself and other men; he had something that was all his own. The Engels were a lonely folk, his grandmother had once told him, and did not need other people so much as most. It did not occur to him particularly that he wanted friends. He was on good terms enough with his fellow-workmen, to be sure, and every Thursday night for a long time had his

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regular seat at a *Stammtisch* with them, in a quiet little place in the Spandauer Strasse. But he never added much to the joviality of the company, and when, shortly after the Franco-Prussian war, the new Rathhaus was completed, and the other locksmiths decided to set up their *Stammtisch* in the huge, crowded Rathskeller, Engel slipped out of the circle, almost without their knowing he was gone. Occasionally he took a stroll with an acquaintance in the Thiergarten on a Sunday afternoon, but more commonly he went alone, sometimes walking as far as Charlottenburg, where he would hunt out a corner in some garden, under the horse-chestnut trees, and have a glass of Moabit beer with a bit of bread and cheese, before tramping back to his lodgings. He used to watch the Sunday crowds with some curiosity, but with no great interest. All those men and women had their own affairs; they did not care for him. Well, he did not care for them; he had his own affairs, too.

Gradually he came to wonder how he could ever have thought of selling the diamond. As well sell himself; nay, the stone was himself: had he not sold himself to gain it? There was a dreary sort of amusement in this thought of the identity of himself with the stone, when the idea first occurred to him, and it amused him twenty years. He smiled at it sometimes while working at his bench, and murmured something in English; then the other workmen would eye him and whisper among themselves. As he grew older he stooped more, got heavier in figure, and walked less on Sundays. He had always been a diligent hand at his trade, but at last he took so few holidays, and hammered away so taciturnly, that even those who had been on friendly terms with him were inclined to grow provoked at his lack of sociability, and to discover that he was queer. Richard Engel only dropped his head lower over his work and talked less than ever. But one day he felt a terrible pain at his heart, and went to see a doctor. The doctor examined him carefully.

"You are a locksmith, you say? You have been bending over your table too much. You should stop work, or if you will go on, it must be at your risk. Have you anything laid up, Herr Engel?" It was the most natural question in the world, but the patient's face paled with terror. If he had anything laid up! "No," he stammered, "not much."

For months he remained idle, and then for the first time his conscience gave him real uneasiness. He was not so very old; he had never thought much of how the matter might end; of course it was a sin, this queer adventure with a diamond, yet the thing seemed more strange than sinful. But that sudden pain in his chest woke him. Death, then, was waiting at the end of his experiment. He found that he had been playing a cunning secret game, with his soul for stake, and had all these years been losing. The months that he was out of the shop were a torture to him; he grew restless, nervous, imaginative. He thought of restitution, but when he drew the brilliant from its case to look at it, he learned how he had grown to love this stone that had mastered his life. He could not give it up. It was possible to sell it now, and to live the rest of his days upon the money, without risking again the terrible pain in his chest that came from the locksmith work, but he could not bring himself to the thought of parting with it. Sell that diamond? No! Nevertheless his conscience stung him so in these idle days of brooding that he went back to his old place. Here he found employment for his hands, but the sharp twitches in his chest kept warning him and turned his thoughts to death; death led him to the fear of judgment; this brought him back to the diamond, and the diamond to his spoiled life, and his life to the inevitable death; such was the inexorable circle in which Herr Engel's mind travelled, and his will had become too weak to break the circuit, and still one year after another slipped by.

It was of all this that he was thinking, on that sunny March noon, in the gallery of the chapel, while gazing vacantly at the pastor. Is it a good deal? A drowning man will think of all that in a single moment's time, and Herr Engel felt like a drowning man. It was the last service in the old chapel, and he felt that he would not attend one in the new. He had come here at first with Gretel, the

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ten-year-old daughter of his landlady, on the Mühlendamm, and had taken a fancy to the Chapel of the Holy Ghost. It reminded him of a country church in Kent where he had always gone in boyhood, and he fell into the habit of coming regularly, hoping, in a puzzled and indefinite sort of way, to find here some reconciliation; but he had found nothing; he was a thief, and he knew it; he could not part with the diamond, and he knew it; he dared not die and face God without making some reparation for his sin, and yet he could not even make up his mind to confess. Though he tried to listen now, he heard but little of the pastor's last sermon, and the little that he heard he could not understand. It was about children and the Kingdom of Heaven.

When the discourse was finished, and the clergyman had dismissed his people in peace, Engel felt as if the waters were closing above his head; but the blue eyes of the child with him seemed even happier than usual. She jumped upon the seat and helped him on with his overcoat, and then kept tight hold of his hand as they came down the narrow stairs. His heart had fluttered hard as he climbed up them, and he crept down slowly, fearfully. He found himself wondering as never before about the life of a child; it seemed such a strange thing. There was to him something pathetic about this German maiden's holding his hand; something incomprehensible in the fact that they two should be coming out of the chapel together. They stopped in the porch and Gretel spelled out once more the inscription upon a tablet that commemorated the repair of the chapel in 1597. Then they dropped some pfennigs into the battered tin box for the poor.

"We ought to give a great deal today, Herr Engel."

"Yes, Gretel," he answered, "for it is the last time."

"But next week we shall go to the new chapel; won't we? And perhaps there will be a new box."

"Perhaps," said Engel.

They turned down a narrow street and came out upon the bank of the Spree, along which lay their route homeward to the old house on the Mühlendamm. It was not a long distance, but they usually walked slowly, and Gretel found so much to amuse her on the way, and so many questions to ask, that the walk seemed quite an adventure in itself. There were never such gay throngs of people on this side of the Spree as on the other, where the museums and the palace were, and yet Engel and the child were always sure of seeing some smartly-attired young lieutenant stalking stiffly along the pavement, or a merry *droschke* load of corps-students in colored caps, or perhaps a stray peasant from the Spreewald, in his Sunday best. The child noticed everything; sometimes she would make Engel stop by the landing over the river to see the fishermen empty the living freight of their black boats into the great water-tubs sent from the fish-market to receive them; and she would clap her hands when a reluctant eel wound himself skilfully into the meshes of the landing-net and refused to be shaken into the tub, as if he had a premonition of his fate. But even when there was nothing to see upon the street, Gretel was still satisfied, for then she made Engel tell her stories. He told her all the fairy stories he ever had heard in his boyhood, though many of them she knew as well as he, only that they were changed a little. When he could remember no more, he began inventing, and this habit had grown upon him in the months immediately preceding that March day, until he found a certain pleasure in it. The girl always stood ready to help him if his wits gave out, and indeed they called it sometimes just making up stories together. But to-day, as they walked along, his mind was fixed elsewhere than upon her amusement.

"Tell me, Gretel," he said, absently, "could you understand the sermon?"

"Oh, yes! It was beautiful, but just once I was a bad girl; I did not listen. I was thinking of something else."

"You were?" he remarked.

"Yes, and you must guess what it was, and then I will tell you."

"But I am stupid, Gretel."

"Oh, then I will help you. It is small, and yellow. Can't you guess? And lives in a cage—of course you can guess now."

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"It is the canary bird you are going to have."

"Right! right!" she cried, gleefully. "You are not stupid at all, Herr Engel. But I would have told you, even if you hadn't guessed;" and Gretel added demurely, "So I was thinking of my canary bird, and forgot about part of the sermon."

"That was not nice," he ventured.

"Oh, there will be so many sermons more," she said, gayly. "But did not you understand it, Herr Engel?"

"No," answered Engel, bluntly. What was the harm in telling the truth to the child?

"Were you thinking of something, too?" she asked.

He was silent.

"Oh, you were, you were, Herr Engel. I will guess, and you must tell me, just as I did you."

"No! no!" he said, sharply, and his heart beat fast and gave him an exquisite pain. "I will tell you something else—I will tell you a story."

It was the readiest escape that occurred to him. She saw that his breath was hurried, and remembered that her mother had told her that Herr Engel must not walk rapidly.

"Let us stop a minute," she suggested, with a quaint air of motherliness, "we have been going so fast, Herr Engel."

They leaned on the iron railing which runs along the stone embankment of the Spree and looked down at the water. Several people were already at the railing near them, watching some of the white sea-birds that find their way up the Spree at the end of every winter, and that were fluttering in the March sunlight from one perch to another, now resting on a pole stuck in the river's bed, now on the fishermen's boats drawn up above the Friedrich bridge, now floating on the water itself—wild, free things, oddly out of place in the centre of the great city. Gretel was enchanted with them, and it was only after some minutes that she asked for the story.

"The story? Oh, yes, let me think," he replied.

He searched his brain, but there was only one story there, and that was his own. The girl had just confessed her little secret to him. They stood together by the water, she still holding his hand. He felt as he had never done before that he was on a level with someone. He was conscious of a sudden curiosity to know what the child would think of his secret. It had always seemed to him an unnatural thing to confess a crime to a friend, perhaps because he had had no friend to whom he could unbosom himself, and he had known, too, that to confess would be to lose the diamond; but now this curiosity gained hold upon him. A child was such a strange thing, and his life was such a strange thing; perhaps a child would understand it as well as he. But of course he would not really tell about himself; he would tell only a story; and this appeared to form itself without his will.

"Yes, Gretel, it is a story about—about one of those white sea-birds."

"Good! I have never heard that," she cried.

"No," he answered.

"Is it long?" she asked. "Because if it is, you can tell it after dinner."

"Yes, it is long," replied Engel. He wanted to say: "thirty years long." "No," he added quickly, "not so very long either." She looked puzzled.

"One of those white sea-birds," he went on. "No, that is not the way to begin. There was once a little girl, who saw one of those birds, and thought she would like to have it for her own. So she caught it."

"How?" asked Gretel.

"That—that is not in the story. But she caught it, and to keep it from flying away she tied it to her with a string, so that the bird flew over her head wherever she went. It was such a beautiful bird; only it was not good, and it used to peck at the little girl's fingers and eyes, and so made her trouble always after a while, oh, so much trouble!"

"Why didn't she let it go again?"

"Because she couldn't untie the string."

"That was funny," said Gretel. "But go on, Herr Engel; what did she do then?"

"She didn't do anything. What could she do? I said she couldn't untie the string. What could you do, Gretel,

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supposing it were you, or I; yes, suppose now it were I?"

The child laughed; it was an odd story. Then she had an idea, and cried triumphantly. "You could cut the string!"

"But I can't cut it!" he exclaimed, with inward agony.

"Why not?" she asked, disappointedly, her mind too full of the problem to notice anything peculiar in the wistful cunning with which he had substituted himself as the actor in the narrative.

"But I can't! I can't—nor you—suppose it were you—or the little girl."

Once more Gretel's blue eyes sparkled. "No, suppose it were you, Herr Engel. Do you know what we would do? I would take my scissors and cut it for you, so! snip!"

He looked down at his companion in wonder. Would she really? He forgot her ignorance and innocence, and that he was a man and she a child.

"But what became of the girl in the story?" she questioned.

"I don't know—yet," he replied. "Come, Gretel."

They went on again down the sunny street, which was filled with people enjoying a Sunday holiday. Rather a pleasant-looking pair of companions were these; the elderly, grave man, neatly dressed, stepping carefully, and by his side the decorous German maiden, in her pink hood, cheap cloak, and heavy shoes, with her long braid of yellow hair down her back, and the Lutheran hymn-book in her red-mittened hand. More than one person smiled benevolently at them, as they passed.

"But didn't anyone ever tell you the end of the story?" Gretel protested.

Engel did not hear her. "Suppose," he said, slowly, "it were a stone."

"Suppose what were a stone?"

"In the story," he answered. "Suppose it were not a bird at all, but just a stone. What could we do then—supposing it were I, and you? Tell me, Gretel, what could we do?"

She looked up in his face, a little frightened by the tone of his voice. "You are so funny to-day, Herr Engel." Yet he held her hand so closely that she was reassured, and she repeated, meditatively: "Suppose it were a stone—and it were you—and I; what could we do? Oh, we could do something, you and I, Herr Engel! Let us see." And she nodded wisely, amused at the novel idea.

But they had reached home: one of the huge old houses over the Spree, upon the Mühlendamm. There had once been a long line of them here, but almost all were now demolished. They went under a black archway, across a stone-paved, dismal court, where the snow was fast melting. The locksmith glanced up at the north wall, where hung an ancient wooden sun-dial, under which was painted an hour-glass surmounting a skull, and the legend "*Mors certa sed hora incerta.*" It was nearly two o'clock. Herr Engel's chest hurt cruelly as he climbed the stairs, but he scarcely noticed it; he was intent upon a last vague chance, and he had put that chance into the hands of a child. They stood an instant in the dark entry.

"Put your hymn-book and cloak away," he said, "and then come into my room."

He wished to have a moment's time, and shut the door of his room behind him. Then he took from its secret place the leathern case which he had made long before to cover the diamond, and laid it on the table by the window. Not two minutes had passed since the girl's hand left his, and he felt already the old irresolution. He hesitated for a terrible second; then Gretel knocked at the door and came in, and he knew that he had put his affair—partly at least—out of his own hands, and he felt childishly weak and irresponsible. He was trembling so that he had to sink into his great chair by the table. The room seemed stiflingly hot, and he breathed with difficulty.

"Open the window; it is so close, Gretel," he murmured.

She obeyed, although to her the room seemed cool enough. The spring sunlight was streaming in at the window and resting upon the table where lay the leathern case. Gretel eyed the latter curiously for an instant, and then pulled her chair near Engel's.

"And now shall we finish our story, Herr Engel? Let's make it up together. What kind of a stone must it be?"

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"It belongs to someone else," was his broken answer, "and it has cursed my life, but I cannot give it up. You see, Gretel," he added, drearily, "I can't cut the string."

She could not understand him, and his words perplexed and alarmed her.

"Don't you want to see it, Gretel? Open the case." It did not seem to him that he could stir.

She did as he ordered, and unfastening the case with her slender fingers, saw the glistening stone; she had seen hundreds of them in the windows on the Friedrich Strasse, some that were shinier than this, if not so large; and her courage came back to her. Engel sat gazing steadily at the diamond. It appeared to him duller than it should be, with sunlight on it.

"Whose is it?" the girl asked, in a subdued voice.

"He is dead," Engel replied. "It was a long time ago—and his son is dead too."

She comprehended more clearly than before, that a wrong had been done.

"But the family?" she whispered. "Are they very poor—as poor as we are?" She was ignorant of the value of the stone, but she knew that such things cost a good deal, as much as a dress, perhaps, or a great many baskets of coal.

"The family," said Engel, bitterly, "are richer than the Kaiser." She was silent. Richer than the Kaiser? They must be the fairies. Then she asked, with a child's persistency:

"Why do you want to keep it, if it does you harm?"

"Because I can't cut the string," he groaned. "You have forgotten the story. What can we do, Gretel?" He stared at her with imploring eyes.

She began to be terrified again. She could not grasp his meaning altogether, yet she was sure of this: Herr Engel hated the stone, but he was not able to get rid of it. It must be a bad stone, and as she looked at it, she found herself afraid. Yet the whole adventure seemed to her a kind of fairy story in which she had a part, and that gave her a daring which otherwise she never could have had. With a sudden impulse she took the smooth, cold thing in her fingers. Engel did not move.

"See, Herr Engel," she cried, "let us throw it in the river!" and she tossed it out of the window, and leaping to her feet saw it go flashing down into the muddy water.

With heart beating fast at her own boldness, she turned to Richard Angell. He was sobbing, his face covered with his hands. There was a long silence. Then he rose to his feet, and she saw his happy tears.

"How bright the sun is, Gretel!" he exclaimed. "The summer must be coming, and this summer—this summer——"

But he pressed his hand to his left side; his face flushed swiftly and then turned white, and Gretel was frightened and ran to call her mother.

BY THE ILL.

I HAVE never been in love with a woman; at least, not enough in love to ask any woman to marry me. I do not know what that is like, nor do I fancy that any people know except those who have themselves experienced it. Love is like war, they say, and you cannot possibly know anything about real war until you actually smell the powder. It is all a fiction until that acrid odor is in your nostrils, and the singing of the bullets is in your ears. When I was a boy, in North Carolina, I remember running to the pine woods one day with my mother and older brother, and hearing something about General Sherman, and seeing our barns a-blazing up merrily, but though my poor mother said, "Randolph, you will always know now what war is," and the sentence somehow stuck in my memory, I did not, as a matter of fact, know what war was at all. Nor do I know to-day any better, never having heard the bullets nor smelt the powder. No, war and love are not to be talked about by civilians and outsiders. Yet once upon a time it seemed to me that I knew what they both were like, civilian and outsider though I may have been.

It was in Alsace-Lorraine, one June,

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ten years ago. Many a dragging month I had been "oxing" Sanscrit and Greek for my doctor's degree at Strasburg, and when the thesis had been accepted and the official invitation to the final examination and disputation of "Randolph Merivale, from America," had been duly posted upon the university bulletin board, the old trouble with my eyes came back and I was forced to quit work altogether. For a few days I kept to my lodging in the Hennengasse, to avoid the bright light of the streets, but it grew insufferably hot and malodorous in that ancient alley-way, and so one day I packed my tramping knapsack, put on a big pair of goggles, and marching out of Strasburg by the Ruprechtsauer Allée, struck off through the country toward Fuchs am Buckel.

One can never get to Fuchs am Buckel twice by the same way, so perhaps it is useless to say how one gets there at all. You follow the road easily enough through the village of Ruprechtsau, between the high walls of plastered brick which enclose fruit gardens and vegetable plots, and here and there the grounds of some old manor house, with weather-stained and broken-nosed goddesses still gleaming in the tangled shrubbery. But beyond the straggling village the white hard roads curve and intersect so curiously that I should have despaired of following them, even had the glare not been painful to my eyes. So, knowing the general direction, and that any one of a half-dozen foot-paths would serve my turn, I struck into the first that offered itself, and for an hour and a half traversed leisurely the rank fields of grain, the back yards of thrifty Alsatian vegetable-growers, and then along under endless lines of poplars, until a sudden turn brought me out upon the high road again, and across the wide meadows I caught sight of the heavy clump of woodland against which were the big sloping roofs of Fuchs am Buckel. In spite of the goggles the light was so brilliant that when I reached the familiar goal of student excursions, I could scarcely read the C. FUCHS, RESTAURATION, painted on the sign. The proprietor of the place remembered me, was able to give me one of the few rooms he kept at the disposal of an occasional lodger, and having darkened the windows and rested a couple of hours, the inflammation in my eyes seemed somewhat relieved, and I was able toward sunset to get down to the garden.

By my favorite table, at the extreme end of the garden, where the black Ill swept close under the big willow that shaded my usual seat, there was a woman. She was seated with her back to me, looking up the river toward the west, as I had sat a dozen times before starting back to Strasburg in the cool of the evening. There was a broad glare upon the glassy water, and perhaps that was why I did not notice her until I was just upon her. That end table had never been a favorite one among the social patrons of the *Restauration*, and I had rarely found it occupied before. I remember feeling somewhat disappointed as I took a chair at the next table and rapped for the waitress. While she was getting me some black bread and Münster cheese, a cutlet and a glass of thin white Alsatian wine, the blaze died off from the water, and I pulled my chair around so that I, too, faced the west. The woman at the last table had apparently finished her supper, for a slender jug of seltzer water stood there, surrounded by some plates, from one of which she was gathering bread-crumbs to toss to the ducks in the river. She scarcely turned her head as she snapped the tiny morsels into the current, and I remember that I did not see her face. She had a short figure, with finely modelled shoulders, and as she swept the last crumbs from her plate over to the struggling, quacking creatures in the river, I noticed that her black dress fitted her extremely well, and that there was a plain ring upon her finger. When the waitress brought my supper the lady had her table cleared, but she paid nothing. She sat there still, and no one came to join her. I finished my own meal, stretched my legs out, American fashion, on an empty chair in front of me, lighted a wretched cigar, and watched the opal tints in the west lose their fire and turn gray. It was nearly dusk, and everyone but ourselves must have left the garden, when old Fuchs made the circuit of the empty tables, gathering up here and there a beer-mug

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that had been overlooked. He gave me, as usual, a professional "*Guten Abend, Herr Doctor,*" then stopped a moment at the table in front of me, and looking down at the black-dressed woman, said cheerily: "*Eh, comment ça va? Geht's guet?*" "*Ganz guet,*" she answered, in a deep full voice, with a marked Alsatian accent. "*Mais comme c'est charmant ici!*" she added. Then, in a still lower tone, she repeated, "*Charmant comme toujours.*"

"*Tu as raison,*" said Fuchs, with a satisfied shrug, and passed on.

The evening darkened slowly, and still she did not move. Her head and shoulders were sharply cut against the last pulsation of color on the horizon. A fog began to creep over the surface of the Ill. I was at the end of the second cigar. Suddenly she rose and started toward the house; in passing my table she stumbled against the chair that upheld my awkwardly extended feet. "*Pardon, monsieur,*" she murmured, and before I could touch my hat and mutter an apology she had disappeared.

The next morning, when I came down for my coffee to the main room of the *Restauration*, old Fuchs presented me to her as his niece, Mademoiselle Aubépine. Finding that I was an American student, she addressed me frankly enough in German, though hesitating now and then for a word, and betraying the Alsatian accent I had noticed the evening before. On my asking her whether she knew Strasburg well, she replied simply that she was born in the Blauwolkengasse, which certainly, as I ventured to remark, ought to have given her an unmistakable Strasburg birthright, and thereupon Fuchs interrupted us with a long-winded disquisition upon her relationship to an Alsatian politician who, during the preceding winter, had exhibited himself as a peculiarly ardent member of the Opposition in the Reichstag. While he was talking, I looked at her. She was a woman of thirty, apparently, and thinking of her now, after ten years, I do not remember anything about her that was really beautiful, except her perfectly developed figure and the depth and purity of her voice. Her hazel eyes seemed old, and her hands were old; she talked with the directness and unguardedness of a married woman, looked me straight in the face, gave me the right word when I groped for it—and I liked her.

That afternoon I liked her still better. The imprudence of the day before affected my eyes seriously, and I was obliged to keep indoors. Mademoiselle Aubépine, after a whispered dialogue with Fuchs, came up to me as I was sitting disconsolately in a dark corner of the inn, and asked me if I cared to hear some singing. Now, the Merivales were never musical, but I should have been stupider than I seemed had I not eagerly assented. We went into a sort of private sitting-room in the rear of the high seat where Madame Fuchs presided over the affairs of the *Restauration*, and where she could still have us under her eye if she wished. For an hour Mademoiselle Aubépine sang; French chansons mostly, with a couple of Italian operatic airs, and particularly some Polish slumber songs, to French words; strange melodies which I did not understand, but which better than all the rest suited her contralto voice, with its somnolent crooning quality. I remember asking her if she did not sing any German songs, and she gave the slightest expression to her shoulders — she was seated at the old piano with her back turned to me—and said, to my wonderment, that she did not. Soon after she stopped singing. She would listen to none of my awkward thanks, saying simply that singing was her business. I was puzzled by this, until old Fuchs informed me confidentially, that evening, that his niece was a *grande artiste* and could go upon the stage if she wished. As it was, she was only a singing-teacher in Nancy, but pupils came to her from Lunéville, and even from Metz, and once there had been talk of her singing in oratorio at Paris!

Yes, I liked Mademoiselle Aubépine. I have never been in love with a woman, as I think I said at the beginning, and it is not my own love-story that I have started to tell. Perhaps it will not even be called a love-story at all, but yet it was about love and war.

I had been at Fuchs am Buckel ten days, and was to leave on the morrow. For the fact that the time had been en-

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durable, I was indebted to Mademoiselle Aubépine. It was she who in the long forenoons, under the great horse-chestnut trees that shaded the central part of the garden, had read Lamartine and Chateaubriand to me; these works had been recommended by Madame Fuchs, and indeed they are not so bad. We always talked French after that first morning, and she insisted upon calling me Monsieur Merveille, that being as near to Merivale as she declared she could ever hope to come. Her English was rudimentary, without doubt. For days I tried to teach her one English line—a line that always murmured itself gently to me as we sat at the end of the garden under the willow and watched the Ill move straight toward us and then past, scarcely bending the rushes, so even was its flow—

"Where yon broad water sweetly, slowly glides."

At last she could say it all except "glides," and though she could never pronounce that, her attempt resulted in a word of her own, which was to me as musical. Once or twice, accompanied by Madame Fuchs, we walked in the deep woods, beyond the stone bridge under which half of the Ill shot on its sudden plunge for the Rhine, and she sang each time in the woodland such songs as I have never heard since. But I never knew why she was a singing-teacher, and why she wore a black dress and a ring, until the night before I left.

We had had a sort of family supper together, and out of deference to my choice we were at the end table of the garden. There were four of us: Monsieur and Madame Fuchs, Mademoiselle Aubépine, and I. We had had a vivacious time, and Fuchs had insisted upon opening a bottle of Burgundy in honor of my departure on the morrow. He toasted "America," and I ventured, in response, upon a toast I had never dared propose to an Alsatian: "Alsace-Lorraine." This was in 1880, but all three glanced furtively around before they raised the full glasses to their lips and drained the Burgundy to the last drop. No one spoke; I suspected that I had been indiscreet, and was glad when one of the waitresses called Fuchs away on some matter of business, which in a moment required also the presence of his wife. Mademoiselle Aubépine and I were left then at the table where she had been sitting alone the night I came to Fuchs am Buckel. The sun now, as then, gleamed down the broad polished surface of the Ill and was full in my face. She sat at my left, and I, with eyes still too weak to look up the river, stared down at the table, or, more accurately, at the blue veins of her hand as she toyed with the empty wine-glass, and at the ring upon her finger. I pitied her, vaguely, and wished I had not toasted Alsace-Lorraine, and wished too—a little—that I was not going away the next morning. And I said something of this, clumsily enough, for she flushed, and doubtless thought I meant something other, or something more, than I did. At any rate she stopped me with a "*Pardon, Monsieur,*" which were the first words she had ever addressed to me.

"Pardon me, Monsieur Merveille, but you do not understand. It is very possible that you will not understand; yet I shall tell you because you are an American and a *bon camarade.* But one should not speak of Alsace-Lorraine any more. She is dead. '*Deutsche, Deutsche sind wir alle.*'" She hummed bitterly the opening line of a German patriotic song.

"Yes," said I, with a foolish effort at sympathetic philosophy, "I suppose you must accept facts as they are."

"Accept?" she cried, in her rapid, impassioned French. "Of course. That is the worst of it, that one must accept. Those are fools at Nancy—at Paris—who talk of the *revanche.* We know better, here at Strasburg. What is done, is done. Look at those walls!" she exclaimed, with an unsuccessful effort to restrain her growing excitement. Her hazel eyes were changing color, and following their gaze across the sedge-bordered meadows beyond the Ill, past a clump of woods and a line of solemn poplars, I saw the long low parapet of Fort Fransecky.

"Do you know why that fort is impregnable?" she demanded. "It is because its walls are laid in blood."

I felt more awkward than ever, and not knowing anything to say, snapped

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some pieces of biscuit over to the ducks in the Ill. What was there for me to say?

"Listen, Monsieur Merveille," she went on. "You have no right to speak to me as you did. I did not know but Madame Fuchs had told you; I thought you knew why I let myself treat you *en camarade*."

"But I knew nothing," I answered, hastily; "though I had supposed"—I hesitated, my eyes fixed again upon her ring.

"That I had been *fiancée?* It is true. And he is dead. It is very true. But how? Listen to me. You are going in the morning; I shall not see you again. I have thought of speaking to you more than once, because I began to fear you were still too young to understand *camaraderie*. You are twenty-five, Monsieur Merveille?"

I nodded. There was a fierce lightness in her tone, and I dared not interrupt her.

"Well, I am thirty, old enough to say to you what I please. Only, I wish I had told you before—before to-night."

The brightness had disappeared from the water now, and I looked up at her steadily. There were contracted lines upon the low forehead, a stern set expression about the mouth, though the round lips were trembling. I had never seen Mademoiselle Aubépine look at once so old and so young. Her eyes flashed in the growing twilight like the eyes of a girl.

"I was only twenty that August of 1870, and I had been a *fiancée* six months. He lived in Kehl, just across the river from Strasburg, you know, but in Baden. I met him here, at Fuchs am Buckel. He was second lieutenant in a Baden regiment, but he would have been free that autumn. He never loved the Prussians—you know how it was in Baden—but he went with the rest, like a soldier. I saw him in July, not ten days before Reichshoffen, and yet we suspected nothing; our own little plans were enough for us, you see.

"I was in the country when the war was declared—out beyond Reichshoffen. I could not get back to Strasburg. I saw the last of the French driven down the road behind Elsasshausen—I have seen—*Mon Dieu!* what have I not seen in those ten days before I could get through the lines to Nancy! I had an aunt there, and, can you imagine, when I reached Nancy at last it was August 16th, the day the Germans occupied the town, and my aunt had left for Paris the night before! What could I do? I went straight to the Red Lion, and asked for a room. They said there were no rooms; there were fifty Germans there, and the officers were drinking in the dining-room and the landlady was hidden under her bed. I do not know what was in me that day; it was seven o'clock, and I had had no food since morning, but I was strong and I had seen so much that I had no fear left.

"'Why are the Germans allowed to carouse in the dining-room?' I asked. 'Who is the commanding officer?'

"'The Colonel is in No. 14,' blubbered the *garçon*—they were all frightened out of their senses—'but no one dares disturb him, and I do not speak German.'

"I knew he lied about that, but I said, 'Show me No. 14! I speak German.'

"We rapped at the door. The Colonel came in his stocking feet and with a blanket wrapped around his shoulders; he had had no rest for forty hours.

"'I must have a room here in this inn,' said I, 'and I must sleep. I have come through the lines. Here is my pass. Your officers are drinking in the dining-room and terrifying the house. Can you not quiet them?'

"He looked at me and swallowed a curse. Then, '*Sie sind ein braves Mädchen*,' he cried, and ran downstairs, and the *garçon* and I were close behind him. He flung open the dining-room door. There were three young officers there, who had been drinking champagne since four o'clock. They too had had nothing to eat for a whole day. The empty champagne bottles were piled in a pyramid upon the table, and the men were quarrelling. Just as we opened the door the lieutenant with his back to us—with his back to us—struck his fellow-officer in the face. The colonel saw it and he threw the door together behind him and thundered out an order, and left me standing outside. I did not see the blow given—it was the *garçon* who told me.

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"I do not remember anything more, except a great drowsiness. I was at the end. I believe the *garçon* showed me to a room next the landlady's; I am not sure that I was not carried into it. But there I fell on the bed and slept; I did not even lock the door. I did not dream until just before I woke, and then I saw Friedrich sitting in a cloud of smoke with his back to me.

"The *garçon* was pounding on the door. He put his head in and saw me lying there.

"'You are ill?' said he.

"'No,' I answered.

"'Mademoiselle can have breakfast. The Badeners are gone long ago; they have been transferred to the Black Dog.'

"'*The Badeners?*' I cried.

"'You are ill, Mademoiselle,' he said.

"'No! *The Badeners?*'

"'Yes. They are all at the Black Dog —except the one with his back to us; the one we saw strike his friend.'

"'*And he?*' I leaped toward the door.

"'They have just shot him.'

. . . . . .

"They shot him. He was my *fiancé*, and it was I that killed him, killed him in the war. Do you know what is in our hearts when you toast Alsace-Lorraine, Monsieur Merveille? What can you know about 1870? You were only fourteen years old. But I know."

Mademoiselle Aubépine had risen, and was grasping the end of the little table to steady herself. Her eyes seemed to be closed.

"That is why I am a singing-teacher. It is all over—forever — but I toast Alsace-Lorraine. Come, Monsieur Merveille."

She filled her glass and my own.

"To the dead," she said, in a hoarse whisper; "*Austrinken!*"

Then she turned, gazed at me a moment with eyes from which the horror of that memory had not yet disappeared, and with a low, swift "*Pardon, Monsieur,*" her black dress brushed by me in the twilight, and she was gone.

I never saw Mademoiselle Aubépine again. When I left in the morning, she had not come down from her room, and I thought the worthy innkeeper and his wife appeared somewhat troubled when I desired them to present my remembrances to Mademoiselle. Perhaps they had fancied, between themselves, that the acquaintance of the young people would not end in remembrances merely. I do not know. But I know that all the way back to Strasburg the sight of the blood-red poppies in the green wheat made me shudder, and I fancied that everywhere in those lovely June fields, the *beau jardin*, as Louis XIV called them long ago, I could trace the lines of battle-trenches; and the first thing I saw on climbing to my lodging in the Hennengasse and looking out of the window, was a Baden regiment marching by, filling the narrow street with their elastic onward motion, while the sun gleamed on their helmets and rifle-tips and yellow-skinned knapsacks in shifting lines and blotches of scaly gold, and the black shadows of the crooked street fell in bars across the glistening, sinuous, living mass, until it seemed like the undulation of a serpent.

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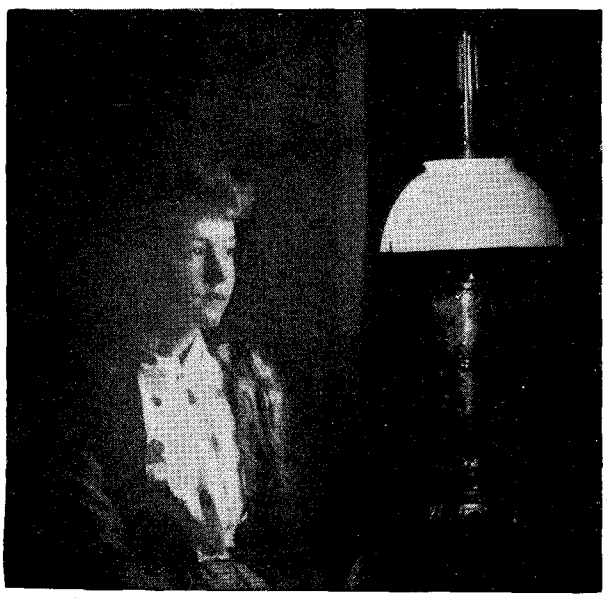

Portrait Made by Lamp-light—exposure four minutes.

SOME PHOTOGRAPHS OF LUMINOUS OBJECTS.

By Wallace Goold Levison.

THE photography of luminous objects has been for some years an important factor in astronomical studies, as, for example, in the mapping of the stars, and the recording of solar and stellar spectra, and the phenomena of eclipses, but of late it has been brought to embrace a broad range of subjects within easy reach of the amateur, and of these I have believed that some examples, such as are given in the accompanying illustrations from studies in this special direction, might interest many in a branch of photography hitherto seldom followed except in scientific research. These are reproductions by mechanical processes directly from the negatives, without being retouched or changed in any way; and I shall confine my text to simple explanation of them.

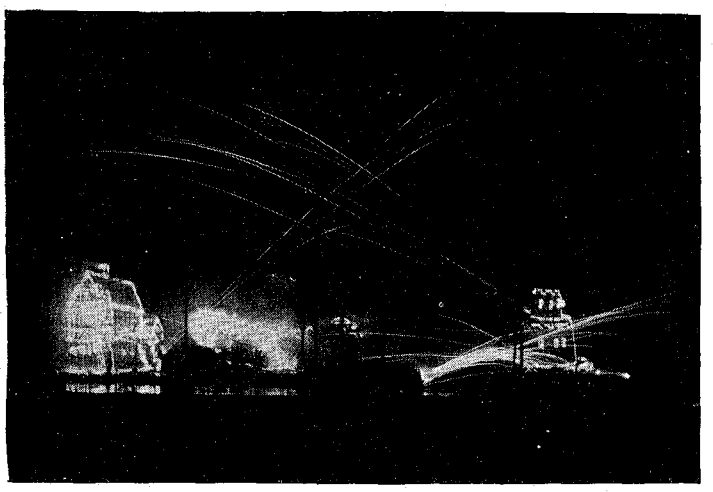

Plate 1.

Plate 1 was made from a negative taken at Manhattan Beach in 1887 from a device in fireworks, designed to represent the battle between the Monitor and Merrimac. The torrent of fire which the

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Merrimac appears to be pouring upon the Monitor is the accumulated effect of many Roman-candle balls separately thrown during the fight, each of which in succession has made its impression upon the plate exposed in the camera.

Plate 2, from a portion of a negative representing the chief features of the "Siege of Vera Cruz," as it was presented last summer in fireworks at Manhattan Beach, shows the trajectories of numerous Roman-candle balls of all colors from the exploding forts, the flames of the burning houses, an electric light, Bengola lights, and the impressions from detonating maroons which liberally dot the sky.

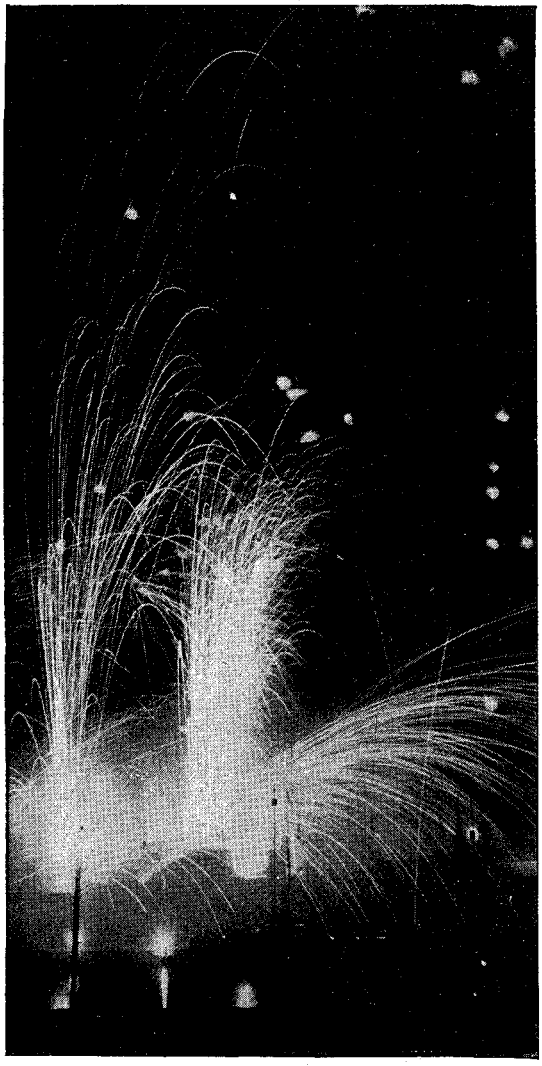

Plate 2.

The manufacturers of fireworks appear to take especial pride in the small wheels called catharine wheels, which sell for a few cents each. During their discharge these wheels change aspect frequently, burn a long time, and throw out sparks that seem as large as a three-cent piece and fall in graceful curves to the ground. At any one moment during its operation, such a wheel shows but a meagre shower of sparks, but photographed by a lens uncapped throughout its duration, a wheel of this kind affords a cumulative effect that is quite surprising, as every spark traces its course upon the plate.

Triangles, although more expensive, are less satisfactory subjects for the camera, as the sparks they emit, which are particles of burning willow charcoal, are so light that they do not fall to the ground in graceful curves, but produce upon the plate an intricate tracery of fine hair-lines, the aggregate effect of which is much less brilliant than the greater size of the triangle would lead one to expect.

The beautiful wheels used in public exhibitions owe their chief brilliancy to steel filings mixed with the composition used to charge their driving cases. Owing to their liability to rust, these steel filings are not put in ordinary commercial wheels, which are seldom promptly used. But the burning filings afford sparks which produce particularly distinct impressions in the photograph.

Plate 3 was made from a negative exposed during the discharge of two of the cases of a wheel charged with steel filings expressly for the purpose, while Plate 4 shows the effect obtained by exposing a plate during one complete revolution of an exhibition wheel about twenty-five feet in diameter.

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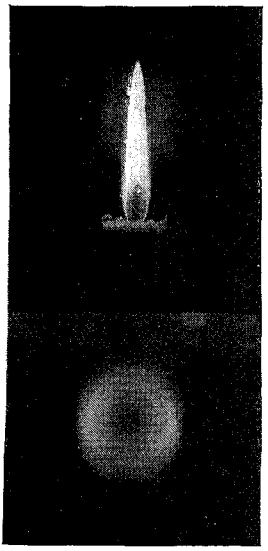

Plate 5.

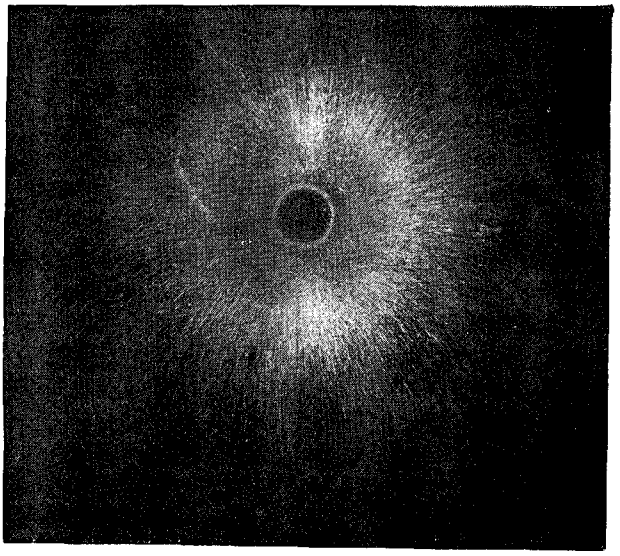

Plate 3.

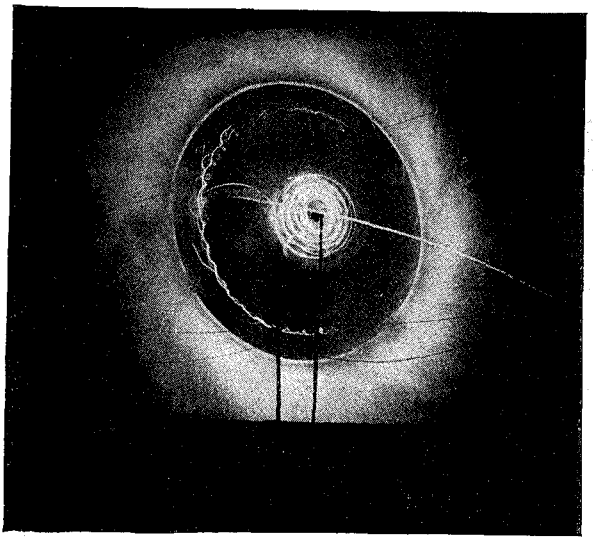

Plate 4.

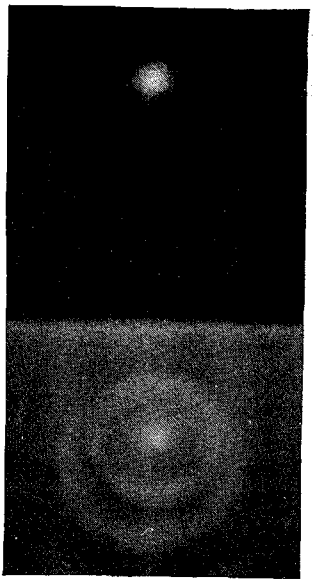

Plate 6.

If, in taking the view of this wheel the camera had been so pointed that the central rosette had appeared near the left edge of the plate instead of in the middle, there would probably have been seen a circular image resembling this rosette near the opposite edge. Such an effect arises from a certain property of lenses, in the nature of a defect, which is commonly ignored by the ordinary operator, but respected by the expert. It has been observed that every bright object in an ordinary photograph produces such a secondary impression in a proportionate degree. This phenomenon is particularly noticeable in fireworks photography on account of the darkness of the field of the picture, which allows the secondary image to be more distinctly seen. The shape of this image

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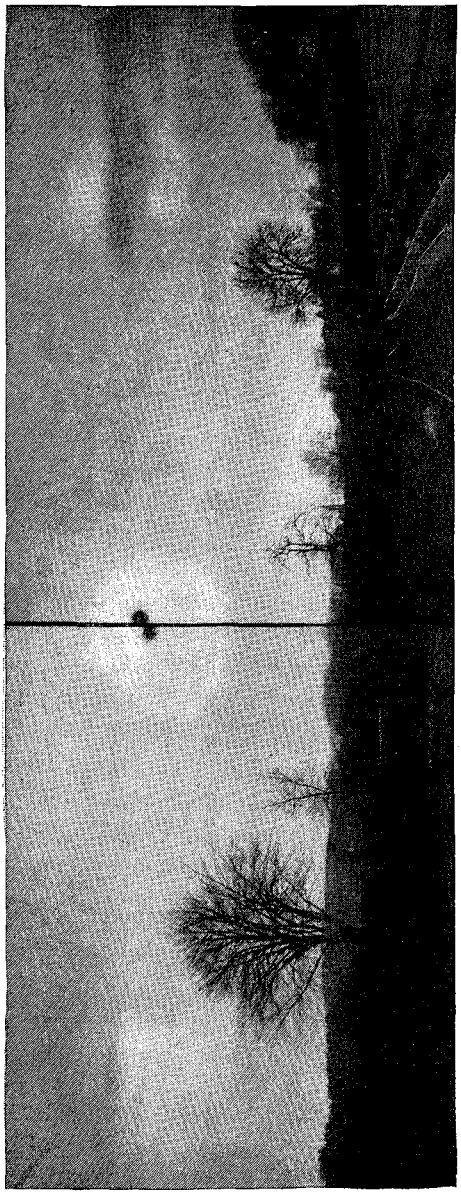

Plate 7.

is usually circular, and does not seem to depend upon the shape of the primary object; for instance, a candle-flame, although an elongated object, affords, with an Optimus lens, the circular halo shown in Plate 5.

When the plate is truly vertical to the lens and object, and the latter falls upon its centre, this image forms the surrounding halo which is so familiar in pictures of the sun; but in proportion as the primary image is moved above, below, or to either side of the plate, the halo moves a corresponding distance from the centre in the opposite direction. Advantage was taken of this peculiarity of the image in making this picture of the candle-flame. A paper screen was placed close to the plate to cover that half upon which the primary image fell. An exposure of four minutes having been allowed for the halo, the screen was removed, and a very quick exposure, about one-quarter of a second, made for the candle-flame.

This halo is an impediment in the production of pictures in which the subject and the light which illuminates it are both included, because the halo is very apt to fall upon the illuminated object and deface it. By arranging both light and subject upon one side of a plate the halo is thrown out of the way and a perfect picture may be produced. The plate at the head of this article [p. 765] shows a portrait thus obtained by the light of a table-lamp during an exposure of four minutes on an ordinary plate. During this time the lamp-globe would have become over-exposed. To prevent this the right-hand side of the plate on which the lamp appears was covered while the portrait was made. The left side was then covered and the right exposed one quarter of a second, the lamp-shade being thereby taken by its own light.

Halos from various lenses differ in appearance; the halo from a Wale lens, for instance, differs from that of the Optimus lens. In making the exposure for Plate 6 the camera was turned toward the sun, so that the secondary image fell upon the foreground, as it would be invisible upon the sky portion of the plate, since the brilliancy of this halo is about equivalent to that of the ordinary clear blue sky.

An actual sun-dog was photographed recently (Plate 7) in two exposures upon separate plates. These were joined in making the engraving, and the sun in one appears lower than in the other, owing to its movement between the exposures. The phenomenon presented a luminous circle, with the sun as a centre, particularly bright on each side on

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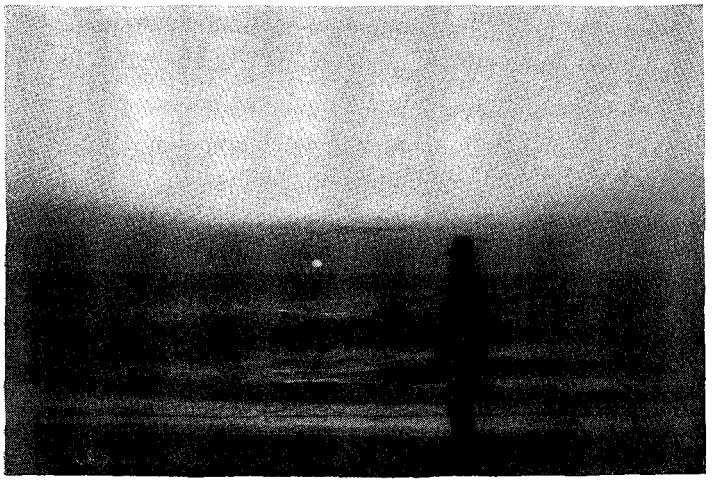

Plate 8.

about the same horizontal plane as the sun. These brightest portions may be seen in the illustration at about two and one-eighth inches distant from the sun. In the left half of this picture a part of the secondary image of the sun may be seen just where the largest tree stands, its lowest part cutting against the low distant hills, and also partially affecting the definition of that tree.

Such effects as this may be a source of trouble in photographing landscapes, and in any case where there are very bright objects within the field of the lens, and it is not impossible that the secondary image of a brilliant star might be mistaken for an unknown nebula.

In a photograph of a sunset upon an ordinary plate, the disk of the setting sun may produce three different effects, as its color deepens from pale yellow to red. While still pale yellow it reverses its own image, and produces a black disk like that in the illustration of the sun-dog. When it is close to the horizon and has acquired a deep red color, the disk of the sun, although beautifully distinct to the eye, cannot be delineated, because it affects the plate equally with the surrounding sky. Between these two extremes there is a time when the sun has such a tint and actinic effect that in a sunrise or sunset view judiciously taken, the sun itself will produce a normal effect and no halo appear upon the plate. Plate 8 illustrates this. It is an instantaneous view of the seashore at sunset, and clearly shows the disk of the sun and the forms of the waves.

Electric discharges in Geissler and other high vacuum tubes afford interesting subjects for the camera. Plate 9 shows a photograph, made by an exposure of five seconds, of a Geissler tube filled with hydrogen gas through which the electric discharge passed. The form of the bands of light in such a picture is modified because they constantly shift their position. If, however, the primary current be opened and closed at less frequent intervals, from twenty-four to fifty separate flashes so produced give a picture showing the details of the bands more accurately but

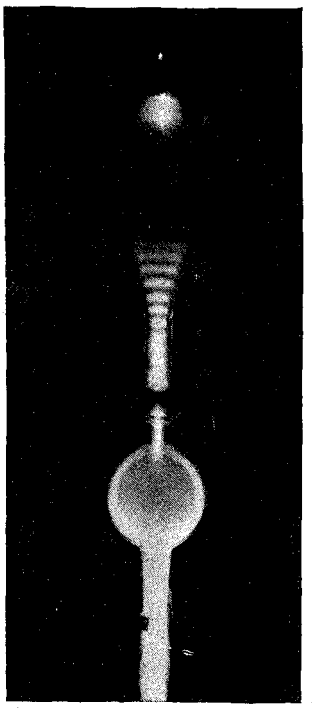

Plate 9.

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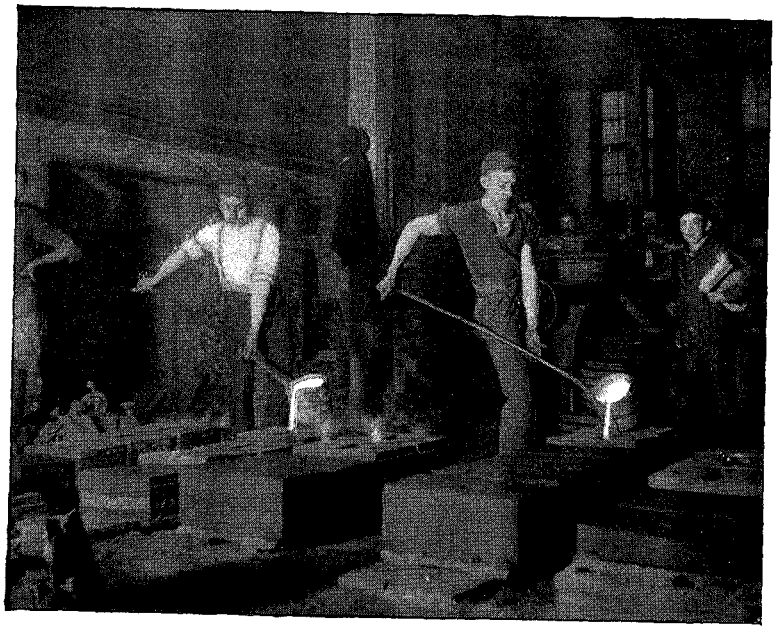

Plate 10.

less brightly. In photographing incandescent objects it is observed that they are very easily over-exposed, so as to afford many instances of the reversal of the image, that is, very bright objects appear in the photograph as very dark. In Plate 7, as previously observed, the disk of the sun appears black instead of white. Not only the sun, but electric lights, fireworks, and many ordinary flames readily

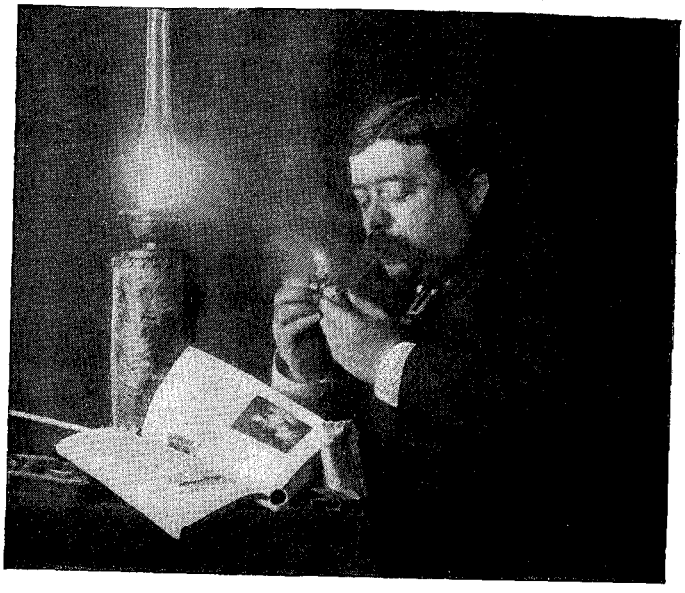

Plate 11.

show examples of this reversal. It has been suspected that this is due largely to an antagonistic action of the upper and lower registers of the spectrum, the red

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rays being credited with the power of slowly undoing the effect of the blue. It has been suggested that monochromatic lights would offer a probable means of investigating their origin.

The useful applications which can be made of the photography of luminous objects are very much increased in number by combination exposures, that is, by the use of a flash-light, or day-light, or lamp-light, or any other light, to photograph the opaque and non-luminous features, while the incandescent object makes its picture by its own light.

It is in this way possible to produce accurate illustrations of iron, zinc, and other furnaces, rolling mills, and foundries, in actual operation, showing the flames from the furnaces, the white hot metal, and the sparks that fly from it under the great trip-hammers, and molten metal actually flowing from the Bessemer retorts, or being poured into moulds from hand-ladles by the workmen.

Plate 10, showing the interior of a foundry at casting-time, is an example of the results which can be obtained in this way. The figures were taken by flash-light, and the molten metal made its own picture at the same time, the exposure being practically instantaneous, as the pouring of the metal and movement of the workmen could not be suspended. The most explosive flash cartridges are required for such subjects, as the ordinary flash-light is hardly quick enough to afford a picture of a person walking across a room.

Plate 12.

Ingenious and often artistic effects can be produced by these combination exposures in interiors, the completed photograph showing a lamp, candle, or gas-light burning, and the surrounding objects as though illuminated by it. An effect thus obtained is reproduced in Plate 11, where the flame of a lamp, a blazing match, and smoke curling from a pipe are distinctly shown. The match and lamp-flame were taken by an exposure of about one-twentieth of a second,

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and then the remaining objects were made by a flash-light, the lamp and match having been extinguished.

Plate 12 shows an election-night scene familiar in New York, taken in a similar

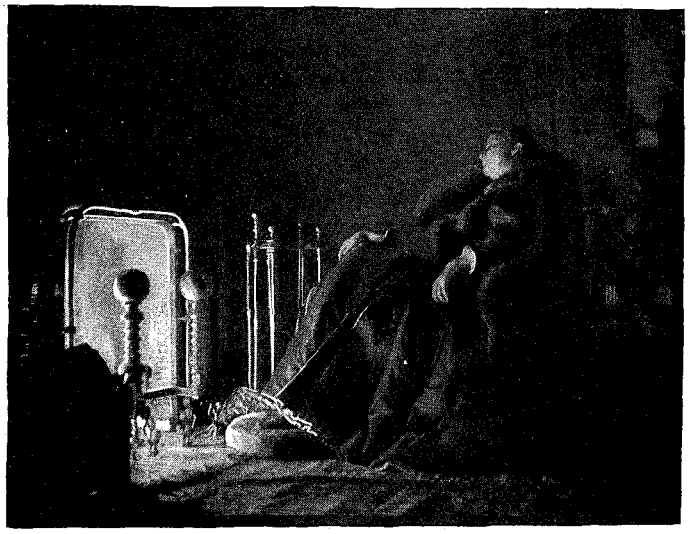

Plate 13.

way. The figures of the boys and other non-luminous parts of the picture were taken by flash-light, and at the same time the flame from the burning barrels was photographed by its own light, the plate being exposed about one-half of a second.

To the ingenious amateur many devices will suggest themselves by which happy effects may be produced. In Plate 13 the interior and figure seem to be illu-

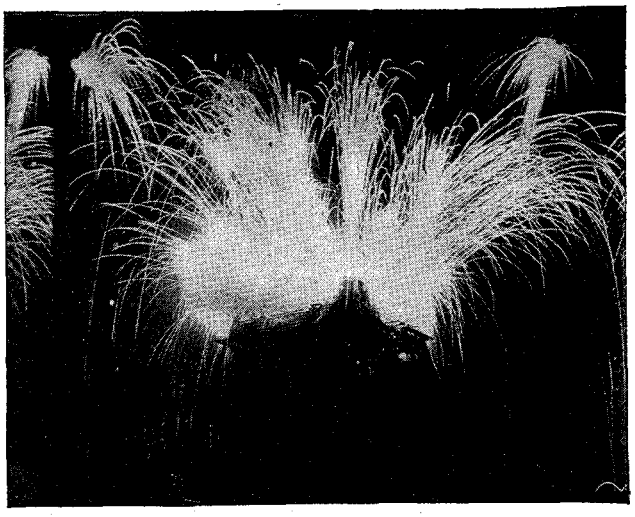

Plate 14.

minated by a fire burning brightly upon the hearth. This effect was produced by burning flash-light powder in the fireplace during a quick exposure of the plate, the flame of the fire making its own picture at the same time.

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No method of depicting nocturnal events, however important they may be in an historical way, has been hitherto available except the brush or pencil of the artist. An accurate record of them can now be made by photography, and Plates 14 and 15 (from photographs taken by Mr. Albert Londe) show such subjects. They represent the display of fireworks from the second story of the Eiffel Tower on July 14, 1888, and the electrical illumination of the Trocadéro at the opening of the Paris Exposition.

Indeed every advance in the art of photography develops important applications of it in entirely new and unexpected directions. Not only a small body of professional photographers is intensely interested in important experiments, but a body of amateurs, so large as to include almost every section of a community, is busily at work with new devices and new methods, supplementing private letters, diaries, newspaper correspondence, and literary work with accurate and picturesque records of events of every degree of importance. The result will be that this age, as no previous one, will leave a complete pictorial representation of all phases of its varied life.

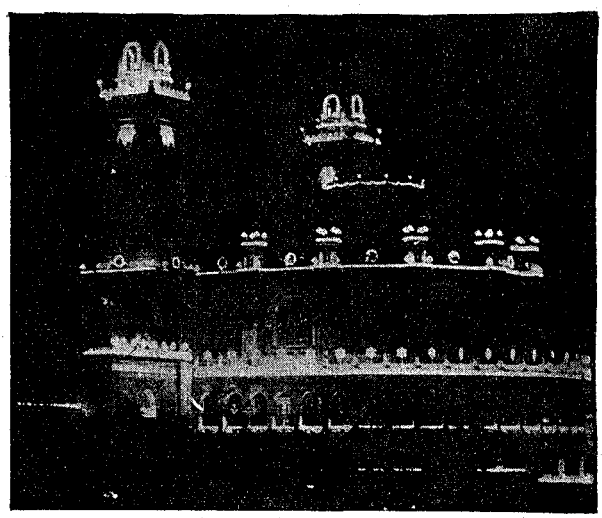

Plate 15.

DE MORTUIS.

By Edith M. Thomas.

They read upon a tomb in Samarcand,
If I were living, none were glad thereof.
This legend two alone can understand,—
Who loves no more—who is forgot by love.

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VERGNIAUD IN THE TUMBRIL.

By Louise Imogen Guiney.

The wheels are silent, the cords are slack,
The terrible faces are surging back.
France, they too love thee! bid that keep plain;

The wrath and the carnage I stayed afar
Colleagues of my white conscience are:
Accept my slayers, accept me slain!

Shed for days, in its olden guise
The quiet, delicate snake-skin lies
To cheat a boy on his woodland stroll:

What if he crush it? Others see
Beauty's miracle under a tree,
Supple in mail, and adroit, and whole;

The shaper rid of a shape, and thence
(Growth of an outgrown excellence),
Mounted with infinite might and speed,

Freed like a soul to the heaven it dreamed;
Over life that was and death that seemed
A victory and a revenge indeed!

As the serpent moves to the open spring
The while a mock, a delusive thing,
Sole in sight of the crowd may be,

So ye, my martyrs, arise, advance!
For what is left at the feet of France
It is our failure, it is not we.

Not to ourselves our strength we brought:
Inexpiable the Hand that wrought
In us the ruin of no redress,

The storm, the effort, the pang, the fire,
The premonition, the vast desire;
In us the passion of righteousness!

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Scarce by the pitiful thwarted plan,
The haste, or the studious fears of man
Drawing a discord from best delight,

The measure is meted of God most wise;
Nor the future, with her adjusted eyes,
Shall speak us false in our dying fight.

But e'en to me now some use is clear
In the builded truth down-beaten here
For any along the way to spurn,

Since ever our broken task may stand
Disaster's college in one saved land,
Whence many a stripling state shall learn.

Out of the human shoots the divine:
Be the Republic our only sign,
For whose life's glory our lives have been

Ambassadors on a noble way
Tempest-driven, and sent astray
The first and the final good between.

Close to the vision undestroyed,
The hope not compassed and yet not void,
We perish so: but the world shall mark

On the hill-top of our work we died
With joy of the groom before the bride,
With a dawn-cry thro' the battle's dark.

O! last save me on the scaffold's round!
Take heart that after a thirst profound
The cup of delicious death is near,

And whoso hold it, or whence it flow,
O drink it to France, to France! and know
For the gift thou givest, thou hast her tear.

True seed thou wert of the sunnier hour,
Honorable, and burst to flower
Late in a hell-pit poison-walled:

Farewell, mortality lopped and pale,
Thou body that wast my friend! and Hail,
Dear spirit already! . . My name is called.

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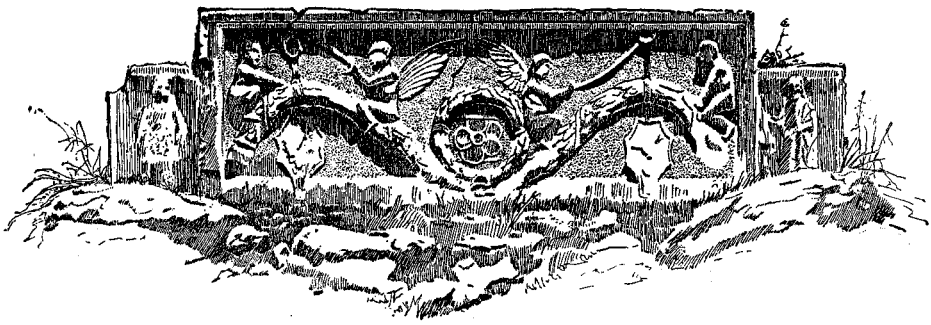

THE WAR AS WE SEE IT NOW.

By John C. Ropes.

THE death of General Sherman removes the last of the conspicuously successful generals of the Union forces. It is true that there are still living in the North generals who have commanded large armies with distinction, who have fought and won great battles. But neither Buell nor Rosecrans, neither Pope nor Banks, remained in active command till the close of the war. The day of final triumph found others in their places. Hence it may not be inappropriate at this time, when, arrested by the death of the brilliant officer who has so recently left us, the minds of those who have lived through the war naturally turn to the scenes they have witnessed and the experience they have passed through, to glance at some of the more salient features and characteristics of our late struggle.

The magnitude of the task which the North proposed to itself—the conquest of such a vast territory, defended by such an able, resolute, and gallant population—was not fully seen at the beginning. Many were the offers of troops which the Washington Government refused in the spring of 1861. The splendid opportunity, which then existed and never came again, of increasing the regular army to a force exceeding a hundred thousand men, was carelessly thrown away. Sherman, who insisted that at least two hundred thousand men would be required for the single task of opening the Mississippi River, was regarded, even as late as the fall of 1861, by the then Secretary of War, as almost insane.

Similar misconceptions prevailed among our Southern neighbors. Their authorities made no use of the opportunity which existed at the outset of the war of carrying cotton to England and drawing bills against it for the financial needs of the Confederacy. The orders which they sent to Europe for the purchase of arms and ammunition were wholly inadequate to their needs. Their preparations for defending their borders against the threatened invasion of the North were exceedingly imperfect.

Nor was this to be wondered at. The people of the United States then were and are still an unmilitary people—like their cousins on the other side of the water. They are, it is true, by no means averse to fighting; they are unquestionably as obstinate and resolute fighters as any people on earth. But that is quite a different thing from being a military people. The "art military" was cultivated by but few of the officers of the regular army; to the major part of them and to the public at large it was nearly unknown. Hence, the recommendations of sagacious military men, like Sherman, on our side, and J. E. Johnston, on the other, were made to unreceptive ears, and were received with that peculiar impatience

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with which people of average abilities and fair success in life hear unwelcome advice on a subject of which they know nothing, but which in their hearts they believe to be a very simple matter.

The North was the first to rise to the height of the situation. Not only did the mortifying issue of the first battle of Bull Run put an end to the easy-going confidence with which up to that time her prosperous communities had anticipated a speedy victory, but it had the effect also of rousing that strong and determined purpose to achieve success, which had always characterized the energetic, indefatigable, resolute workers of the Eastern and Western States from Maine to Minnesota. The Northern people, accustomed to the control of ample resources and to the carrying on of large business undertakings, made their preparations in the winter of 1861 and 1862 on a large scale. There was no stint anywhere. Men, money, ships, guns, horses, equipment of every kind, were freely forthcoming. The spring of 1862 saw large armies, admirably appointed, well-drilled, and well-officered, standing on the borders of the Confederacy, waiting only the order to march; a well-equipped navy, not only held all the Southern coast in the grip of its blockade, but dominated the great rivers which commanded the communications of all the advanced posts of the enemy in the West. And these vast hosts were full of a genuine and strong devotion to the cause of their country.

On the other side of the line there was little at this time to encourage the friends of the South. A careless confidence, degenerating often into contempt for their adversaries, combined with the unfamiliarity of the Southern planter with the conduct of great business enterprises, was evidenced in the weak army which J. E. Johnston opposed to that of McClellan in the East, in the wholly inadequate preparations of A. S. Johnston to maintain the hold of the Confederacy in the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, in the insufficient defences of New Orleans. When the storm had passed away, New Orleans had fallen; Kentucky and Tennessee were under Federal control; the Mississippi was free as far as Vicksburg; and it was Richmond and not Washington that was in imminent peril.

But the series of disasters with which the year 1862 opened did not daunt the spirit of the South; on the contrary, the soldiers and people of the Confederacy, now realizing for the first time the desperate nature of the contest, strengthened themselves in their determination never to yield, and redoubled their efforts. The levies of the North were met by nearly the entire military strength of the South. In place of the comforts and luxuries which were ruthlessly taken away by the invasion and the blockade, was now to be seen the patient and enduring temper which can dispense with all that is not of absolute necessity. The Southern generals met the superior numbers of their foes with an audacity and enterprise which they had not hitherto shown that they possessed. Six weeks after Fort Donelson had surrendered with fifteen thousand men, and Kentucky and the greater part of Tennessee had been abandoned to the Union arms, the scattered and demoralized forces of the Confederacy in the West were united under the lead of Albert Sidney Johnston. That able and daring officer at once took the initiative. Grant at Shiloh was surprised by one of the most sudden, fierce, and determined onslaughts known to military history; and although he, with the aid of a portion of Buell's army, held his own, and finally succeeded in forcing his opponent to retire, the whole affair showed how far the South was from being willing to accept defeat. So in Virginia, Stonewall Jackson, by his marvellous sagacity and daring enterprise, entirely disconcerted the plans of the Washington Government for massing an overwhelming force against Richmond; and, on Jackson's finally uniting his force to that of Lee, McClellan, whose peculiar characteristics were ill suited to deal with such emergencies, was forced to undertake a dangerous and difficult retreat from the immediate neighborhood of Richmond to Harrison's Landing on the river James.

The Federal Government, with a praiseworthy desire to stop unnecessary expense and a happy credulity as to

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the certainty of the success which they were sure must result from their really enormous military preparations for the spring campaign, had, early in April, 1862, actually stopped recruiting, and the Army of the Potomac now urgently needed reinforcements. But the people of the North were in their comprehension of the situation far ahead of their rulers. The governors of the Northern States met together, and begged President Lincoln to call for three hundred thousand men. Mr. Lincoln was really astounded at the size of the requisition which he was desired to make upon the patriotism of the country. He thought at first that half the number would do. But the governors, Andrew, Morgan, Curtin, Morton, and the others, able men of affairs and of large experience, and who were moreover the representatives and spokesmen of the business men of the North and West, knew better, and three hundred thousand it was.

These illustrations show how the emergencies of the war served to bring out the resolute and unyielding traits belonging to our race—the unconquerable determination to meet and conquer every difficulty, either by some new contribution of force, or by some desperate and daring expedient, or by patience and perseverance under existing circumstances. The war thus becomes psychologically interesting as an exhibition of the Anglo-Saxon race on trial, and on a grand theatre.

What we have just said about the governors of the Northern States and President Lincoln leads naturally to the characteristics of the latter's administration during the war. It certainly cannot be said to have been a brilliant administration. There can be no doubt that an enormous amount of money was unnecessarily spent, a great many men needlessly sacrificed, and a great deal of time uselessly consumed. The resources of the North were vast, and they were tendered to the Government with a patriotism and liberality that knew no measure. But the task was one that would have taxed the abilities of the most experienced ruler, and Mr. Lincoln was anything but an experienced ruler. Wisely, economically, and judiciously to collect and dispose of the enormous resources of the United States required a familiarity with the conduct of affairs on a large scale, utterly beyond anything with which the President had ever had anything to do in the whole course of his life. Abraham Lincoln, though new to public office, was probably the wisest and most sagacious statesman we have ever had in this country; his political management of affairs during the war illustrated his great qualities and won the admiration of all men. But the military tasks imposed by the war were not only entirely outside of Mr. Lincoln's previous experience, but even he, wise and sensible as he was, did not at first realize that in such matters he had better consult experts, and be guided by them. His first appointments in the army were made almost at random. Major-generals, brigadier-generals, colonels, lieutenant-colonels, without technical training and of no military experience, appeared like comets at the head of armies and departments, or invaded the hitherto sacred quarters of the officers of the regular army, and many were the blunders with which the fates avenged these uncalled-for and injudicious vagaries of the new President.

In this connection it is interesting to note the difference between the mistakes into which President Lincoln fell in his management of military affairs, and those made by his rival on the other side of the line. The Illinois lawyer was, as we have just said, absolutely without any knowledge of military matters, and, what was quite as important, he was entirely unacquainted with the *personnel* of the army. Mr. Davis, on the other hand, had been educated at West Point, and had moreover been Secretary of War. To him the officers of the army were as well known as are the members of the bar to a lawyer in large practice. The characters, special acquirements, abilities, defects, of the leading lawyers of a great city are always more or less accurately known to their brethren, while a layman coming from another city must pick up his information about them as best he can. So it was with the two Presidents. Mr. Lincoln's want of acquaintance with the army displayed itself in sundry astonishing appointments to high commands. Mr. Davis, on the

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other hand, not only knew his men perfectly well, but he had the great advantage of making out his own rank list—an advantage which was really unique. On the other hand, there were disadvantages, and those real ones, which were inseparable from the relation in which the President of the Southern Confederacy stood to the high officers in its service. There was first, the almost inevitable tendency of a man in his position, who has been educated for the army, to meddle in the actual conduct of military operations, a tendency to which Mr. Davis not infrequently yielded, and from which several of the most distinguished generals of the South suffered from time to time; and, secondly, there was the personal relation between Mr. Davis and the leading officers, men of somewhere near his own age, and in regard to whom he, naturally enough, entertained the usual personal feelings that everyone has for those whom one has always known. Hence, while it cost Mr. Lincoln nothing to relieve any officer whom he thought to be unfit for his work, or to sustain one who was, as he thought, doing it well—they being all, or nearly all, personally unknown to him—it was an open secret that Mr. Davis's preferences and dislikes interfered, in the opinion of many good judges, with his management of the military affairs of the Confederacy.

It is plain from what has just been said, that the errors of the Northern President were of a kind that experience could be expected to cure—that is, if he were at bottom a man of sense, which Mr. Lincoln certainly was, while those peculiar to Mr. Davis's administration were not likely to become ameliorated by lapse of time. And this turned out to be the fact. Mr. Lincoln's ability to select men for high military command increased visibly from year to year during the war; and not only was this the case, but his ability to give them an intelligent and appreciative support and encouragement, if they deserved it at his hands, became with every year more and more apparent. The President became, in fact, a diligent student of the war. He found in time that the rules of war were only the rules of sound sense and experience applied to a subject the general principles of which, although he knew nothing of them at the beginning of his administration, he found himself able without great difficulty to acquire and act upon. Hence his conduct of affairs became with each year more judicious and capable. No generals could ask from any government for more considerate and intelligent support than that usually accorded by Mr. Lincoln to General Grant and General Sherman.

On the other hand, Mr. Davis's peculiarities grew every year more and more pronounced. It is not necessary to give illustrations at length; it will suffice to compare the steady and unwavering backing which General Sherman received in his Atlanta campaign with the treatment of General Johnston by the Confederate Government.

At the same time, it would be foolish and useless to deny that in one respect, and that a very important one, Mr. Lincoln's administration of military affairs cannot be said to have improved with the progress of the war. We refer, of course, to the influence which the supposed necessities of politics had upon appointments to high command and assignments to duty in the field. Not even the most devoted admirers of President Lincoln would undertake to maintain that he always acted up to his lights as the commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States in all the commissions which he conferred, or in all the tasks which he laid out to be performed by the soldiers and sailors. For instance, it will hardly be pretended that Mr. Lincoln's military judgment had not in the spring of 1864 reached a point of development quite adequate to the task of refusing to General Butler the command of the two corps destined to make the co-operative movement on Richmond. To suppose that Mr. Lincoln did not know better than this, is to do gross injustice to his mental faculties. Everybody in the United States who knew anything about military matters, who had followed with the slightest attention the course of war, was amazed at the selection of Butler, not because he was not an able man, or a patriotic man, but because he had given no evidence of capacity for such a re-

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sponsible task, and because there were plenty of men to be had who had shown talent of a high order. Mr. Lincoln must have known, we repeat, that to intrust this important duty to Butler was not a thing which could be defended on purely military grounds; more than this, he knew as well as anybody that it was not common sense to do it. But he did it, nevertheless; and against the known wishes of the officer who had just been called by Congress to take the general charge and management of all the military operations. For Grant desired that this important command should be given to General William F. Smith, whose brilliant operations near Chattanooga had deservedly won the highest encomiums. Whether any supposed political necessity could justify the course which Mr. Lincoln saw fit to pursue on this and similar occasions, is, to make the best of it, exceedingly doubtful. Certainly no political crisis at that time was impending which could serve as such a justification. Common sense and the plainest principles of duty alike demand that the conduct of military movements shall be intrusted to the most skilful and competent officers who can be found. And although the American people, with their wonted tolerance and charity, have long since forgotten and forgiven these acts of a president whose devotion to the cause of his country was so conspicuous and sincere, yet some consideration of them cannot be omitted in making an estimate of Mr. Lincoln's administration of our military affairs.

In looking back at the war after the lapse of so many years, its characteristic features stand out far more clearly than they did at the time. We must acknowledge that the lack of a sound military direction at Washington for the first three years protracted the struggle by expending our efforts to a very considerable extent in useless or ill-considered plans. Things certainly went better when Grant was called to take the entire control; but even under him there were costly and unnecessary expeditions, and not a little scattering of forces which might have been concentrated to give additional strength to the blows which he was preparing to strike. On the other side, also, we see the same faults. If the trans-Mississippi troops had been placed under Johnston's orders, who can tell how long that able soldier might not have held Vicksburg? Had Beauregard's and Johnston's advice been heeded in the last few months even, it is possible that a really formidable army might have been collected to confront Sherman in the Carolinas. But the very natural tendency of the invader to attack many points at once, and the equally natural tendency of his antagonist to be prepared for defence at all points, operated to multiply occasions of conflict and rendered the main operations of the war less formidable and striking than they might have been made.

In the conduct of their campaigns the generals in our war, on both sides, showed themselves better strategists than tacticians. The safety of the armies was very rarely compromised by lack of due precautions to keep up the communications. The manœuvring was sometimes very skilful. The operations of the Atlanta campaign contain admirable illustrations of good strategy on the part of both commanders,* and there are other instances in plenty, of which the operations of Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley in the spring of 1862 are, perhaps, the most conspicuous. But, mainly owing, we suspect, to the absolute lack of experience before the war in seeing large bodies of men and observing their movements, it certainly seemed to be well-nigh impossible for the American general when he took the offensive, to get his battle fought as he intended it should be fought. Witness General J. E. Johnston's battle at Seven Pines;† General Lee's battles at Malvern Hill and at Gettysburg; General McClellan's battle at Antietam. These are instances of battles undertaken with preparation—though this is not so true of Malvern Hill as of the others—and with a plan in each case deliberately adopted, to carry out which the commanding general used his best endeavors. Yet the result was notoriously far

* While this is being written the news arrives that General Joseph E. Johnston, Sherman's great antagonist in that campaign, has passed away. Of the Confederate officers, he was second only to Lee.

† As the Confederates term the action of May 31, 1862.

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from satisfying his just expectations. General Thomas's battle of Nashville constitutes a brilliant exception to these remarks. The easier tactical task of repelling an attack was often most ably performed, as, for instance, by Lee at Antietam and Fredericksburg, and by Meade at Gettysburg. Then there were generals, the most conspicuous of whom were Grant and Sherman, who, though brilliant strategists, never paid great heed to directing the details of the conflicts which their manœuvres had rendered certain to occur. The battles near Atlanta in July, 1864, and the series of bloody actions in May and June, of the same year, in Virginia, illustrate this.

The mode in which cavalry was employed in our war varied a good deal with different commanders, and in different stages of the war. From the time when the Black Horse Cavalry struck terror into the demoralized three months' volunteers at the first battle of Bull Run to the day when Sheridan's powerful cavalry corps held Lee's line of retreat from Appomattox Court House, both sides doubtless learned much regarding the employment and functions of mounted men. But American generals did not, it must be confessed, take readily to the task of handling properly this arm of the service. Very likely the fact that cavalry could no longer be expected to perform on the field of battle the duties which had hitherto constituted their chief and most glorious function, rendered our officers doubtful as to the new uses to which they should put their horse. At first, picket duty seemed most attractive—not to the cavalry, of course, but to the general commanding the army—and horses and men were freely and ruthlessly sacrificed in this way. Then there was the important but humble task of guarding trains. But what fascinated alike the imagination of the trooper and the ingenious mind of the American general, was a raid, designed to burn bridges and tear up railroad tracks, to destroy supplies, capture trains, and the like. An operation of this kind necessarily involved great risks, but, bordering, as it did, in its characteristic features, on partisan warfare, it possessed great attractions for the cavalry themselves. What good was accomplished in this way has never been figured up. Stuart's raid around McClellan's lines in June, 1862, may have served a useful purpose in creating a feeling of insecurity in the Army of the Potomac; but the only tangible result of the repetition of the performance in August of the same year, was the capture of the overcoat of the Federal commander; while, when for the third time the manœuvre was tried, in the Gettysburg campaign the next summer, the march of the Federal army northward actually prevented the Confederate cavalry from rejoining their main army and reporting the movements of the Federals. It was much the same thing in our experience. Hooker, the first general to set a proper value on his cavalry, no sooner got a large and finely mounted and equipped body of cavalry together, than he sent them off, a fortnight before he commenced his own campaign, to destroy the enemy's communications and supplies, and to render their retreat, in the event of a Federal success in the impending struggle between the two armies, more disastrous than it otherwise could be. The result of this far-seeing move was to deprive the Army of the Potomac of the information which would have prevented the great disaster of the campaign of Chancellorsville.

In the march on Gettysburg, in the summer of 1863, General Meade employed his cavalry with excellent judgment. The signal services rendered by Buford on July 1st, and the gallant and successful fight on our right flank on July 3d, fully justified his policy of keeping his cavalry well in hand, and under his own eye. But this policy was entirely reversed by General Grant. The campaign of 1864 had hardly opened when Sheridan was allowed to go off, on his own suggestion and evidently against Meade's judgment, with nearly all the cavalry of the army, on a raid toward Richmond, and it was not until Grant had crossed the Pamunkey that the cavalry rejoined the main body. Then, for a very few days, they remained with the army, and rendered excellent service, among other things

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capturing and holding Cold Harbor. But when, a fortnight later, the army had got down before Petersburg, Sheridan was on another raid, and the opportunity which really existed during the 16th and 17th of June of taking Petersburg when its defenders numbered less than fifteen thousand men was unknown at headquarters, simply for lack of cavalry to make the needed reconnoissances.

It will hardly be questioned that the conspicuous successes which Sheridan won in the Appomattox campaign have demonstrated beyond doubt or cavil that the best service to which cavalry can be put in modern warfare, is to be rendered in conjunction with the operations of the main army. But that this service was rendered in this campaign by Sheridan's cavalry was certainly not due to General Grant. He had planned for Sheridan, and had ordered him to execute, a movement on the upper James, with a view of destroying the enemy's supplies and communications, and, after having accomplished these tasks, he was to join Sherman in the Carolinas, or else, if that were found impracticable, he was to fall back to Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley. Fortunately for the country, Sheridan found it impossible to carry out his orders, and he therefore made his way to General Grant at City Point. Even here, both Sheridan and Rawlins, Grant's chief of staff, a thoroughly practical and able man, were by no means sure at first that Grant intended to have Sheridan's command included in the force which was destined for the campaign which was then just about to open ; and it is quite certain that Grant inclined even at this period to the opinion that Sheridan would do well to cut loose from the Army of the Potomac and join Sherman in North Carolina.

Other instances of this strange inability or unwillingness of the American general to make use of cavalry in connection with the operations of the main army readily occur. Sherman, as is well known, in his Atlanta campaign, did not rely to any great extent on his horse, although the opportunities for employing cavalry to advantage must have been of constant occurrence from the time he left Dalton. And in his march across the country to Savannah he took with him only two brigades, in all about five thousand men.

At the close of the war, however, this arm of the service had gained due recognition. Not only was the country ringing with the achievements which Sheridan, at the head of his ten thousand horse, had obtained in the Appomattox campaign in co-operation with the Army of the Potomac, but Wilson, at the head of a similar force, fresh and admirably mounted and equipped, was overrunning the now almost deserted States of Alabama and Georgia, destroying and defeating everything that came in his way. In this case there was, it is true, no army for the cavalry commander to co-operate with. But this movement of Wilson's was no ordinary raid, for he was practically sure of meeting no opposition which his force was not quite adequate to overcome ; it was rather the march of an invading column.

The views above given as to the employment of cavalry on raids differ, we presume, from those entertained during the war by most of the leading generals on both sides. Yet there is nothing, we submit with confidence, in which the effect of the lapse of time is more discernible than in changing our views of cavalry raids. It is almost inconceivable to us now, that General Lee should have sent Stuart, with less than two thousand cavalry, in October, 1862, just after the battle of Antietam, to ride through the towns and counties of central Pennsylvania, picking up horses, clothing, boots and shoes, a few prisoners, and what not, and running the most imminent risk of being captured with his whole command. What possible good could Stuart do to the Confederacy with his petty booty, which could be compared for a moment with the exultation with which the news of his capture would have been received at the North, and the injury which it would have been to General Lee's army to have lost its great cavalry leader? So in the Gettysburg campaign—when Lee actually gave Stuart *carte blanche* to do as he liked—whether to keep between the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of the Potomac, or to attempt to make the cir-

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cuit of the latter army. What Lee and Stuart had in their minds as conceivably—by any effort of the imagination—of more importance than the ascertainment by the Confederate cavalry from day to day of the movements of the Federal army and the conveyance of this information promptly to General Lee's headquarters—it is certainly not easy to imagine. At that stage in the war, it was out of the question that the Federal Army should be "rattled" by any such game as this. Both officers and men were altogether too well seasoned to war to care very much where Stuart's four or five thousand men might be. The trains were well guarded; all Stuart succeeded in bagging were a hundred and twenty-five wagons and four or five hundred prisoners; but, as this was all he had to show in justification of his course, he brought them all in, notwithstanding the continual delays caused by such *impedimenta*. General Halleck was probably the only Federal officer at all worried by this eccentric movement of Stuart's, and he kept telegraphing Meade, who was in command of the Army of the Potomac, to take measures to capture Stuart's column, which might, so Halleck thought, do unknown damage somewhere. But Meade, intent on the great task before him, was not to be diverted by any side-show like this. "My main point," he coolly and dryly wrote to Halleck, "being to find out and fight the enemy, I shall have to submit to the cavalry raids around me in some measure."

The truth is, that, considering the great difficulties which, during the period of our war, attended the raising of a well-drilled, well-equipped, and well-mounted body of horse, it was not good policy for any commander, and especially for any Confederate commander, to take needless risks with his cavalry, or to subject it to unnecessary hardship and loss. While it is perfectly true that occasions where a body of horse could be utilized in actual combat were infrequent, it must be remembered that cavalry had other and often much more important functions to perform than taking part in a pitched battle, and that for the due performance of these duties the utmost efficiency of both horses and men was required. Take as an illustration the work of Sheridan's command in the last campaign. Here was a corps of cavalry, admirably commanded and sufficiently large to take care of itself for a moderate time. Preceding and covering the march of the infantry, ascertaining the right roads, seizing the important points in advance of the arrival of the main columns and holding them until support arrived, it rendered the task of the infantry and artillery, which constituted the main army, immeasurably easier and much surer of successful accomplishment. Finally, in actually getting ahead of the flying foe and barring his retreat, Sheridan's horse showed to perfection what cavalry can do in modern war. But in order that cavalry can render such service as this, their strength and efficiency must be carefully preserved until the decisive moment arrives. And the decisive moment is the moment when the great collision between the two armies takes place. For in spite of all the railroad ties that were torn up, and of all the barns that were burned, General Lee did not leave Petersburg and Richmond until the result of the battle of Five Forks rendered it impossible for him to remain in his lines; and the battle of Five Forks was won by infantry and cavalry acting together.

Whatever doubts may have existed in the minds of American generals in regard to the proper modes of employing cavalry, there was never any question of a similar nature as to the proper function of artillery. Differences of opinion there certainly were as to the organization of this arm; attention has recently been called to them in an able paper by the late General Hunt, Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, read before the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts about a year before he died, and printed for the first time in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution* for March, 1891. His conclusion is unquestionably sound; it is "that with proper organization and administration our artillery in the Civil War, good as it was, might have been made more serviceable and produced greater results;" but he admits, and in

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fact claims, that the efficiency of this arm of the service in the late war was most marked. This was, by the way, as true of our adversaries as of ourselves. The American soldier seems, in fact, to take naturally to artillery. From the beginning, the guns were well served. In process of time, the chiefs of artillery, as well of the various corps as of the armies themselves, came to be famous men. It was a pity that the full rank to which the Federal officers performing these duties were fairly entitled was never accorded to them by their Government. But the matter being a somewhat complicated one, Congress could never be got to pay proper attention to the organization of the artillery.

Infantry, of course, constitutes the main body of all modern armies, and by the quality of its infantry an army must be judged. The capacity of Americans to make excellent soldiers was proved in the war beyond a question. That hundreds of thousands of men, most of them entirely unacquainted with the elements even of discipline and drill, were transformed in so brief a period into officers and soldiers was certainly one of the wonders of our time. But the material was in the main of the best; the desire to master the new trade well-nigh universal and very strong; and there were from the beginning many opportunities for practising what had been learned. The armies of 1862 were far and away superior to the levies of 1861. The armies of 1863 were decidedly superior to those of 1862. But in 1863 it is probable that the highest point of efficiency was reached in both the Federal and Confederate armies in the East, and certainly in the Western army of the Confederacy. From the autumn of 1863 these three great armies began to become less serviceable. Let us see why.

Take, first, the Army of the Potomac. This army, when it fought at Gettysburg, in July, 1863, contained, it is true, some poor troops, but it contained few or no green regiments, and no raw recruits whatever. The officers and men were veterans, the greater part of whom had had two years service in the field. They had known victory and defeat; they could march and they could fight; they had had all sorts of experiences, and were not to be astonished nor greatly troubled by anything that could happen to them. Had a proper policy been pursued in regard to the inevitable losses—had the old regiments been kept up assiduously to the maximum strength, or to anything like the maximum strength, the Army of the Potomac would not only have been stronger at Gettysburg, but it would have gained in every way during the winter which ensued. It would have been superior in point of efficiency when it entered on the campaign of 1864 to the army which fought at Gettysburg, for the prestige of that great victory would have been the heritage of all its regiments, and would have inspired the new recruits as well as the old soldiers. But this great advantage was thrown away by the people of the North, or at least by the greater part of the Northern States. Instead of building up the old regiments, new ones were raised. Instead of utilizing the army's capital, if we may so call it, of long service, thorough acquaintance with the duties of officers and soldiers, memories of labors, dangers, and sufferings shared in common, of dark and bloody days of defeat manfully and patiently borne, of glorious scenes of victory rewarding steadfast valor and unremitting energy—the greater part of the North blindly and recklessly threw it away. Veteran regiments, whose names and numbers had become deservedly famous, whose very traditions would forever have secured their efficiency, were allowed to waste away until they scarcely equalled a couple of full companies, and their places were taken by troops who had never smelt powder nor seen the face of the enemy. It is difficult to speak with patience of this wretched business. It is pleasanter to turn to those few States, which, like Wisconsin and Illinois, kept up to their full strength the regiments which had first gone out, and with whose names were associated the honor due from the State to the steadfast performance of duty and to gallant deeds of arms. But it is plain that no army reinforced in numbers as was the Army of the Potomac after the battle of

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Gettysburg could be expected to improve in efficiency—on the contrary, it is but too evident that it must sensibly decline. The army with which Grant crossed the Rapidan on May 3, 1864, was no doubt larger by some twenty or thirty thousand men than that which began the battle of Gettysburg; but among the old regiments was much worthless material—men whose enlistments had been induced by the extravagant bounties then paid by the States and cities of the East to get their quotas filled—and then there were plenty of absolutely new regiments, which had not been organized six months.

On the other side of the river the army of Lee was weaker than it was at Gettysburg, for the very decisive reason that it had not been able to make up its losses in that terrible fight. It had seen its best days. And the same remark applies to the main Confederate army in the West. The sanguinary struggle of Chickamauga had cost the Confederates dear; and, followed, as it was, by the recall of Longstreet's corps to Virginia, and also by the rout of Missionary Ridge, it was not possible for J. E. Johnston, who replaced the unfortunate Bragg, to take the field with a force anything like as efficient as that which so fiercely attacked Rosecrans in September, 1863.

The national instinct on this subject is perfectly correct. It was at Gettysburg and Chickamauga that our American armies were at their best and did their best. Never were they—either before or after those memorable engagements—so strong, so well officered, so fierce, so determined to win, so resolved not to yield. They were then, we repeat, at their best—containing none but seasoned troops, under veteran officers, inured to war, both armies confident of victory, and pretty nearly, taking all things together, equally matched. And no one can read the story of those great battles without being proud of his country and his race, for never was there more resolute and obstinate and gallant fighting done, nor ever were severe losses more unshrinkingly borne. Nor can it be truly said of either of these battles that the beaten army did not fight as hard and as long as its more successful antagonist. There is glory enough for all. Hence it is fitting that both fields—Gettysburg and Chickamauga—should be dedicated to the perpetual remembrance of the great battles so worthily fought there.

It may have been noticed that the Federal army of the West was not included in the foregoing estimate. We are disposed to think that, unlike the armies of Johnston, Lee, and Grant, the army commanded by Sherman entered upon the campaign of 1864 in better condition in every respect than it ever was in before. It had had ample time to repair the losses of Chickamauga; it had not been weakened, as had its antagonist, by the withdrawal of a part of its force for service elsewhere; its losses at Missionary Ridge had not been large, and its success there had been of the most striking and brilliant kind. It was composed in the main of Western regiments that had enlisted in 1861, and had, to a great extent, at least, been kept up to a fair average of strength by the wiser and more military policy which the Western States generally adopted in the matter of recruiting their contingents, of which we have spoken above. Hence General Sherman's army reaped the full benefit of all the most favorable military conditions that can affect the efficiency of an army. Its unity had been strictly preserved; it had not been depleted by losses or by detachments, it had not been "watered" by the addition of raw troops. It was under a commander who was the idol of his men, whose great abilities were universally and cheerfully acknowledged, and who possessed the entire confidence of the general-in-chief and the Government at Washington. And these favorable conditions continued to the close of the war. In Sherman's progress toward Atlanta, although it was marked at times by severe fighting, the losses were never excessive, considering the size of the army. While Grant, by his reckless and wasteful attacks, was throwing away his veterans ten thousand at a time, and in fact actually changing the very structure of the Army of the Potomac, his lieutenant in the West marched into Atlanta with practically the same army with which he had set

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out from Dalton. There had been suffered, it is true, some losses that might have been avoided, but neither these nor the unavoidable casualties of the campaign, materially affected the identity or the strength of the command. The army which entered Atlanta was the army of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, of Peach Tree Creek and Decatur. Its career had been one of almost uniform success. The veteran troops had had their confidence in their leader and in themselves largely augmented by their experience in this campaign. They felt themselves strong enough for anything. They were ready for new tasks. They were full of enterprise and hope. And not only the admirably conducted march of Sherman to Savannah, and his still more brilliant march from Savannah to Goldsboro', but the resolute and steady resistance which Thomas was at the same time making to Hood's invasion of Tennessee, crowned as it was by the decisive victory of Nashville, show, perhaps better than any other events in the war, what an American army, well kept up in strength, and boldly but judiciously managed, can accomplish.

In the beginning of this paper we spoke of the magnitude of the task which the North proposed to itself. It was not without apparent reason that the world doubted and smiled in derision at the presumption of the Northern Government in thinking that it could succeed in such a gigantic undertaking. Was it possible that a nation with such an insignificant navy could establish an effective blockade over three thousand miles of sea-coast? Did the Northern generals suppose that armies large enough to overcome the fierce and universal resistance which was to be expected could live on the country they were invading? And if not, did not the great distances to be traversed render the problem of transportation and subsistence well nigh an insurmountable one? Some successes, no doubt, the great superiority of the North in men and material might enable it to win; very possibly the boundary might be pushed back a certain distance. But for the Northern forces to overrun the South, or to follow up the Southern armies into the interior of the country, and there to maintain themselves in the midst of an unfriendly population and on a soil in great part destitute of the means of subsistence, as a great portion of the Southern Confederacy unquestionably was, seemed to many disinterested and clear-headed men of those days well-nigh impracticable. It is true that neither Lord Palmerston nor the Emperor Napoleon the Third inclined to the side of the North; nevertheless we believe that it was not by any means wholly due to their unwillingness to see us succeed that they predicted our failure. We believe that they judged the probabilities of the case by the light of experience; and, judging by the light of experience, it was not likely that the North would succeed if the South should resolutely persist in endeavoring to maintain her independence by force of arms. Lord Palmerston and the Emperor of the French were probably as well qualified to have an opinion on this subject as any two men in Europe; the one had been Secretary at War from 1809 to 1815, in the time of the first Napoleon; the other, although not a soldier himself, had been a diligent and intelligent student of the campaigns of his great uncle. Both these experts predicted the failure of the North. And it may safely be admitted that if the conditions of warfare had been the same in 1861 as they were in 1815, or, in our judgment, as late as 1850, their prediction would in all probability have been fulfilled.

But the conditions were not the same. Steam and electricity had in the intervening time asserted their power, and had rendered possible for a McClellan or a Grant what had been impossible for a Napoleon. It was found that the capacity of the territory, through which it was proposed to move an army, for the task of supporting that army might generally be disregarded. It was found perfectly feasible to maintain a large force for any length of time in regions where no subsistence of any sort or kind was furnished by the soil. It was found that water-transportation of men and supplies was as certain and uniform, as much to be relied upon, as transportation by land; that the winds and waves

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of the ocean and the strength and direction of the flow of rivers could equally be ignored when it was proposed to transport troops, or subsistence, or ammunition, to a given spot. It was found that a blockade maintained by steam vessels, though not absolutely perfect, was a far more certain and constant check on foreign intercourse than could be effected by any employment of sailing vessels. By the telegraph all available resources could be utilized without the loss of a moment, and all information instantaneously communicated to or from headquarters to or from any part of the theatre of war.

In other words, machinery had in the progress of time become one of the great factors in military operations, and its introduction worked as marked a revolution in the practice of commanders on land and sea, as its adoption for purposes of manufacture or of intercommunication had worked in the world of business and ordinary life. And, what was of the greatest importance to the North, the advantages of this great change in matters of warfare were absolutely at the call of the stronger and more wealthy of the two combatants.

There had been but little in the way of example to follow. Steam-vessels had, it is true, supplied in great part the allied armies in the Crimea. There had also been a short railroad constructed for the accommodation of the English from Balaklava to the front, but it had taken a great while to build, and it was not very serviceable after it was built. The French and Austrians had also used their railroads in the short Italian war of 1859. But there was really not much to serve as a precedent.

The task of developing the possibilities of the use of steam and electricity in warfare was, therefore, first tried on a large scale in the war of secession. Naturally and inevitably it fell to the North to deal with the subject with the greater thoroughness and ingenuity of application. For the North could overcome the great natural difficulties presented by the geographical conditions under which the war was to be carried into the Confederacy only by utilizing to the full the vast resources it possessed through the powerful agency of steam, and the incalculable assistance afforded by the electric telegraph. And it will probably be conceded without demur, that no people ever lived more capable of making ingenious and useful applications of steam and electricity to war or to anything else, than the people of the Northern States.

The first thing to do was to enlarge the navy so as to compass a blockade of the Southern coast, and the next thing was to build a navy for use on the great rivers which run through the heart of the Confederacy. That both tasks were successfully accomplished in a very brief period reflects the greatest credit on the officers of the navy. We have not time here, nor is this the place, to give the details; but in a couple of months or thereabouts the blockade had become reasonably effective on the Atlantic seaboard and in the Gulf of Mexico; and, partly by purchasing river steamers and refitting them, and partly by building new and armor-plated vessels, the Federal Government, early in 1862, had procured a fleet on the Mississippi and its tributaries, which laid those great avenues into the interior of the South open to the Northern invaders. The first fruit of the employment of this naval force in conjunction with the army was the capture of Fort Donelson in February, 1862, with its entire garrison, entailing the evacuation by the Confederate General A. S. Johnston, of the greater part of the States of Kentucky and Tennessee.

The task of providing subsistence and forage for the armies of both the North and South during the long months of winter and spring, when the roads were well-nigh impassable and the surrounding country afforded next to nothing which could be of service, was immensely simplified by railroads. It might be thought at first sight that the advantage of this arrangement lay with the army which was on the defensive, as their opponents would naturally be obliged to cut loose from their railroad communications in any forward movement. But it should be considered that the all-important thing for the North, whose resources so immeasurably exceeded those

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of the South, was to maintain as large an army as it could get together at a point from which, as soon as the season opened, operations could be successfully commenced; and that railroads and steamboats made it always possible for the North to accomplish this. Thus, during the winter of 1864 and 1865, somewhere near 130,000 men were comfortably quartered and supplied in the Federal lines from Bermuda Hundred to Petersburg, in a country where absolutely nothing was furnished from the soil or by the inhabitants; and when the time came, Grant was able to open the campaign with an overwhelming superiority of force. If the railroads now in operation in Russia had existed in Napoleon's day, it may well be believed that he would have supplied his immense army with subsistence and forage during the winter of 1812 and 1813, and would have made a success of his invasion. And, it may equally well be believed, that, had it not been for the railroads in France, the Prussians could never have maintained during the winter of 1870 and 1871 the enormous army which surrounded and finally reduced Paris.

We must bring these remarks to a close. The war is now receiving at the hands of the American people its due measure of attention. Much of this is naturally devoted to the accumulation and arrangement of evidence, and to the elucidation of disputed questions of facts. Much of it is given to the study of the characters and actions of the prominent leaders, and to forming correct estimates of their respective shares in bringing about the great events of the time. Our principal object in writing the foregoing pages has been to draw a few of the military inferences and conclusions which, it seems to us, the narrative of the admitted facts warrants. This task of criticism has an importance of its own. For it is only by clearly perceiving and frankly recognizing the lessons taught by our own experience that we can hope to apprehend correctly the military problems of the future.

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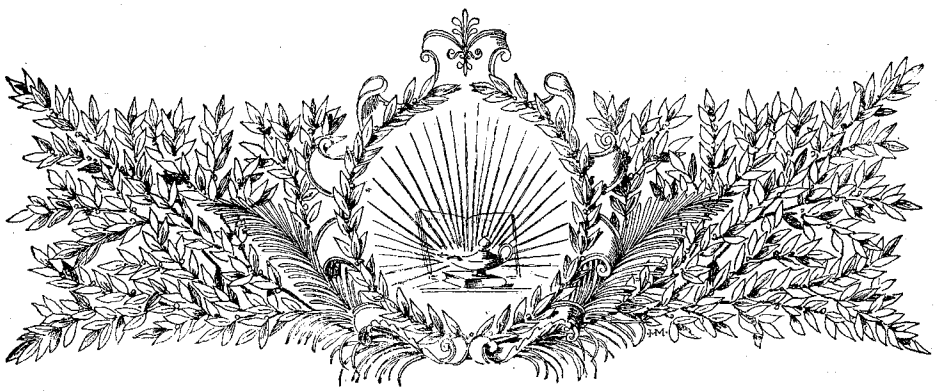

THE POINT OF VIEW.

A BOOK'S prosperity with the reader may be promoted not simply by heeding the familiar caution of leaving something to his imagination, but still more by leaving something to his vanity. However we may scoff at and denounce the book that proves worse informed than ourselves, it really affords us a livelier pleasure than another, if it but come from a hand of some repute. Mr. John Morley, with his breadth and accuracy of learning, is not the man to look to for this last perfection in a book; but he has kindly provided one little slip in his latest volume, the "Studies in Literature." It occurs in the review of the correspondence of Macvey Napier, where Mr. Morley quotes from letters of Carlyle's to Napier bemoaning the inability of some "poor little book" of his to find a publisher, and its having, in consequence, to lie "quiet in its drawer, waiting for a better day." This little book, Mr. Morley adds, "was nothing less than the 'History of the French Revolution.'" As the letters quoted from were written, by Mr. Morley's statement, in 1831, the "History of the French Revolution" cannot be the book referred to; for that was not even begun until 1834, and it did not, so far as appears in Carlyle's biography, encounter when finished any special delays in getting published. The retarded book must have been the "Sartor Resartus." That Carlyle finished about the middle of the very year of the letters; and, despite the prompt judgment of Mrs. Carlyle, "It's a work of genius, dear," it did, as we know very well from other sources, lie quiet in its drawer awaiting a better day for something above two years.

Setting Mr. Morley right in this small matter was not, though, the object I had chiefly in mind in this ascent to a Point of View. I have, indeed, put that foremost; but doing so is a subtle device by which I hope to overcome the lapse of the conventional time for bringing Mr. Morley's book under review and to still find opportunity for pointing out a very particular virtue that I have found in it. This virtue is the cordial recognition given by Mr. Morley to the high spiritual value of literature pure and simple.

What? Cordial recognition of the high spiritual value of literature: is that a very particular virtue? Not, perhaps, in George Chapman writing a preface to the most poetical of the English versions of Homer, or in George Eliot writing "Adam Bedes" and "Daniel Derondas" with conscious spiritual intention. But Mr. Morley, while himself of the fraternity of letters along with these, is of a widely different cast of mind from either. Chapman held in the highest disdain the devotees of "honors, riches, and magistracy," and valued all their "poor policies" and "wisdoms" no more than "a musty nut" beside "divine poesy." And George Eliot was so well persuaded of the superior usefulness of the field of letters for a man like John Stuart Mill that she could not repress her regret when Mill consented to stand for parliament. Mr. Morley, on the other hand, while pursuing

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strictly the vocation of a student and critic of literature, manifested from the first a marked graciousness to magistracy. It was, he said, the foible of men of letters to be "usually unable to conceive loftier services to mankind or more attractive aims to persons of capacity than the composition of books." And in one of his earlier essays he went so far as to affirm that "most literature, nearly all literature, is distinctly subordinate and secondary" to the work of the administrator. So clear, indeed, was this predisposition to affairs and action that no careful reader of Mr. Morley's writings could have been much surprised when, at length, in his own phrase, he "strayed from literature into the region of politics."

Having thus strayed, it would be scarcely surprising now if Mr. Morley were found at least casting friendly glances in the direction of that strenuously practical party that wants education made severely scientific and industrial; and which holds that the day of "divine poesy" is passing, if not past, and that the novel can save its day only by becoming a sugary globule for the conveyance of doses of bitter regulative fact down infantile and other reluctant gullets. Quite the opposite of this, however, Mr. Morley is found doing. All of the contents of "Studies in Literature" have been in print before, and some of the pieces date back several years. But all were written since Mr. Morley entered public life. Nowhere in them have I detected any recurrence of Mr. Morley's earlier disposition to question the exalted claims of literature, and in several of them he is at pains to accord it almost the highest value. And the nature of its value, the mode of its utility he has once or twice stated with a precision and compactness that ought to satisfy the hardest headed of the utilitarians.

I hope I do not convey the impression that this is a new position for Mr. Morley. New it is not. But it is a position wherein, having shown some passing weakness before, his absorption in politics might have been expected to weaken him still further, whereas it seems to have strengthened him.

THE Board of Health of Massachusetts lately recommended to the legislature of that commonwealth to make a law providing that all persons engaged in the healing art in any form, except dentistry, shall register within a certain time in the office of the clerk of the town where they propose to practice, describing themselves, and giving, under oath, in detail, their courses of instruction in medicine and the names of their colleges; false entries to be subject to the penalties for perjury, and failure to register, to fines or imprisonment. It seems that there are too many quacks and irregular healers in Massachusetts, and the regular doctors think it time that they were suppressed.

Without any pretence of faith in any doctor who is not regular, and without prejudice to a sincere intention of calling in a thoroughly instructed and expert practitioner whenever occasion demands, it is still permissible to smile amiably at the professional jealousy of quacks. The successful physician, with exceptions which happily are much more numerous than they were, is the most intolerant despot on earth. And we encourage him to be so. We are vaguely aware of the limitations of his knowledge; we know that he has to guess first what is the matter with us, and next what will do us good, and that though there are facts his acquaintance with which helps him to guess right, many theories that regulate his professional action are still hypothetical, and may or may not be correct. We know that he has discovered that many of the methods his father used were unwise and deleterious, and that the doses his grandfather gave often hastened the result they were intended to prevent, and hindered what they were designed to induce. We know not only that he is a man, and therefore fallible, but that his professional science, like his father's and grandfather's, is progressive, and is still very far from being exact. Nevertheless, when anything ails us, in spite of all we know of his limitations, we fly to him as though he were all-wise, and do as nearly what he tells us to as our flesh and our pockets permit. For we believe that, erring and inadequate as he is, he knows more than we do, and that his knowledge is, on the whole, the best that is at our command.

This childlike trust in our physicians is a phenomenon which is creditable to us and to our doctors, and from which we both get benefit. Undoubtedly our physicians do

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us good; and indeed they ought to, even if they knew less and guessed less fortunately than they do, else were faith a much less potent virtue than it is declared to be. But it is one thing for us to flock of our own accord to the doctors, and quite another thing for those professional gentlemen to hold that we shall come to them and to none else, and that we may neither be legitimately born, nor die legally, except with the concurrence of the learned faculty. If we, being adults and possibly voters, want to prescribe for our own infirmities, or have our neighbors prescribe for us, or try our luck with patent medicines, or have in faith-curers, Christian scientists, mind-curers, hypnotizers or the representatives of any other school of therapeutic endeavor, does not our constitutional right to the pursuit of happiness warrant us in such experiments? There are many reasons for believing that it is wiser to trust a regularly educated physician than one that is irregularly educated or not educated at all; and unless the irregulars are in at the cure reasonably often they need not be much dreaded, for they will not get much custom.

If it relieves us to turn now and then from the traditional dangers of the regular physician's half-knowledge to the confident ignorance of the quack, is it quite fair to rule that there shall be no quacks for us to turn to? Every person with a new theory is a quack until the value of the theory is demonstrated, but if all the quacks are arbitrarily suppressed how are their theories to be tested? It is right enough that the medical profession should be a despotism, but in the name of much that we know and much more that we hope to know, let Massachusetts hesitate before she forbids it to be a despotism tempered by quacks.

A CERTAIN native critic of our day, whose wide experience of the world and fine enthusiasms in art and literature entitle him to respect, is apt to point his moral with a reference to the "average American," of whom he too obviously thinks unutterable things. If he were called upon to make an ideal composite photograph of this hydra-headed personality, it would probably resemble Mark Tapley's once-famous suggestion for a drawing of the American Eagle without the saving clause of Martin Chuzzlewit; the bat, the bantam, the magpie, the peacock, and the ostrich would all assert themselves more or less vividly in the composition, and there would be very little of the phœnix left to redeem it. That his view is a distorted one, taken merely for purposes of argument, we do not need to be told even while he maintains it. If driven to the wall, he will frankly admit that, in the half-century since "Martin Chuzzlewit" was written, the Bird of Freedom has screamed and spread himself to some purpose, and without Chauvinism may be said to have given proof of indomitable courage, if of no other cardinal virtue; so that, even by the cynic's own showing, we can still rejoice in the bird, as birds go. If ours has dull spots in its retina, all eyes that ever were have had them too; and even the eye of day is not irreproachable in this regard.

But when we come to consider him in his relation to art and literature, and to matters of taste generally, we must sorrowfully agree with the schoolman in thinking that the average American is often wholly wanting in discrimination, often stolidly indifferent. Even the Parisian *ouvrier*, poorly paid, poorly fed, and poorly clothed, has clearer perceptions of the eternal fitness of things than he. The Frenchman, in the first place, knows his own ignorance, and is constantly confronted with noble examples to influence his judgment. Through these he unconsciously improves his standard, and develops a desire to learn, with a keen interest in aspirations of the day. Exceptional opportunities for study are thrust upon him, it is true. The great French galleries of art are free to all on every day in the year, and no amount of legislation to increase the State revenues has ever hampered them with an admission fee. Here all is different; our people suffer from the want of these inspiring influences; they have no standard at all. If it were only possible, through some unlimited "fresh-air fund," to give each average American his morning in the Louvre, his afternoon in Florence, his evening at the Théâtre Français, what a regeneration there would be under the shadow of the Eagle, from beak to tail-feathers, from tip to tip of his outspread wings! The patient would come back to his money-getting, but he would never be precisely as he was before. He

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might even be drawn into a faint suspicion that all was not right with him, and might leave his work for half an hour to consult the doctor about his case.

These radical measures being just now impossible, we can only leave him to time, circumstance, and private enterprise, thanking our lucky stars for those modern diffusers of enlightenment — the steamship and the railway. "Patience, and shuffle the cards!" The world is not yet perfect. Even in France, where they do these things so well, Philistia has set up her immigration bureau, and sustains a struggling colony of those who will neither hear nor see; as for England, that tight little island has long been her chief European stronghold; but it is a poor consolation to reflect that the English in affairs of "sweetness and light" are only a little worse off than we discover ourselves to be. Lowell, in concluding his essay on Spenser, which every man, woman, and child of us ought to read at least once a year, says that the Elizabethan poet is "a standing protest against the tyranny of Commonplace, and sows the seeds of a noble discontent with prosaic views of life and the dull uses to which it may be put." It is this "tyranny of Commonplace," of "pots and pans and stocks and futile gossip and inch-long politics," which an American renaissance has yet to overcome.

An accomplished critic, who recently discussed in a contemporary magazine the needs and possibilities of American fiction, declared that the coming woman in American novels was the married woman. The novel of the future, this gentleman thinks, will begin where the contemporary novel ends, at marriage. He declares that it is vain to hope to make great stories about young maidens whose experience of life is necessarily limited, and whose ideas and emotions are bounded by their experience. Women of maturity, the wives and mothers of humanity, are bound to be a great deal more interesting from their greater experience of life, and are vastly fitter to be the leading figures in the searching and comprehensive fiction soon to come. The married woman, our critic insists, is not only to be the heroine of the future American novel, but she is to write it too; since in the polite circles, it seems, where married women have leisure and opportunity to make themselves of interest, women are the only members in whom are combined the knowledge, taste, and leisure requisite for the task.

It is undeniable that married women of reasonable maturity have commonly seen more of life, and know more that is worth narrating than the damsels whose wooing forms the staple of modern tales. None the less, as a subject of fiction the maid has several decided advantages over the matron. In stories where the heroine is to scour the Spanish Main for pirates, or head exciting quests for buried treasure, a previous matrimonial experience is a matter of indifference, and a matron will do at least as well as a maid. But where the substance of the story concerns the development of affection between a man and a woman, to start with a marriage is apt to make awkward work. Who is the heroine to fall in love with? Her husband? No; that seems not to be the intention. Some other woman's husband? More than likely; or if not, with some single gentleman of means and defective occupation. But for a married woman to have a man in love with her whom she cannot marry is a misfortune, and for her to fall in love with a man not her husband is mischievous. Such a predicament may be excusable in an occasional story, as such predicaments are occasionally excusable in real life; but that the American fiction of the future is to be a record of this type of hazardous experience of women is a gloomy prospect indeed, and one in which we do not believe. If the married woman is to be the heroine of the coming novel it must turn on something besides love-making. It must be the story of her career; of her professional or political success; of her painful accession through toilsome decades to the front rank of the doctors; of the money she made and what she did with it. American women are very much alive in these days. There is no special difficulty about writing interesting books about them without using men at all except as puppets or lay figures.

End of Volume IX.

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